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NOTE.

This volume is a translation of the second series of the *Merveilles de la Peinture*, by M. VIARDOT, the first part of which was published last year, under the title of 'Wonders of Italian Art,' and received with much approval.

It embraces notices of the Spanish, German, Flemish, Dutch, and French Schools, in which M. Viardot has critically examined into the merits of many thousands of the most celebrated paintings.

WONDERS OF PAINTING.

CHAPTER I.

SPANISH SCHOOLS.

In following historically the progress of the different schools of painting, it is to the eternal glory of Italy that she appears as the mother, or at all events as the instructress, of all the others. Although it is true that art sprang into life at the same time in different countries, in Germany, Flanders, and Spain, as well as in Italy, yet here alone did it pass much beyond the period of infancy, unaided. It was in Italy that art grew to maturity without borrowing from any, except in its very early days from the Byzantines. Other nations, inheriting through the lessons of their common masters a science already mature, attained, as it were at a bound, whatever perfection they were destined to reach. We can hardly ever find in them either discovery, experiments, or progress; we see no difference separating one age from another, but merely that between individual men. There has never been in Spain, any more than in France, a Cimabue, a Giotto a Fra Angelico, or an Antonello da Messina, and the

history of Spanish art, which was the work almost of a single generation, without ancestors or descendants, may be entirely comprised within the short period of a century and a half.

In Spain, as in Italy and ancient Greece, the art of architecture preceded the others. Before the close of the Middle Ages the cathedrals of Leon, St. Jago, Tarragona, Burgos, and Toledo had arisen, besides the mosques of Cordova and Seville, converted into Christian churches after the conquest of Granada. Sculpture, which, as it furnishes the necessary ornaments to architecture, is nearly always its accompaniment, was signalized from the fourteenth century by interesting attempts of native artists. A century later, Diego de Siloe, Alonzo Berruguete, Gaspar Becerra, and several others, went to Italy and brought back to their own country a knowledge of that art which the Italians had learned from ancient statuary. But the school of painting was formed later, and from its very commencement was initiated from others. It was about the year 1418, three years after the arrival of the Florentine, Gherardo Starnina, in Castile, that we find the first traces of what may be termed the art of painting. JUAN ALFON then painted the altar-screens of the old chapel *del Sagrario*, also those in the chapel of *los Reyes nuevos* in the cathedral of Toledo. A few years later, during the reign of John II., there came from Florence a certain Dello, and from Flanders the maestro Rogel (Roger, no doubt), who continued in Spain that artistic intercourse with other countries which is especially useful, because art, unlike

literature, is bound by no shackles of difference of idiom, and therefore forms a more intimate and fraternal bond of union between nations than literature can ever do, and unites into a single family all those who cultivate it. About the year 1450, JUAN SANCHEZ DE CASTRO founded the earliest school of Seville, from which was to emerge the greatest names of Spanish painting; and five years later, admiration was excited in Castile by the purer forms and the higher style shown in the large altar-screen of the hospital of Buitrago by the maestro Jorge Ingles, who, from the fact that his christian name was still uncommon in Spain, and also from his surname, is supposed to have been an Englishman. At the close of the century, when Christopher Columbus was starting to discover another world, ANTONIO DEL RINCON, the painter of the Catholic kings (he is supposed to have studied at Florence under Andrea del Castagno and Ghirlandajo), PEDRO BERRUGUETE, father of the great sculptor Alonzo, IÑIGO DE COMOTES and several others, stimulated by the example of the foreigner, John of Burgundy, began to adorn the walls of the Cathedral of Toledo with their works, whilst GALLEGOS, at Salamanca, imitated Albert Dürer without having either studied or known him.

But these attempts only became an art when commerce and war had opened constant communications between Italy and Spain. When Charles V. united the two peninsulas under the same government, and founded the vast empire which extended from Naples to Antwerp, Italy had just attained the

zenith of her glory and splendor. Leonardo da Vinci, Michael Angelo, Titian, Raphael, and Correggio had produced their incomparable masterpieces. On the other hand, the capture of Granada, the discovery of America, and the enterprises of Charles V. had just aroused in Spain that intellectual movement which follows material commotions and impels a nation into a career of conquests of every kind. At the first news of the treasures to be found in Italy—in the studios of the artists, the palaces of the great, and in the churches—all the Spaniards interested in art, either as their profession or from love to it for its own sake, flocked to the country of so many marvels, richer in their eyes than Peru or Mexico, where numbers of adventurers were then hastening, eager to acquire more material riches.

Only choosing the most illustrious, and those merely who distinguished themselves in painting, we find among those who left Castile for Italy, Alonzo Berruguete, Gaspar Becerra, Navarrete el Mudo; from Valencia, Juan Joanes and Francisco Ribalta; from Seville, Luis de Vargas; from Cordova, the learned Pablo de Cespedes. All these eminent men brought back to their own country the taste for and knowledge of an art which they had studied under Italian masters. At the same time, foreign artists, attracted to Spain by the bounty of its kings, prelates, and nobles, came to complete the work begun by the Spaniards who had studied abroad. Whilst at Burgos, Philip of Burgundy, and at Granada, Torregiani, the illustrious and unfortunate

rival of Michael Angelo, as well as other sculptors, decorated the basilicas and royal sepulchres with their works; painters in great numbers settled in the principal cities. At Seville, the Fleming, Peter of Champagne, who was called Pedro Campaña; at Toledo, Isaac de Helle and *el Greco* (Domenico Theotocopuli); at Madrid, Antonio More of Utrecht, Patricio Cajesi, Castello el Bergamasco, Antonio Rizi, Bartolommeo Carducci, and his young brother Vincenzo.

This intercourse with foreign countries had, if we may use such an expression, *imported* art into Spain. Schools were formed. At first timid and humble imitators of their Italian masters, by degrees they became bolder and freer; they emancipated themselves from their servitude, asserted their nationality, and showing both the good and the bad qualities of their country, attained at length to independence and originality of style, and then to boldness and fire, perhaps even beyond reasonable limits. This was almost the same course that art had followed in Italy, passing from the Florentine-Roman school—form—to the Venetian—color—then to the Bolognese—effect, imitation, and a mixture of the others.

Four principal schools were formed in Spain, not successively, as those in Italy, but almost simultaneously. These were the schools of Valencia, Toledo, Seville, and Madrid. But the two first were soon merged into the others. The school of Valencia, which had been founded by Juan Joanes, and rendered famous by Ribera and the Ribaltas, was united

like the smaller schools of Cordova, Granada, and Murcia, to the parent school of Seville, whilst that of Toledo, as well as the local schools of Badajoz, Saragossa, and Valladolid were merged in the school of Madrid, when that country town had become the capital of the monarchy through the will of Philip II., and had carried off all supremacy from the ancient capital of the Goth.

There remained, then, Seville and Madrid, Andalusia and Castile. With Luis de Vargas, Villegas de Marmolejo, and Pedro Campaña, all pupils of Italy, the brilliancy of the school of Seville begins, which was afterwards carried to greater perfection through the example of the Valencian, Juan Joanes. It increased, rose, and became Spanish with Juan de las Roelas, the Castillos, Herrera el Viejo, Pacheco and Pedro de Moya, who brought to it from London the lessons of Van Dyck; at last it attained its maturity and produced the masterpieces of Spanish art under Velazquez, who left Seville for Madrid as Ribera had left Valencia for Naples, Alonzo Cano, Zurbaran, and, lastly, Murillo, who carried it to its greatest beauty, but who left behind him only feeble copyists, without pupils or followers. At Madrid the school passed through the same phases. Berruguete and Becerra, rather sculptors than painters; then Navarrete el Mudo, a true painter, all three disciples of Italy, and assisted by the Fleming, Antonio More; then the families of Castello, Rizi, and Carducci, all Italian by birth, who formed Sanchez Coello, Pantoja de la Cruz, Bereda, Collantes, all assisted to found and render

illustrious the school of Castile, to which the great Velazquez had just united the school of Andalusia. From the union of these schools was formed Pareja and Carreno, who, while living at Madrid, appear still to belong to Seville. Claudio Coello, the last of these generations of artists, died at the time when Luca Giordano arrived in Spain, and with him perished the whole race. Afterwards, at the latter end of the eighteenth century, we only find one other striking personality; and he, though powerful, is singular and fantastic, without master and without pupils, Francisco Goya.

SCHOOL OF VALENCIA.

It is only right that this school should be mentioned before those of Andalusia and Castile, for it was especially through it that the lessons of Italy came to Spain. Their common imitator was the Valencian JUAN JOANES (1523–1579), whose real name was Vincente Juan Macip. It is supposed that when he was studying at Rome he took a fancy, then pretty common, to latinize one of his names, and to make it his painter's surname; from that, through habit and corruption, came the name given him by his compatriots. Of this generation of Spanish artists, formed by contact with the Italians, the first is Joanes, and the last Murillo. We see from this, how important are the works of Joanes, which are very rare, except in Madrid. They are all entitled on this account to attention and respect. In the Museo del Rey, we may distinguish one of *Christ bearing the Cross*, which is an evident, though

not servile, imitation of Raphael's *Spasimo;* a *Martyrdom of St. Agnes*, which not even that by Domenichino must make us forget; an enormous *Last Supper*, which would have been called an admirable work but for Leonardo da Vinci having chosen the same subject; and lastly, a series of six pictures relating, like the cantos of a poem, the *Life of St. Stephen*, a capital work.

At the first glance, we may recognize in Joanes a direct pupil of the Roman school. Nevertheless, he did not study under Raphael, as he was born in 1523, and Raphael died in 1520; but he studied before his works and under his immediate disciples, such as Giulio Romano, il Fattore, or Perino del Vaga. Palomino in his *Parnaso Español Pintoresco*, declares that Joanes is equal to Raphael in some parts and superior to him in others. This is sheer blasphemy. The *Diccionario Histórico* confines itself to asserting that before the best works of Joanes one might well hesitate, and scarcely know whether they were to be attributed to the master or pupil, and that if it were not known that one of the two was an imitator, one might be embarrassed to say to which of the two artists the palm was to be awarded. This eulogy also surpasses all bounds of truth. But we may say that Joanes possesses the purity of design, the beauty of form, and the power of expression which distinguish the Roman school personified in its chief. His perspective is exact and scientific, although rather short, and if his coloring has not the Venetian ease or Andalusian fire, it is yet warm and bright, and he possesses great firmness of touch.

Notwithstanding his importance as the leader of this school, and his merit as an artist, Juan Joanes is still almost unknown out of Spain, and is not very popular even there. The reason of this is, that being of an almost ascetic piety, and preparing himself for the execution of every picture—of those pictures which were to be admired and worshipped in the churches—by taking the sacrament, Joanes lived as a hermit, far from the crowd and the Court. He did not paint royal features, and hired poets did not make sonnets in his praise; during his lifetime his works never crossed the seas or the Pyrenees addressed to foreign princes, as a sort of petition; and, since his death, they have not loaded the wagons of conquering generals.

After Joanes, there appeared at Valencia two painters, father and son, so alike in style and manner that it was said indifferently of their works: "It is by the RIBALTAS" (*es de los Ribaltas*). However, FRANCISCO, the father of JUAN, has left the greater number of works, because he lived seventy years and his son only thirty-one. They both died in 1628. In the Museum at Madrid may be found the *Four Evangelists*, a *Dead Christ*, sustained by angels, and a *St. Francis of Assisi*, whom an angel is consoling and filling with holy ecstasy by playing on his celestial lute; but it is not specified to which of the two these compositions belong. The Ribaltas bring us down to RIBERA (1588–1656), who was, when quite young, the pupil of the one and the fellow-student of the other.

It is said that in the beginning of the seventeenth

century a cardinal, passing through the streets of Rome in his carriage, perceived a young man, scarcely beyond childhood, who, although clothed in miserable rags, and having by his side some crusts of bread given him out of charity, was yet occupied with profound attention in drawing the frescoes on the façade of a palace.

Struck with pity at the sight of so much misery united to such application, the cardinal called the child, took him to his own house, had him clothed decently, and admitted him as a sort of dependent of the family. He learnt that his young *protégé* was named Josef de Ribera; that he was born at Xativa (now San Felipe), near Valencia; that his parents had early sent him to that provincial capital to study at the university, but that his irresistible inclination had led him to prefer the studio of Francisco Ribalta to his classes; that he had made such rapid progress that he had soon been chosen to assist his master; but that then a passion had arisen in him to go and study art at its fountain head, and, no longer thinking of anything but Rome and its marvels, he had abandoned family, friends, and country, and had at last arrived in that capital of the artistic as well as of the religious world. There, without any means of support, making the street his studio, and a milestone his easel, copying the statues, the frescoes, and the passers-by, he lived on the charity of his comrades, who called him, for want of another name, "The Little Spaniard" (*Lo Spagnoletto*).

Ribera was then in the same position as his fellow-countryman Cervantes forty years later, since

the immortal author of 'Don Quixote' had also been at Rome, a *camarero* of the cardinal Giulio Acquaviva. But the great painter could not, any more than the great writer, be condemned to the degrading idleness of the antechamber of a prince of the church. One day, then, throwing off his livery and resuming his rags, Ribera fled from the cardinal's house to recommence joyously his life of poverty, labor, and independence. He was accused of ingratitude; he was treated as an incorrigible vagabond; but at a later time, seeing his labors and successes, the good priest, who had taken him in, forgave his offence, and even congratulated him on having preferred the noble labor of his art to the pleasures of an easy existence.

Of all the great works that surrounded him, those that Ribera admired with the greatest enthusiasm, because they best answered the instincts of his own genius, were the works of the proud and fiery Caravaggio. There, in the violent effects of chiaroscuro, the young Spaniard beheld the greatest prodigies of art; he obtained admission to the studio of this master, but he could not have received his lessons long, as Caravaggio died in 1609, when Ribera was only twenty. He then left Rome, and went to Parma, where he was attracted by the great renown of Correggio. Before his works a fresh enthusiasm seized Ribera. He began to study them with a sort of frenzy, and, laying aside his former touch, which was strong and violent, he threw himself into the opposite extreme, endeavoring to make his style as soft, tender, and delicate as that of his new

master. On his return to Rome his friends were astonished at the complete metamorphosis; but far from congratulating him they blamed him for it. They united their efforts to bring him back to the style of Caravaggio, which must, they told him, by its power and novelty, procure him both more glory and also more money. Whether these counsels were disinterested or not, it seems to me that Ribera did well to follow them.

His taste for dark, strange, and terrible subjects proves sufficiently that the fire of Caravaggio suited him better than the suavity of Correggio. And yet the intelligent study of the latter introduced a new element to the style of Ribera, and, by tempering the defects into which the too complete imitation of the latter would have thrown him, it was certainly one of the causes of the superiority he obtained over his former master.

When settled at Naples, and married to the daughter of a rich picture-dealer, Ribera had only to work, finding in the profession of his father-in-law an easy means of making his name and his works known.

A singular circumstance, too, helped to found his reputation suddenly. The house he occupied with his wife's family was situated in the same square as the palace of the viceroy. One day, according to the Italian custom, his father-in-law had placed on the balcony, for public exhibition, a *Martyrdom of St. Bartholomew*, which Ribera had just completed. A crowd, attracted by the sight of this magnificent work, soon covered the square, making the air re-

sound with cries of enthusiasm. The noise became such, that at the little Spanish court it was believed that there was a popular outbreak, and that a Masaniello was haranguing the people. The viceroy came out armed, saw the cause of the disorder, admired the picture, and ordered the artist to appear before him. His joy was great to find in him a fellow-countryman. He named him at once his titular painter, with suitable appointments, and gave him apartments in his own palace.

The ragged student of the streets of Rome had thenceforth attained the summit of fortune; he possessed both riches and authority. He became soon the most opulent and luxurious of artists, the equal of nobles and princes. He never went out except in his coach, and his wife was always followed by a squire. Two centuries ago this was considered the height of luxury and ostentation. It is said that one day two Spanish officers, dazzled by the pretended miracles of alchemy, came to offer him a share in their imaginary fortune, if he would advance the funds for their researches after the philosopher's stone. "I also make gold," replied Ribera, mysteriously; "return to-morrow, and I will reveal to you my secret." Faithful to their appointment, the two alchemists found Ribera the next day in his studio, giving the finishing touches to a picture. He called a servant and ordered him to take the picture to a merchant, who would give him in exchange 400 ducats; then when the servant returned he threw the money on the table, saying: "Gentlemen, this is the gold which comes from my

crucible. I need no other secret to procure it in abundance."

Although he painted all his pictures in Italy, Ribera is thoroughly Spanish; in the first place, for the same reason that Nicholas Poussin and Claude Lorraine were French painters, namely, that they were born in France, although they lived at Rome; and Ribera forgot his birth so little, and, indeed, showed himself so proud of it, that in signing his best pictures he never failed to add to the words *Giuseppe de Ribera* the word *Español;* his style also is more Spanish than Italian. And, indeed, as a body, the Italian painters are particularly idealistic, in that they seek the beautiful even beyond the real, and they prefer leaving the care of interpreting their thought to the mind rather than to place what might explain it before the eye of the spectator in a material form. The Spanish painters, on the contrary, taken as a whole, are peculiarly realistic; they seek less the beautiful than the true, and they express their thought by the complete and material copy of all the objects it embraces.

Ribera must be placed in the first rank of these realistic painters. He may be accused of purposely exaggerating the contrasts of light and shadow; of choosing bald and bearded heads, decrepit and distorted bodies; of seeking in his choice of subjects, in the features and attitudes of the personages, and in all the details of the scenes he depicts, whatever was most terrible, wild, and even hideous and repulsive, in order to move the spectator to horror and fear but it must be acknowledged that these sub-

jects and details are possible, and even probable, which is sufficient for truth in the arts; they are also rendered with marvellous fidelity and incomparable energy, and no painter of any school has ever carried force, boldness, brilliancy, and solidity in the execution of his works further than Ribera.

The paintings of Ribera, like those of the Italian artists, are scattered throughout the whole of Europe. But Naples, his adopted country, has retained some of the principal ones. It was for the Carthusian Convent, called San Martino, at the foot of Fort St. Elmo, then rich, but now converted into a hospital, that Ribera painted his great work of the *Communion of the Apostles*, twelve *Prophets* on the windows of the different chapels, and, lastly, the *Descent from the Cross*, which is almost unanimously said to be his masterpiece. Here we may find, besides the qualities enumerated above, much pathos and expression, and a power of feeling which is not usually to be met with in his works; so that this picture seems to unite to the fiery energy of Caravaggio not only the grace of Correggio, but the religious fervor of Fra Angelico. It is sad to have to associate this fine work with a base and unworthy action. In the same convent of San Martino, opposite the *Descent from the Cross*, there was another by Stanzioni. This could only have heightened the merits of Ribera's painting by comparison. Yet the Spaniard persuaded the monks that it needed cleaning; and by mixing corrosive substances with the varnish he spoiled all the delicate parts of Stanzioni's picture. That artist refused to touch it

again, so as to leave an imperishable souvenir of his rival's perfidy.

In the museum *Degli Studi* two of Ribera's works have been placed in the room of the *Capi d'Opera*: *Saint Jerome* in the desert, listening to the trumpet of the angel, and the large picture of *Silenus*, in which the foster-father of Bacchus is lying on the ground, receiving drink from the satyrs who surround him. At the bottom of this picture may be read the following inscription: "*Josephus a Ribera, Hispanus Valentinus et coacademicus Romanus, faciebat Parthenope*, 1626." This long and arrogant inscription is traced on a scroll, which a serpent seems to bite and tear. How could Ribera complain of envy, or represent himself as its victim, when he was rich, honored and powerful, and when he himself carried his jealousy even to ferocity? It was, indeed, in his own house that the *fazzioni de pittori*, those coteries of painters, were formed, who deserve the name of factions, because they made war on rival schools, even with the dagger. The *faction* of Naples, which had Ribera as its head, numbered among its members *bravi*, such as Correnzio and Caracciolo, who maintained the superiority of their master at the sword's point, and permitted the entry of the city to no painter who did not belong to his school. Thus it was that they drove from Naples the great artists which had been sent for from all parts of Italy to assist in the decorations of the *Duomo* of St. Januarius. Annibale, Carracci, Guido, and Josepin were obliged to fly in order to escape the blows of this brotherhood of a new

order; and when Domenichino died before being able to reach Rome, the rumors of poisoning which prevailed proved that it was, at all events, possible. Such outrages cannot be too severely condemned. It is a stain on the life of a great artist, which neither the greatness of his talent nor the brilliancy of his renown can redeem.

In the Louvre there is only one of Ribera's works —an *Adoration of the Shepherds*—and, although it is very beautiful, it is insufficient to make him known, because it is not in his usual style, and he shows himself in it less as the continuer of Caravaggio than as the imitator of Correggio. The Museo del Rey, at Madrid, is more fortunate in having a great number of his works, and in all his styles. If we wish to see him, on his return from Parma, employing the calm, soft style of Correggio, we have only to look at *Jacob's Ladder*, an excellent specimen of the second phase of his life. Of his later style, when he returned to the natural bent of his genius, we find the *Twelve Apostles*—a valuable series of expressive heads, in which may be seen every age, from the youthful St. John, the beloved disciple, to the old St. James the Great; a striking *Mary the Egyptian;* a *St. James and St. Roch*, magnificent pendents brought from the Escurial; and lastly, a *Martyrdom of St. Bartholomew*, the most celebrated of his paintings of this terrible subject. Here he has shown as much talent in composition and power of expression, in the union of grief and beatitude, as incomparable force in the execution.

The Academy of Fine Arts at Madrid possesses

several other works of Ribera's, amongst which there are two very singular full-length portraits in one frame, which deserve greater attention. In the centre of this picture we see the head of an old man with a black beard, on the body of a woman who is nursing a child in swaddling clothes; a little further back there is another old man, who seems to be the St. Joseph to this strange Madonna. This appears at first merely a fantastic popular legend, represented by the painter in a caprice, but it is in reality a natural curiosity, faithfully represented. The following explanation is written in Spanish in a corner of the picture: "Portrait of Magdalen Ventura, born in the Abruzzi; fifty-two years old. She was thirty-seven when her long beard began to grow. She had three children by her husband, Felix de Amici. Copied from nature, for the admiration of the living, by Joseph de Ribera." This picture, curious from its subject, does not offer less interest from an artistic point of view. It is one of those forcible and solid paintings, which may be almost said to be *engraved* on the canvas, in which Ribera surpassed even Caravaggio himself, and the secret of which he left to no one.

Although we are only able to notice the chief of the masters, and of their works, we ought still to mention in the school of Valentia the two ESPINOSAS, father and son, who continued the style of the Ribaltas, and a certain ESTEBAN MARCH, who, a pupil of Orrente, himself an imitator of Bassano, belongs to the schools of Toledo and Venice. He distinguished himself principally in painting battle scenes,

and it is said that he used to fence against the wall, like a second Don Quixote, with cut and thrust, in order to heat his imagination.

ANDALUSIAN SCHOOL.

Two local schools, as we have already said, arose about the same time as that of Seville, one at Cordova, the other at Granada. Let us choose the most illustrious master from each: at Cordova, it will be Cespedes; at Granada, Alonzo Cano.

PABLO DE CESPEDES (1538–1608) was not merely a painter; his was one of those gifted minds which are capable of grasping everything—science, literature, and the fine arts—and which only fail in attaining to the first rank in each from the division of their labor and intellect amongst several pursuits of equally difficult attainment, instead of bringing their whole powers to bear on one alone. On leaving the university, Pablo de Cespedes set out for Rome, was charmed with the works of Michael Angelo, felt a fresh impulse, and resolved to cultivate the arts, although without abandoning the culture of letters. Provided, on his return from Italy, with a canonry in the chapter of Cordova, he did not again leave his native town, and gave up his time peacefully to the different studies to which his taste and knowledge led him. This eminent man possessed a thorough knowledge of Italian, Latin, and Greek, and was able to converse in Hebrew and Arabic. Such a knowledge of languages, then rare, gave him great assistance in his labors of pure erudition.

Amongst his works of this kind may be mentioned a dissertation on the cathedral of Cordova, tending to prove that this beautiful mosque was built in the latter half of the eighth century, by Abderrahman I., the founder of the Ommeyade dynasty in Spain, and of the Caliphate of Cordova. This mosque, which is the most precious religious monument left us of the Arabs, occupied precisely the place of the temple of Janus, built by the Romans after the conquest and pacification of Iberia. But the best literary work of Cespedes is the one he wrote in 1604, the title of which is, 'Parallel between Ancient and Modern Painting and Sculpture.' Without any acquaintance with Vasari's book, which was written about the same time, he gives interesting details about the Florentine painters from Cimabue to Michael Angelo; he also gives some descriptions, taken from Pliny, of some works of the Greeks, and then ingeniously compares these with the works of Raphael, Michael Angelo, Titian, Correggio, and the masters of his own time.

Cespedes, not content with being a learned painter, became also a poet. He celebrated in beautiful verses the praises of an art whose history he had written, and in which he had himself acquired great celebrity. We must all regret that he was unable to complete his 'Poem on Painting,' some precious fragments of which have been preserved by Pacheco. It would probably have been the best poem that has been written on the fine arts, and superior in grandeur of conception, elevation of ideas, and beauty of language. to both the Latin poem of Du-

fresnoy, and to those in French by Lemierre and Watelet.

Pacheco says of Cespedes: "He was a great imitator of the beautiful style of Correggio, and one of the finest colorists in Spain." "If Cespedes," adds Antonio Ponz, "instead of being the friend of Federico Zuccheri, could have been the friend of Raphael, he would have become one of the greatest painters in the world, as he was one of the most learned." Cean-Bermudez admired "the elegance of his drawing, the force of his figures, his knowledge of anatomy, his skill in foreshortening, the brilliancy of his coloring, and especially that power of invention which he never needed to borrow from others." We have only one picture of Cespedes to verify the justness of these eulogies. This is an enormous *Last Supper* placed over the altar in one of the chapels with which the Christians have disfigured the old Arab mosque, where the great Mussulman dogma of the unity of God had formerly prevailed. Almost all the other works of Cespedes, the names of which are preserved, have entirely disappeared, without our even knowing where to look for them. They were nearly all in the church attached to the Jesuit College at Cordova, and it would appear that at the time of the suppression of this order by Charles III. these pictures were carried away, never to return. They were, doubtless, not destroyed; but as Cespedes was not known beyond his own country, it is probable that commerce would pass them under other names than his.

ALONZO CANO (1601–1667) has been termed the Spanish Michael Angelo. This is merely because he practised the three arts which are especially called *fine*. He was a painter, sculptor, and architect. Like Michael Angelo, he was more of a sculptor than painter, but his only works in architecture were those heavy church decorations called *retablos* (altar screens), which he not only designed, but for which he himself made all the ornaments, sculptured or painted, statues or pictures. Towards the close of his life Alonzo Cano came to live at Granada, his birthplace, and, provided with a rich benefice, passed tranquilly the last years of a life which had been much agitated by travels, passions, and adventures. He left seven of his works to the Museum of Madrid. Amongst these are a *St. John writing the Apocalypse*, and another of the *Dead Christ wept over by an Angel*. As a painter, he has been not unjustly termed the Spanish Albani, for, contrary to what might have been expected from his passionate temper, the principal characteristics of his works are softness and suavity. By a skillful arrangement of draperies he makes the outline of the form they cover sufficiently marked. He also took so much care in the execution of hands and feet, always a great difficulty, that on this account alone his works might be distinguished from any other painter of his country. Less fiery and powerful than Ribera, less profound and less brilliant than Murillo, he takes a middle place between these two masters, being correct, elegant, and full of grace.

We now come to Seville.

LUIS DE VARGAS (1502–1568), a pupil at Rome of Perino del Vaga, had the distinguished honor of being the first to bring into, and teach in, his own country the true method of oil and fresco painting. It was he who substituted the Renaissance art for the Gothic. At different times he passed twenty-eight years in Italy. When settled at Seville he completed several large works there, the greater part being frescoes. Amongst others, there was the celebrated *Calle de Amargura (Way of Bitterness)* (it has since disappeared, owing to the injuries it received from time and unskillful restorations), which he painted in 1563 on the steps of the church of San Pablo. It was there that people condemned by the inquisition were permitted to stop on their way to punishment. On this account it was called by the people *El Cristo de los Azotados.*

The licentiate JUAN DE LAS ROELAS (1558–1625) brought another gift to his fellow-countrymen from Italy. This was the Venetian coloring, which he had studied under the pupils of Titian and Tintoretto. We might, indeed, almost believe that it was Bonifazio, or one of the Palmas, who painted the cathedral *Santiago mata-Moros* (kill Moors) assisting the Spaniards at the Battle of Clavijo; at the church of the Cardinal's hospice, the *Death of St. Hermengūd;* in the church Santa Lucia, the *Martyrdom* of the patron saint; and, lastly, over the high altar of San Isidor, the *Death* of that archbishop of Seville. This is the largest of all his works, for it covers the whole screen. It is divided into two parts, heaven and earth, and this was the first example of that

style of composition so often imitated by all the school.

After these two disciples of Rome and Venice come the purely Andalusian painters; and first among them the two masters of Velazquez, HERRERA *el viejo* (1576–1656) and PACHECO (1571–1654). Nothing could be a greater contrast than these masters and the works they produced. Francisco de Herrera was so gloomy and violent that he passed nearly his whole life in solitude, and was abandoned by all his pupils, and even by his children. He painted his pictures, as he did everything else, in a sort of frenzy. He used reeds to draw with, and large brushes to paint with. Armed in this manner, he executed important works with incredible dexterity and promptitude. The tradition which Cean Bermudez heard at Seville states that, when he had many works on hand, and no pupil to assist him, he charged an old servant, the only human being he could keep in his house, to put the first layer of colour on his pictures. This woman took the colors with a tow-brush, and smeared them on the canvas almost at random; then Herrera continued the work, and drew from this chaos draperies, limbs, and faces. This harshness of temper and native coarseness threw Herrera entirely out of the timid style which the imitation of the Roman school had given to his predecessors. He adopted the more fiery style of the Bolognese, or, rather, he formed a new style for himself, quite personal, and better adapted to the undisciplined genius of his nation. The enormous *Last Judgment* which he painted for

the church of San Bernardo, at Seville, proves that Herrera was not merely a painter from habit, with his hand better endowed than his head; we see that he also possessed the true science of the art, besides correctness of drawing, profound and varied expression, and grandeur in strength.

Francisco Pacheco, on the contrary, was rather a man of letters than a painter; he wrote a treatise on the 'Art of Painting,' and his house soon became, as one of its visitors said, "the usual academy of the most cultivated minds of Seville and the provinces." Pacheco had a curious picture gallery; he had collected as many as three hundred portraits, either in oil of a small size, or drawn in red and black chalks, of all the men of any distinction who had ever visited at his house. Among this number were Cervantes, Quevedo, Herrera, the poet, etc. But, notwithstanding his continual study, notwithstanding the care with which he prepared his pictures by a number of cartoons, Pacheco could never rise above a cold correctness, without passion or life. Between the rough fire of one of his masters and the learned weakness of the other, Velazquez did well to draw from simple nature.

Francisco Zurbaran (1598—about 1662), born of parents who were simple laborers in the town of Fuente de Cantos in Estremadura, belongs to the Andalusian school, because he studied at Seville under Las Roelas, and passed his whole life there. He only once, when very old, went to Madrid, and only once returned to his native province to paint eight large pictures, representing the *History of St.*

Jerome, for the church in the little town of Guadalupe, between Toledo and Cacerès. This has caused it to be said, in a biographical notice published in France by a man whose official position must have made him well versed in the history of art, that Zubaran had been to Guadeloupe to paint these pictures.

Several of his works have been recently scattered throughout Europe, and some have been at Paris in the little Spanish museum formed by Louis Philippe, and dispersed since his death.

It is, however, universally acknowledged that the best of his compositions, that in which all his good points are united and where there is the greatest display of talent, is the *St. Thomas Aquinas* which he painted for the church of the College placed under the patronage of the celebrated author of the "*Summa Theologiæ*." Christ and the Virgin are above in glory with St. Paul and St. Dominic; in the centre is St. Thomas standing, surrounded by the four doctors of the Latin church seated on the clouds; lower down, in an attitude of devotion and admiration, on one side Charles V., clothed in the imperial mantle, with a *cortége* of knights; on the other, the Archbishop Deza, the founder of the college, with a suite of monks and attendants.

Zurbaran has been called the Spanish Caravaggio. But if he deserved this name, it was not by the fire of his pencil, or by an exaggerated seeking after effect; for he is colder and more reserved, though, at the same time, nobler and more correct, than Caravaggio. If Zurbaran resemble Caravaggio, it is

through his frequent use of bluish tints, which sometimes predominate so much in his pictures as to make them appear as if seen through a veil slightly tinged with blue; and also from his deep knowledge of his art, and happy use of light and shade. This is the real point of resemblance between the two masters. As for the nature of the subjects—except a small number of large compositions which were ordered of him—Zurburan preferred simple subjects, easy of comprehension, and requiring only a small number of personages, whom he always placed in perfectly natural attitudes. Yet he never painted comic or popular scenes, as Velazquez and Murillo sometimes did; nor strange and grotesque ones like Ribera. He has painted some female saints, and has given them attractions and grace; but severe religious feeling always predominates with him. No one, indeed, has expressed better than Zurburan the rigors of an ascetic life, and the austerity of the cloister; no one has shown better than he, under the girdle of rope and the thick hood, the attenuated forms and pale heads of the cenobites, devoted to macerations and prayer, who in the words of Buffon, when their last hour arrives, "*Ne finissent pas de vivre, mais achèvent de mourir.*"

Leaving Velazquez to be spoken of with the Castilian school, we now come to Murillo.

Born in Seville, though in a very humble condition of life, BARTOLOMÉ ESTEBAN MURILLO (1618—1682) passed a melancholy youth in ignorance and neglect. A certain Juan del Castillo, a distant relation, gave him, out of charity, his first lessons in an art in

which he was to find fortune and renown. But Murillo soon lost this teacher, who went to live in Cadiz, and for a long time he had no master but himself. Deprived of an intelligent guide and of all regular study, obliged to live by his pencil before he had learned to use it, never having had an opportunity of learning his own powers, and only knowing art as a trade, Murillo was at first merely a sort of wholesale painter. He daubed on small squares of canvas or wood those Madonnas crushing the serpent's head, which were called the *Madonnas of Guadalupe;* he sold them by the dozen for one or two piastres each, according to their size, to the captains of American ships, who carried this merchandise, along with indulgences, to the recently-converted populations of Mexico and Peru. This sort of work, however, by teaching him how to handle his brush, softened his coloring, which became soft and artificial, instead of being hard.

Murillo was already twenty-four years old when the painter Pedro de Moya passed through Seville on his return from London to Granada, bringing copies and imitations of Van Dyck, of whom he had received lessons. At the sight of the works of Moya, Murillo was in ecstasies, and felt his true vocation. It was the spark required to light the fire of genius. But what was he to do? Moya was leaving for Granada, and was but a pupil himself; it was useless to go to London, Van Dyck had just died; it was impossible to go to Italy without money or a protector. Murillo, at last, made up his mind in despair; he bought, perhaps on credit, a

roll of canvas, cut it in pieces, which he prepared himself, then, taking neither rest nor sleep, he covered all these squares with Virgins, Infant Christs, and bouquets of flowers. His goods disposed of, and some reals in his pocket, without asking advice or taking leave of any one, he set out for Madrid. On his arrival at the capital, he went at once to present himself to his fellow-countryman Velazquez, twenty years older than himself, and then in the height of his glory. The king's painter received the young traveller with kindness; he encouraged him, brought him forward, procured him useful work, an entrance to the royal palaces, and the Escurial, besides admitting him to his own studio, and giving him advice and lessons.

Murillo spent two years in studying diligently the pictures the style of which he most admired, those of the great colorists, Titian, Rubens, Van Dyck, Ribera, and Velazquez; then—less tormented with dreams of ambition than with the necessity of attaining an independence, he left Madrid and returned to Seville. His absence had not been noticed, so the general surprise was great when, the following year, there appeared in the little cloister of the convent of San Francisco three pictures which he had just painted; a *Monk in Ecstasy*, the *Alms of San Diego*, and that *Death of St. Clara* which has been seen in Paris, in the Aguado and Salamanca collections. Every one asked where Murillo had learned this new style, so attractive and forcible, which united the manners of Ribera and of Van Dyck, and in the union seemed almost to surpass

both. Notwithstanding the envy always inspired by success, notwithstanding the bitter hatred of the painters whom he had dethroned from the first rank, Murillo soon emerged from indigence and obscurity. He had returned to Seville in 1645, and, until his death in 1682, in consequence of a fall from a scaffold, he did not again leave his native town, I might almost say his studio, for it was during these thirty-seven years that his numerous paintings were executed. Chapters, convents, and great nobles overwhelmed him, to his heart's content, with orders. There are few high altars of cathedrals, or sacristies, or endowed monasteries, which do not possess some picture of their patron saint by his hand; few noble houses which have not some family portrait by him to be handed down as an heirloom to the eldest son. In fertility, Murillo can only be compared to his fellow-countryman, Lope de Vega. As a painter he equalled in the number of his works the poet whom Cervantes called a *monster of nature*. This wonderful facility of production, joined to the independence which he preserved all his life, explains the reason why Murillo, different to Velazquez, whose works were all engaged for the king his master, was able to make his name and works known through the whole of Europe.

But this is not the sole point of dissimilarity between the two great artists. Although Velazquez, the king's painter, pensioned, rich, and working only at his leisure, has left fewer pictures; yet, on the other hand, he was able to give equal care to them all, and to make them as perfect as possible. Mu-

rillo, on the contrary, painter to the public, and measuring his income by his work, has produced much more, but he had not always time fully to work out all his ideas and lovingly to finish all the details. There is then a greater difference to be found amongst his works, and the evident haste in which some are done betrays the humble employment of his earlier days; we might almost think that these were destined for exportation to the West Indies. Velazquez feared to attempt sacred subjects; he only felt at home in the more ordinary scenes of life, where truth is the greatest merit. Murillo, on the contrary, endowed with a rich and brilliant imagination, and animated with delicate sensibility, delighted especially in religious subjects, in which art may cross the bounds of nature and enter the world of imagination. Velazquez, in short, had but one style, one aim. Whether he sought perfection in boldness and simplicity, or in great care and finish, what he wished to attain was always exactness, precision, and an illusion of truth. Murillo, loving the real less than the ideal, and addressing himself principally to the imagination and the mind, varied his style with his subject. He had not, like most painters, a succession of styles or phases in his career as an artist; but he had at the same time three manners, which he employed alternately and according to the subject. These three styles are termed by the Spaniards, *cold, warm, and aerial (frio, cálido y vaporoso)*. These words describe them, and it may be easily conceived how they are employed. Thus, the peasant boys and beggars

would be painted in the cold style; the ecstasies of saints in the warm; the annunciations and assumptions in the aerial.

Seville at first was filled to overflowing with Murillo's works; and it has retained a large number of the best. In one of the chapels of its cathedral may be seen the largest painting by Murillo, the ecstasy of *St. Antony of Padua.* When I saw it I was very young, and a taste for the arts was not yet fully developed in me, yet I remained, like the mystic cenobite, in an ecstasy before the open heavens. As legends will always be invented for anything very celebrated, a canon, who had undertaken to be my *cicerone,* told me that after the retreat of the French in 1813, the Duke of Wellington had offered to buy this picture by covering it with gold pieces. This would have made an enormous sum, to judge from the size of the picture, but the chapter was too rich and too proud to accept such an exchange; England retained her gold and Seville the *chef-d'œuvre* of her painter. The fellow citizens of Murillo, collecting all the pictures of his they could obtain from the churches and monasteries, have succeeded in forming a whole museum of his works which had remained in Andalusia. It is in an old convent in the *A B C* street at Seville. Here we may find collected the *Miracle of the Loaves and Fishes,* which picture received the popular name of *pan y peces* (bread and fishes); *Moses striking the Rock,* recently engraved; *St. Felix Cantalicio,* which the Italians say is painted with milk and blood *(con leche y sangre);* the *Madonna de la Servilleta; St. Thomas of Villanueva* dis-

tributing alms to the poor (the painting Murillo himself preferred of all his works), etc.; lastly, the one of his too numerous *conceptions* which is called the *Perla de los Concepciones.* This is a symbolical representation of the favorite doctrine of the Spaniards, which has become the dogma of the Immaculate Conception. It is, in reality, an apotheosis of the Virgin.

Forty-five pictures by Murillo are collected in the Museo del Rey at Madrid. From this number we must choose a few for special mention. Of the *cold* style we prefer a *Holy Family*, usually termed *with the little dog.* But this deserves a serious reproach; the want of a suitable style for the subject. In it we see neither the Child God, nor the Virgin Mother, nor the foster father; they are simply a carpenter laying down his plane, his wife, who has stopped her wheel to watch their young son at play, a little boy making a spaniel bark at a bird which he conceals in his hands. But it is a well-conceived, familiar scene, adapted to excite interest, and full of grace in the attitudes, candor in the expression, and energy in the touch; the name of the picture merely requires to be changed. Perhaps in the same style we ought to place the *Adoration of the Shepherds* higher. In the representation of these rustics, the skins in which they are clothed, and the dogs which accompany them, the artist displays unequalled vigor and truth, and it is by a real *tour de force* that he has thrown on the centre of the scene the brilliant reflection of the light from above, which grad-

ually fades into the night, shadowing the extremities of the picture.

The *Martyrdom of St. Andrew*, painted in small proportions, is one of the best of the aërial style. A silver tint, which seems showered down from heaven by the angels, who hold out the palm of immortality to the old man who is being crucified, pervades every object, softens the outlines, harmonizes the tints, and gives the whole scene a cloudy and fantastic appearance which is full of charm. The same *phenomenon*, if I may so call it, is also to be found in the smallest of Murillo's *Annunciations*. It is in the midst of this celestial atmosphere that the beautiful archangel Gabriel appears to the youthful Mary. She is on her knees praying; the messenger from above kneels in his turn before her who is to be the mother of the Saviour. A brilliant band of angels, from among which these two figures seem to stand out in relief, fill the whole space; and above this bright background there appears, as a still more luminous object, the Holy Spirit, who is descending in the form of a white dove. If I had not seen it, I could never have imagined that with the colors of a palette the brilliancy of the miraculous light could have been imitated to such a degree as to make the rays of light flood the whole canvas with their glory.

The warm style was that which Murillo seems to have preferred himself. All his *Ecstasies of Saints*, and the number of these is great, were treated in this manner. The museum of Madrid alone possesses four *St. Bernard*, *St. Augustine*, *St. Francis*

of Assisi, and *St. Ildephonso.* Although in these four paintings the subject is the same, Murillo has succeeded very skillfully in varying them, either in the character of the vision, or by the details given in the legend. To St. Ildephonso the Virgin appears and presents him with a chasuble for his new dignity of archbishop; before St. Augustine the heavens open and reveal to him Jesus crucified, and his immaculate mother; St. Francis of Assisi, visited by the Madonna and Child, is offering them the miraculous roses, which in the spring had grown on the thorn rods with which he had flagellated himself all the winter: lastly, St. Bernard, exalted by meditation and fasting, sees in his humble cell the child Jesus appear, borne by his mother on a throne of clouds in the midst of the heavenly hosts.

To be able really to appreciate Murillo we must realize the prodigious difficulties of such subjects. The general effect results principally from the contrast between the daylight with which the objects below and around are rendered visible, and the light of the apparition which illumines the upper part and centre of the scene. To this effect must be added the ecstatic character of the saint and the divine nature of the vision. Murillo comes up, in every respect, to what our imagination could hope or conceive; his earthly daylight is perfectly natural and true, his heavenly day is like that radiant light I endeavored just now to depict. We find in the attitudes of the saints and the expression of their features, all that the most ardent piety, all that the most passionate exaltation can feel or express in

extreme surprise, delight, and adoration. As for the visions, they appear with all the pomp of a celestial train, in which are marvellously grouped the different spirits of the immortal hierarchy, from the archangel with outspread wings, to the bodiless heads of the cherubim. It is in these scenes of supernatural poetry that the pencil of Murillo, like the wand of an enchanter, produces marvels. If in scenes taken from human life he equals the greatest colorists, he is alone in the imaginary scenes of eternal life. It might be said of the two great Spanish masters that Velazquez is the painter of the earth and Murillo of heaven.

Although the Academy of San Fernando at Madrid can only show three pictures, instead of forty-five, by Murillo, yet these are real masterpieces. I cannot place in this high rank a *Resurrection* which, notwithstanding the resplendent beauty of our Lord, ascending as God from the tomb where He had been laid as man, is only an ordinary picture for Murillo; but both the *St. Elizabeth of Hungary*, and the two vast pendents usually called *los medios puntos* (the half-circles) must be considered as masterpieces.

The subject of the first of these works is this; in a vestibule of sumptuous architecture the good queen is engaged in labors of true charity. The kings of France cured scrofula; it appears, however, that the kings of Hungary had another speciality in medicine. St. Elizabeth is tending those suffering from diseased heads. Thus the two most opposite extremes of Murillo are united; the sordid,

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disgusting misery of his little beggars, and the noble grandeur of his demi-gods. From this arises the perpetual contrast and high moral tone of the picture. The palace turned into a hospital; on one hand, the ladies of the court, beautiful, full of health, and richly adorned! on the other, suffering and diseased children, a paralytic leaning on his crutches, an old man who is uncovering the sores on his legs, an old woman crouching on the floor, whose haggard profile stands out clearly against the black velvet behind; on one side, all the graces of luxury and health; on the other, the hideous train of misery and sickness; then, in the centre, the divine charity which brings these extremes of humanity together. A young and beautiful woman, wearing over the nun's veil the crown of the queen, is delicately sponging the impure head which a child covered with leprosy is holding over a golden ewer. Her white hands seem to refuse the work which her heart commands; her mouth trembles with horror and her eyes fill with tears, but pity conquers even disgust, and religion triumphs—that religion which commands us to love our neighbor. The unanimous voice of the admirers of Murillo proclaims *St. Elizabeth* to be the greatest and most perfect of his works. I do, indeed, believe that this is the best of his compositions in elevation of style, in the arrangement of the parts, and the meaning of the whole; and I must add, in order to make myself understood, that it appears to me the most *Italian*, the most suitable to be represented by engraving. But (why should I not dare to say it?) when

I remember that this magnificent work is by Murillo I do not find that the manual work is equal to the thought. Although Murillo never *composed* better than in this picture, he has *painted* better. I can fortunately furnish a proof of this opinion.

In the same Academy, by the side of *St. Elizabeth,* are two other pictures where, as a colorist, Murillo has displayed all his powers. These, according to Cean Bermudez, were ordered of him by a canon named Don Justino Neve, for the church of Santa Maria la Blanca, at Seville, which accounts for their semicircular form; they were probably to be placed in an arch. When they were brought to Paris with the *St. Elizabeth,* in order to make them square, gilded angles were added in which were traced inscriptions. The subject of the two celebrated pendents is the *Foundation of the Church of Santa Maria Maggiore,* at Rome, or rather the miraculous event to which its foundation is ascribed. The first picture represents the dream of the Roman patrician and his wife, whom Murillo, notwithstanding the date of the inscription (A. D. 852), dresses in the costume of his own time. Overcome by slumber, as if Morpheus had strewn poppies over their heads, they have gone to sleep seated and dressed in their apartment. A little lap-dog is also sleeping on the bottom of the lady's dress. White clouds become visible in the darkness, and the vision suddenly appears to the closed eyes of the patrician and his wife, who both behold the same dream—the Virgin standing with the Child in her arms, pointing with her finger to the place where the church dedicated

to her was to be built. The second pendent contains a double subject. On the left the patrician and his wife, of the size of life, are relating their common dream to the pope Liberius, seated on the ancient *sella gestatoria;* and on the right a long procession in the distance is on its way to recognize and mark the place designated by Mary for the erection of the new church. These two marvellous pictures, or, at all events, the whole of the first, and the distant procession in the second—that is to say, the parts treated in the warm and aërial style—are in Murillo's finest style, and show to what a height he could rise as a colorist. They are usually called either *los Medios puntos* of Murillo, or the *Miracle of the Roman Gentleman.* As in the *chef-d'œuvre* of Tintoretto at Venice, I propose that these two appellations should be made into one by calling it *The Miracle of Murillo.*

Murillo, having been far more fertile than Velazquez, and much sooner known out of Spain, has his works scattered nearly all over Europe, even in the northern countries. The Hermitage of St. Petersburg has eighteen works by Murillo on its catalogue. Without accepting all of these, we may, at least, mention a *Conception* beautiful even among so many others, a *Nativity* which, in its arrangement, reminds us of Correggio's *Notte,* and a *Martyrdom of St. Peter of Verona* worthy, in point of beauty, to be compared with the great works of Titian at Venice, and of Domenichino at Bologna on the same subject. At Berlin there is an *Ecstasy of St. Anthony of Padua,* which, without equalling the brilliant *chef-*

d'œuvre that Murillo left as a last gift to the cathedral of his native city, yet, at all events, recalls the highest qualities of the painter of Seville. It is in his tender passionate style. Munich is still richer in possessing excellent works in different styles. In the first place, *St. Francis curing a Paralytic at the Door of a Church.* Murillo, although the most poetical, the most idealistic, of the Spanish masters, has seldom risen to such a height of expression; his magic pencil has rarely produced such wonders. The action takes place in the uncertain limits between the gloom inside and the daylight outside—an excellent contrast, but bold and, perhaps, impossible for any one but Murillo. Four other pictures, in two series of pendents, belong to beggar life, to the *vida picaresca,* also poetical in Spain, as is proved sufficiently by the *Lazarille de Tormès,* the *Guzman d'Alfarache,* the *Marcos de Obregon,* and all the romances of the same family, which are merged into one in *Gil Blas.* These *picturesque* paintings present a mixture of his warm and cold styles, and it might be said that they belong to the cold style treated warmly. But, under whatever class they may be ranged, they will always be masterpieces of simple, lively truth. Before these wonderful scenes of comedy in real life we might both laugh and weep.

A large picture, formerly an heirloom of the marquises of Pedroso, at Cadiz, has been lately brought to the National Gallery in London. It is a *Holy Family.* I believe that its true name is rather a *Trinity.* In this picture, between his mother and

Joseph, who are worshipping on their knees, the Child Jesus stands on the broken shaft of a column, gazing toward heaven as if wishing to leave earth, and united in thought to the two other persons of the Trinity—the Holy Spirit, who, in the form of a dove, is hovering over his head, and the Father, who is above, amidst a choir of seraphim. I had seen this picture before it belonged to the National Gallery, and in my first enthusiasm I had written that it was a divine work, the finest by this master that had ever left Spain. Without retracting the first praise, I confess that the second might be contested. For example, in the Duke of Sutherland's gallery the places of honor are justly occupied by two other large pictures by Murillo, brought from Seville to London through the collection of Marshal Soult—*Abraham receiving the Three Angels*, and the *Return of the Prodigal Son*. They have been provided with magnificent frames, in which are the verses of Scripture which explain the subject, and surmounted by gilded busts of the painter whose life was so simple and devoid of pomp. The *Prodigal Son* is, however, far superior to the *Abraham*. The group of the wretched and repentant son kneeling at the feet of his noble and affectionate father; the group of the servants hastening to bring food and clothes; even to the little dog of the family, who has come to recognize and caress the fugitive, and the fat calf which is to be killed for the rejoicings;—all is great and wonderful in composition, expression, and incomparable coloring. This *Prodigal Son* deserves,

perhaps, to be called the greatest work of Murillo out of Spain.

Without having anything equal to this in importance, the Museum of the Louvre would be still pretty well off if they had not in reality diminished the riches already acquired whilst they pretended to have increased them. The *Petit Pouilleux* and a *Holy Family*, which, like the one at the National Gallery, should rather have been termed a *Trinity*, have long been in the Louvre. It was wished to add fresh works of Murillo's to these; but if the intention was good, it is the intention alone which deserves praise. We will not speak of those enormous pictures filled with ignoble restorations which are called the *Naissance de Marie* and the *Cuisine des Anges*. They are no less unworthy of the master than of the Louvre. But what need was there of another *Conception*, also bought with a great commotion and at vast expense from the heirs of Marshal Soult? Why have given a more exorbitant price for it than it would ever have fetched at a sale by auction? The fact of there being so many on this subject should have been a sufficient safeguard against such unreflecting infatuation, which would be incredible anywhere but in France. There was already one *Conception;* and although the last comer is certainly superior to it in some points, it is yet far from deserving the title of the one at Seville, the *Perla de las Concepciones*.

There is, however, one of the most perfect specimens of Murillo's cold style in the Louvre that can be found anywhere. This is the *Beggar Boy*, who

is crouching on the stone floor of a prison or of a garret, between a pitcher and a basket of fruit, employing his leisure time in having a chase under his rags, or, as an old inventory says more explicitly, "*à détruire ce qui l'incommode.*" It is sublime in its triviality. In Murillo's warm manner and higher style there is the large picture which, in my opinion, should be rather named a *Trinity* than a *Holy Family*. The latter name, indeed, as it has been employed since the time of Raphael, implies neither the sight of the opened heavens, nor the intervention of the Father and of the Holy Spirit in the actions of the Son. Similar in subject, in general disposition, and even in the details and accessories to the great picture of the National Gallery, that of the Louvre also equals it in the breadth of imagination, which unites the scenes of mortal and eternal life in the majesty of the symbol announcing the redeeming mission of the Saviour, and also in the extreme beauty of all the parts. But what has become of this marvellous *Trinity?* It has disappeared from the Louvre, and it is in vain to regret it. It has been placed as an ornament in a sleeping apartment of the palace of St. Cloud, and is there fitted into the woodwork. Has the national museum of France become once more the cabinet of its kings?

Murillo left some pupils, such as MIGUEL DE TOBAR, NUÑEZ DE VILLAVICENCIO, MENESES OSORIO, who followed him from afar off with servile imitation. Not long before his death, remembering the obscurity of his youth and the first occupations of his pencil, he wished to smooth for his successors

the difficulties at the outset of their career which he had found so difficult to overcome. He established at Seville a free academy for drawing and painting, of which he was the first director and professor; but this academy came to an end twenty years later for want of masters and pupils. Murillo had no more followers after his death than he had rivals during his life.

CASTILIAN SCHOOL.

This cannot be called the school of Madrid, for during the lifetime of the painters who founded it Madrid did not as yet exist, at least, not as the capital of the Spanish monarchy. But after the caprice of Philip II., who fixed there his hitherto wandering and nomad court—*la corte*—had raised Madrid to the rank of a metropolis, all the dispersed elements of the Castilian school soon assembled there. It was at Valladolid that Alonzo Berruguete lived; at Badajoz, Luis de Morales; at Logroño, in the Rioja, Juan Fernandez Navarrete, *el Mudo;* at Toledo, Domenico Theotocopuli, *el Greco.* We must not pass these earlier masters by without, at least, a short mention.

If ALONZO BERRUGUETE (1480—1561), who cultivated painting, sculpture, and architecture, had displayed in the first of these arts the eminent qualities which he manifested in the second, if he had been as great a painter as he was in general a great artist, he would have had the honor of being the first to spread through his country the high notions of art he had acquired in Italy. He had, at first, studied

directly under Michael Angelo, at Florence, where he copied the famous cartoon of the *Pisan War;* then at Rome, where he assisted his master in the great works at the Vatican, ordered by Julius II. On his return to Spain, he scarcely painted anything but altar-screens for churches, which require a union of the three arts. His painting is cold and dry, but determined and expressive. His architecture has the defects and good qualities of that of Spain at this period—smallness and confusion in the whole, grace and delicacy in the details. In sculpture alone does he show himself a worthy disciple of his illustrious master, whose lessons he transmitted to Gaspar Becerra, who, although painter to Philip II. and author of a great number of works, was only great in statuary. His *Madonna of Solitude* is probably the masterpiece of Spanish sculpture.

There is one painter whom universal admiration has saluted by the title *divine.* This is Raphael. In Spain, one painter also has received this magnificent surname. But with him, it was not a universal cry of admiration which thus proclaimed his merit and superiority: it was, simply, his too great fastidiousness in the choice of his subjects, which always bore the imprint of an ardent piety. This name has been, I confess, in some respects, a misfortune to him; all the pictures of his time which have the slightest analogy with his style are attributed to him. When any one meets with an *Ecce Homo,* dry, lean, and livid; a *Mater dolorosa* with hollow cheeks, pale lips, red eyelids; even if it be a horrible caricature, he exclaims at once: "There is a divine

Morales!" Those who have examined his fine works attentively are not so prodigal of their author's name. His pictures, frequently painted on copper or wood, are generally very small and simple; the most complicated are those of a *Madonna supporting a Dead Christ.* There are some works, however, of Morales in which there are whole personages, such as the six large paintings of the *Passion,* which decorate the church of a small town in Estremadura, Higuera de Fregenal. Madrid has only succeeded in collecting five works by his hand, which proves that they are rare, when authentic. The *Circumcision* is the largest, and seems to me to be the best of the five. If Morales has the defects common to his period; if he is minute in the execution of the beard and hair; if he may be accused of too much hardness in the outlines and too little relief in the model; we must, at all events, acknowledge that he drew with care and correctness, that he understood the anatomy of his nudes, and rendered faithfully the fine gradations of demitints. He excelled also in the expression of religious grief, and no one has succeeded better than he in painting the agonies of our Lord when crowned with thorns, or of a Virgin pierced with the seven swords of grief.

El Mudo (Juan Fernandez Navarrete, about 1526—1579), is one of the most striking proofs of the power of natural taste, and of its constant superiority to what can be produced by education. If the Roman rhetorician was right in asserting that a poet must be born a poet, El Mudo has shown

that a painter must be one from his birth. Deprived of the usual means of communicating with other men, and kept back by the circumstances surrounding him, he yet succeeded in accomplishing his destiny, merely by following the natural bent of his nature. When about three years old, a severe illness deprived him of his hearing, and, like those who are deaf from their birth, he was unable to learn to speak.

At this time, the Spanish monk, Frey Pedro de Ponce, who preceded by such a long time the Abbé de l'Epée,* had not yet essayed the education of deaf-mutes. Nothing was taught to Juan during his infancy; but soon he revealed his true vocation, for he was constantly occupied in drawing on the walls with charcoal every object that he saw around him. His natural talent was shown so clearly in these rough sketches, that his father took him to the convent of La Estrella, at a short distance from Logroño, where one of the monks understood painting. This monk became much attached to the young mute; he taught him the first elements of art, and, soon finding his pupil make such progress that he could no longer follow him, he persuaded his parents to send him to Italy.

El Mudo, whose family was very well off, soon started for the land of the arts. He visited Rome, Naples, Florence, Venice, and settled down near

* It was about the year 1570 that Frey Pedro de Ponce, a Benedictine monk of the convent of Ona, found means to instruct the two brothers and the sister of the Constable of Castile, all three born deaf.

Titian, whose disciple he became. His residence in Italy was long—twenty years at the least. When his reputation, already great, and doubtless increased by the fact of his infirmity, reached Spain, Philip II., who was beginning the decorations of the Escurial, sent for him to come to Spain. It was at the Escurial that El Mudo completed his principal work, a series of eight large pictures, some of which have since perished in a fire. Amongst those which were preserved may be mentioned, a *Nativity*, in which El Mudo undertook to vanquish a formidable difficulty: he introduced three different lights into his picture; one which proceeds from the Holy Child, another which descends from the glory and extends over the whole picture, and a third from a torch held by St. Joseph. The group of shepherds is the best part of the composition. It is said that the Florentine painter, Perigrino Tibaldi, never wearied of admiring them, and was continually calling out in his enthusiasm: *Oh! gli belli pastori!* This exclamation has become the title of the picture, which is called the *Beautiful Shepherds.* The works of El Mudo are scarcely known at all, for those which still exist are buried in the royal solitude of the Escurial, and are now almost inaccessible. We must, then, be satisfied with hearing that he was unanimously called the Spanish Titian, not only because he was one of the favorite pupils of that master, but also because his works were worthy of being compared with those of the greatest Venetian master.

Another pupil, or fellow disciple, of Titian, was

the founder of the school of Toledo. His name was DOMENICO THEOTOCOPULI; he was born in Greece, it is not known when or where; he studied at Venice, where he was surnamed *El Greco* (the Spaniards would have called him *El Griego*), and, through singular circumstances, came to settle at Toledo, about 1577. He became known there by a large picture of the *Stripping of Christ*, quite Venetian in its character; soon after, changing his style, he adopted a pale greyish coloring, which makes all the personages appear as so many ghosts and shadows; in short, he adopted an unwholesome singularity of style, which extended even to the shape of his pictures, which were made far too long. However, instead of good paintings, he left pupils better than himself—for example, LUIS TRISTAN, whom Velazquez studied with advantage after his two masters at Seville, and the monk FRAY JUAN BAUTISTA MAYNO, who taught drawing to Philip IV., and succeeded in making his pupil a passionate lover of the arts.

As soon as Philip II. had fixed his court at Madrid there appeared also in that town the painter ALONZO SANCHEZ COELLO (? -1590), who was not only the *pintor de cámera* to the son of Charles V., but also one of his intimate courtiers (*el privado del rey*). Pacheco says, that "the king gave him for his lodging an immense house near the palace, and as he had a key to it . . . he often entered at inopportune moments into the painter's apartments; sometimes he came in when he was at dinner with his family . . . ; at others, he surprised him when

painting, and approaching him from behind laid his hand upon his shoulder. . . Sanchez Coello several times painted the king's portrait, armed, on foot, on horseback, in travelling garments, in a cloak and with a cap. He also painted seventeen royal persons, queens, princes, and infantas, who honored him so much as to enter his house familiarly to play with his wife and children. . . His house was frequented by the greatest persons of the time, Cardinal Granvelle, the archbishop of Toledo, the archbishop of Seville, and, what was a still greater honor, Don John of Austria, Don Carlos, and such numbers of nobles and ambassadors that, many times, horses, litters, coaches, and chairs, filled the two large courts of his house." Sanchez Coello also painted several pictures on sacred history for different altars in the Escurial, and also the portrait of the celebrated founder of the order of the Jesuits, Ignatius Loyola. This portrait, which is said to have been much like him, was painted after his death from a cast of the face taken in wax. Coello was also aided by the advice of one of the pupils of Loyola.

PANTOJA DE LA CRUZ, the pupil of Coello, held the same position under Philip III. that his master had done under Philip II. He also has left a gallery of portraits, even in his historical pictures. Thus the *Birth of the Virgin* and the *Birth of Christ*, which are in the Museo del Rey, contain the portraits of Philip III., his wife Margaret of Austria, their nearest relations, and some gentlemen and ladies of the court. It was at this period that three

families of artists, all natives of Tuscany, came to settle at Madrid. These were the Ricci, the Cajesi, and the Carducci, which names were, by the Spaniards, turned into Rizi, Caxes, and Carducho. We must grant a separate mention to one member of the latter family.

VICENCIO CARDUCHO was brought to Spain, whilst still a child, by his elder brother, whose pupil he was, and died at Alcala de Henares when painting a *St. Jerome*, which bears this inscription, "*Vincensius Carducho hic vitam non opus finiit*, 1638." He has left *Dialogues on Painting*, much esteemed by competent judges, and such numerous works of his pencil as prove that his imagination was as fertile as his hand was industrious. In the Museo Nacional, opened at Madrid in 1842, to complete the Museo del Rey with the spoils of the suppressed convents, are the greater number of the works which Carducho executed for one of the largest orders recorded in the history of art. The Carthusian convent of the Paular had intrusted him with the entire decoration of the large cloister. He was to represent the *Life of St. Bruno*, the founder of the order, and the *Martyrdoms and Miracles of the Carthusians*. By a contract of August 26th, 1626, between the prior and the painter, it was agreed that the latter should deliver fifty-five pictures in the space of four years, fourteen every year, all of them to be painted entirely by himself, and the price to be fixed by competent judges. This singular contract was punctually executed. Four years later, the convent of the Paular possessed the fifty-five paintings ordered of Carducho. On one side twen-

ty-seven pictures describing the different events in the life of St. Bruno, from his conversion to his funeral, and on the opposite side twenty-seven other pictures of the martyrdoms and miracles of the monks belonging to the order; in the centre is a sort of trophy uniting the arms of the king and that of the Carthusians. Cean Bermudez speaks of having passed a fortnight at Paular in order to examine at his leisure these works of Carducho, and he affirms that in this long series of paintings of uniform size, where monotony would appear to be inevitable, we have, on the contrary, to admire a great fertility of invention, and a skillful arrangement of the various groups and scenes. We accept this eulogy, which is not exaggerated, but must at the same time declare our opinion that this *Life of St. Bruno*—more important than that by Eustache Lesueur in the size and number of the pictnres—is, however, not equal to that in true grandeur of style and execution.

At last Velazquez appeared. It was at the time when Philip IV. ascended the throne. This great painter—the greatest of all the Spanish masters—who is usually called DIEGO VELAZQUEZ DE SILVA, should, according to the custom of his country, have been named Don Diego Rodriguez de Silva y Velazquez, for his father's name was Juan Rodriguez de Silva, and his mother Geronima Velazquez. It is his mother's name which he has retained. He was born at Seville, and was baptized there June 6th, 1599. We have already seen that, when his classical studies were completed, he had two masters

so opposite in style as were Herrera el Viejo and Francisco Pacheco. We also know already that he soon chose a third master, and studied incessantly from nature. The course and character of his studies are no less curious to notice than good to follow. He set himself to copy with scrupulous fidelity all the objects that could be offered by nature for the imitation of art, from inanimate objects to man, taking in his course plants, fishes, birds, and animals. It was thus that he obtained the wonderful truthfulness which is the principal characteristic of his style. Having through these natural stages at last come to painting men, Velazquez also studied separately the different parts of the human body, and the passions which actuate it. Pacheco, in his *Arte de la Pintura*, says, "He kept in his pay a peasant boy as an apprentice, who served him for a model in all sorts of action, and in various attitudes—sometimes laughing, sometimes crying. From him he executed many heads in charcoal, heightened with white on blue paper, and many others completely colored, by which means he acquired his certainty in portraits."

Velazquez must have seen, even at Seville, several paintings from Italy and Flanders; he also saw there the works of Luis Tristan, of Toledo, whose taste he admired. It was then that he felt the necessity of going to Madrid to study the works of the masters of his art. Pacheco had then just given him the hand of his daughter Doña Juana, "moved," as Pacheco himself says, "by his virtue, his purity, and his good parts, as well as by the hopes derived

from his great genius." Velazquez started for Madrid in the spring of 1622, when twenty-three years of age, and there studied hard in the rich collections of the palaces of Madrid and the Escurial. The next year he returned to that city, being summoned this time by the Count-Duke of Olivarez. Pacheco accompanied his son-in-law in this second journey, feeling sure that glory and fortune awaited him at court. And, indeed, his first pictures showed what he could do. Philip IV. ordered a portrait of himself, with which he was so delighted, that he immediately collected and caused to be destroyed all the portraits that had yet been taken of him, and he named Velazquez his private painter *(pintor de cámara)*. To this title was added later those of usher of the chamber *(ugier de cámara)*, and of *aposentador mayor*. His salary, fixed at first at twenty ducats a month, was raised by degrees to a thousand ducats a year, without counting the price of his works. Besides this, Velazquez was admitted to intimacy with the king, and was counted all the remainder of his life among those courtiers who were called *privados del rey*. It was amongst these friends, and in the cultivation of arts and letters, that Philip IV. consoled himself for his political disgrace after having lost Roussillon, Flanders, Portugal, and Catalonia. When he first ascended the throne he had allowed himself to be surnamed the *Great*, but soon it was said that his emblem was a ditch with this motto, "The more is taken from it the greater it becomes."

The royal favor changed neither the benevolent

character of Velazquez, his austere morality, nor his ardent love of work. When Rubens came to Madrid in 1628, he visited the young portrait painter, and recognizing the whole power of a genius which had not yet learned to know itself, he encouraged him to treat larger subjects, though he, at the same time, advised him to go to Italy first, in order to study the great masters. This advice of the learned foreigner quite decided Velazquez. The following year he set out for Venice, where he studied Titian, Tintoretto, and Paul Veronese; then he went to Rome, where he copied a large part of the *Last Judgment*, by Michael Angelo, the *School of Athens*, by Raphael, and other works of these two great rivals in fame. After more than a year occupied with these labors done in retirement, and after having visited Naples and his fellow countryman Ribera, he returned to Madrid, in 1631, with his talent ripened and matured. Of this he brought with him a striking proof in the pictures named *Jacob with the Garment of Joseph*, and *Apollo at the Forge of Vulcan*. The artist's works received a splendid welcome at the court, and Velazquez from that time occupied without dispute the first rank among the painters of his country. He remained seventeen years in his studio, where Philip IV. used to visit him familiarly nearly every day. A commission given him by this prince for the purchase of some works of art caused Velazquez to return to Italy in 1648. He could then visit Florence, Bologna, and Parma, where he was attracted by the works of Correggio. On his return to Madrid, Velazquez

continued his labors peacefully until 1660. But in the month of March of that year he had to go to Irun in his office of *aposentador mayor*, when Philip IV. conducted his daughter Maria Theresa to Louis XIV., who came to the frontier to receive his royal bride. It was Velazquez who prepared the pavilion in the Isle of Pheasants, where the two kings were to meet. The fatigues of this journey injured his already declining health. He returned to Madrid ill, and died there on the 7th of August, 1660, when sixty-one years of age. His widow survived him only seven days.

After this rapid sketch of his life, we pass to the works of Velazquez.

Sixty-four paintings by him are now collected in the Museo del Rey, and in this number are included all the principal ones; that is to say, except a very few carried out of Spain either as royal gifts or as the spoils of war, the whole works of Velazquez are in this museum. This kind of condensation is easy to understand. We have only to remember the way in which Philip IV., his friend, who had only just ascended the throne when Velazquez came to Madrid, and who survived him by several years, acquired successively all the pictures that came from a studio forming a part of the palace, and painted by an artist employed by the royal family. The whole of the works of Velazquez, then, have remained the property of the crown of Spain. This circumstance, by showing why so few of this master's works have left Spain, also explains how it was that he remained so long completely unknown beyond his own country.

Until the Museo del Rey was opened the name of Velazquez had scarcely crossed the Pyrenees, and when I endeavored, in 1834, to make this rich museum known in France, I had the honor of being the first foreigner who fully appreciated and rendered justice to the great Spaniard.

Velazquez has tried every style, and succeeded in all. He has painted with equal success history (profane, at least), portraits, both on foot and on horseback, men and women, children and old men, historical landscapes, and copies from others, animals, interiors, flowers and fruits. We will neither notice his small dining-room pictures (*bodegones*), nor his little domestic scenes in the Flemish style. Whatever may be the merit of these works, they can only be looked on either as the studies of a conscientious student, who does not wish to neglect any of the objects that art borrows from nature, or as the productions of various design of a universal genius who feels his strength and wishes to prove it. The most celebrated landscapes of Velazques, at all events at Madrid, are a *View of Aranjuez* and a *View of Pardo*. But inanimate nature is not sufficient for him. He animates it in such a manner that it is no longer merely a theatre for the scenes placed in it. In painting the wild woods of the Pardo, he introduces a boar hunt, where dogs, horses, and men are all in motion. When painting the gravelled gardens of Aranjuez he chooses the *Queen's Walk*, which from that time down to our own has retained the distinction of being the fashionable promenade, and the picture thus becomes a

kind of memoir which records the habits of society at that time in the thousand occurrences of a court promenade.

Amongst his historical landscapes I shall mention the *Visit of St. Antony to St. Paul the Hermit.* In a dreary solitude of the Thebaide these scenes are represented: that on the right represents the stranger knocking at the door of the cell which the hermit has hollowed out of the rock; in the centre, the two old men, engaged in holy conference, are receiving the double allowance of bread brought by the raven; on the left St. Antony is seen praying over the corpse of Paul, whilst two lions are digging with their claws the grave of the deceased hermit. Excepting for the fact of there being several scenes in the same picture, which is no longer allowed, this painting might be considered a real masterpiece. nothing could be finer than the *beautiful horror* of the desert, unless, indeed, it is the expression of those two venerable faces, and the actions of the miraculous servants. For the rest this landscape, like all those of Velazquez, is painted on a system totally opposite to that of other great painters from nature, Claude or Ruysdael for example, whose works must be looked at closely—almost with a magnifying glass. Velazquez, more like Rubens or Rembrandt in works of a similar character, threw on the coloring with bold strokes of his brush; the canvas is scarcely covered; the outlines of objects are undefined; earth, trees, and sky, all are in generalities, and without details. If we approach too curiously, the eye only sees something like the

decorations of a theatre—uncertainty, confusion and chaos. But if we draw back a few steps, the darkness is dissipated, the beings take life, the world is created anew, and we behold nature in her true colors.

In portrait painting Velazquez shares the glory of Titian, Van Dyck, and Rembrandt. He has surpassed all his fellow countrymen, and is scarcely equalled by his great rivals in other schools. Nothing can surpass his skill in depicting the human form, or his boldness in seizing it under its most difficult aspects: for example, the equestrian portrait of his royal friend Philip IV. He has placed him in the midst of an open country, standing out against a boundless horizon, lighted by a Spanish sun, without a single shadow, half-light, or contrast of any description. Yet, notwithstanding this bold neglect of all the artificial assistance of art, he has attained the greatest possible degree of illusion. He has imprinted on his canvas all the characteristics of life. The position and harmony of the limbs, as well as the whole attitude of the body, is perfect. The hair seems almost to be moved by the wind, the blood to circulate under the transparent skin, the eyes to look out from the picture, and the mouth to be about to speak. Indeed, the illusion, when we have studied the picture for some time, seems to be almost alarming. It is before such pictures that the imagination can call up the men of another time, and renew the miracle of Pygmalion.

What I have said of the portrait of Philip IV.

might be repeated of all those by Velazquez. The same admiration is excited by the other portraits of Philip IV. either in full-length, or merely heads, and also by those of the queens Elizabeth of France and Marianne of Austria, the young Infanta Margaret and the Infante Don Baltazar, sometimes proudly handling an arquebus of his own height, or else galloping on a spirited Andalusian pony. The count-duke of Olivarez, another protector of the artist, is represented on horseback and clothed in armor; but in this portrait, besides an equal amount of resemblance and life, there is also an energy and commanding grandeur which the painter could not give to the indolent monarch. Almost all the portraits by Velazquez that have been preserved in the museum at Madrid are of historical personages. Amongst them are the Marquis of Pescara, the Alcalde Ronquillo, and the pirate Barbarossa.* At last he reached caricature when he painted some dwarfs—the male very thin and the female enormously stout—a sort of domestic animal, which gave great delight to the royal children.

Before leaving the subject I must be allowed one remark somewhat beyond the proper limits of my subject. One cannot fail to be struck, when looking at the portraits of a series of these kings of the Austrian dynasty in Spain, from the Charles V., by Titian, to the Charles II., of Carreño, with the singular degradation of the physical forms, agreeing

* These are called portraits, but they are in reality simple studies. Pescara and Ronquillo died before the time of Velazquez, and certainly Barbarossa could never have sat to him.

so well with the degradation of intellect. In this dynasty of five kings there are the same features, but descending by degrees from the expression of genius to that of stupid vacancy, as in the ingenious scale where the face of the Pythian Apollo is gradually changed into that of a frog. Charles V. has a high full forehead, a penetrating eye, a firmly-cut nose, a wide and short chin, and a proud and disdainful under lip. In Charles II. all these features, although still the same, are lengthened, drawn back, and dulled. The forehead is low and narrow, the eye dull, the nose hangs down like a swollen gland from the forehead to the mouth, the lip hangs over the jaw, and the jaw over the stomach. Clearer proofs could not be found of the degradation of a race. We see in Charles V. a great amount of penetration, calm strength, obstinate activity; in Philip II. jealous suspicion, a will still strong and obstinate, but cunning, tortuous, and vindictive; in Philip III. a desire for a will, but uncertain, insufficient, and without the power; in Philip IV. careless weakness; in Charles II. imbecility. It is thus that painting assists history.

To return to Velazquez. Unlike the Italians and all his fellow-countrymen, he did not like to treat sacred subjects. They require less an exact imitation of nature—in which he excelled—than a depth of thought, a warmth of sentiment, and an *ideality* of expression. Velazquez did not feel at his ease amongst angels or saints, he required men. He has consequently left scarcely any picture on sacred history. There are two in the museum at Madrid,

the only ones, I believe, in his whole works—the *Martyrdom of St. Stephen* and a *Crucifixion.* The former of these pictures, inferior in its style to that by Joanes, is only redeemed by its details. In it we feel, however, the true vocation of Velazquez, for, among the numerous personages in the terrible drama, it is not the hero who concentrates our attention, but a child—"that age has no pity"—who comes after the executioners to throw his stone at the prostrate martyr. The *Crucifixion* is far superior. Christ is the only figure in the whole picture. No other object distracts the attention, the falling night conceals the rest of nature from sight. The pale form of the dead Christ stands out from the dark background. We should admire the form, which is extremely beautiful, if our mind could preserve a terrestrial thought before such a sight, but we are filled by higher emotions. The blood is flowing from the hands and feet of Jesus, who is fastened by nails to the cross of shame. His head is leaning forward, and from the crown of thorns which still encircles it the hair falls in bloody locks, which veil the closed eyes, and cover the whole countenance with a mournful shadow. No painter, perhaps, has ever imparted a more profound melancholy, or a more solemn majesty, to the death of the Saviour.

As for the profane pictures, *genre* paintings in their subjects, but historical ones by their dimensions and style, they are sufficiently numerous to satisfy the eager curiosity of the admirers of Velazquez. There are five principal ones in the museum at Madrid. I shall endeavor to analyze these in a

few words. That which is called *Las Hilanderas* (*The Spinners*) shows the interior of a manufactory. In an immense room, only dimly lighted in the hottest time of the day, workwomen, half-naked, are occupied with the different employments of their trade, whilst some ladies are being shown some of the completed work. Velazquez, who usually placed his model in the open air and sunshine, has here braved the contrary difficulty. His whole picture is in a half light, and playing with such a difficulty, he has succeeded in producing the most wonderful effects of light and perspective. The exclusive lovers of color place *Las Hilanderas* the first of his works.

When we come to the *Forge of Vulcan* (*la Fraga de Vulcano*) we are surprised at the title it bears. Were it not for the glory which surrounds the head of Apollo we should scarcely imagine that we were looking at a mythological subject or at superhuman beings. Apollo, who has come to inform the husband of Venus that Mars is occupying his place in the nuptial bed, is no less ignoble, we must confess, than the part he is acting of domestic spy. Besides, the scene is not in the burning caverns of Etna, nor is it the black troop of the Cyclops forging the thunders of Jupiter or the arms of Achilles. We here see merely a blacksmith's workshop, with the blacksmith and his apprentices. But if we take away the mythology, and, removing the unsuitable glory from the head of Apollo, make of him merely one of those good neighbors who, according to the Spanish proverb, *see who goes in but not who goes out*, then what a complete metamorphosis do we

behold. We may now admire the space, the truth, and effect in the conflict between the light from the forge where the iron is becoming red hot, and the sunlight which streams in at the half-opened door; the gestures of the outraged husband, who is thunderstruck with surprise and anger, and the workmen, who have suddenly ceased their labors and the harmonious cadence of their hammers.

The *Surrender of Breda*, which is usually called in Spain *El Cuadro de las Lanzas* (The Picture of the Lances), is a still better work. The Subject of it is very simple. The Dutch governor is presenting Spinola, the general of the Spanish forces, with the keys of the surrendered town. But Velazquez has made of this a great composition. On the left there is a part of the escort of the governor; his soldiers still retain their arms, arquebuses, and halberds. On the right, before a troop, whose raised lances have given the picture the name it bears, is the staff of the Spanish general. Spinola's horse, which is in the foreground and seen from behind, breaks the uniformity of this group, where all the heads are portraits. Velazquez has concealed his own noble and earnest face under the plumed hat of the officer who occupies the furthest corner of the picture. Between these two groups the space is empty; the painter has been so bold as to separate them by a broad space of air and light, which shows a wide landscape. But the two parts of the general composition are united where Spinola and the Dutch general are meeting. Every point in this immense picture is worthy of praise. As a whole it is grand,

THE DRINKERS—BY VELAZQUEZ.

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and the details are thoroughly artistic and full of truth. The sky, although painted in Spain, is pale and misty, and the earth is moist and cold. The people of the Low Countries, with their broad shoulders, fair hair, and fresh complexions, form a good contrast to the pale and serious countenances of the Spaniards, with their carefully-trimmed beards, spare forms, and rich clothing. There is an immense amount of nature and variety in the attitudes of all, and yet the hero of the day attracts one's whole interest to himself. Although clothed in complete armor, he has dismounted in order to receive his vanquished enemy, whom he greets with a smile, and compliments on the courageous defence. The painter must have understood true greatness, or he could not have so well expressed the benevolence and nobility which make even a defeat endurable.

To pass from the *Surrender of Breda* to the *Drinkers (Los Bebedores,* or *Borrachos)* is to pass from an epic poem to a drinking song, and yet, instead of being inferior to the other, it is perhaps even greater. The king of a Bacchanalian society, crowned with ivy leaves, but almost naked, is seated on a barrel which serves him for a throne. Five or six jolly companions dressed in rags form his court, and at his feet there kneels a soldier of some kind, who is receiving with respect and gravity the accolade of knighthood. The monarch wreathes a vine branch around the head of the new knight, whilst the rest prepare libations to complete the ceremony and proclaim his welcome. It is merely a comic

scene, and yet it is one of those pictures the beauty of which no description can give an idea of. It is almost in vain to call attention to its special merits —the puffy face of the king, his fat body, which speaks so strongly of the careless gluttony of those called *bon vivants* in all countries; the shaggy beards, red eyes, and ragged cloaks of the brotherhood; the old man at the back who is uncovering his grey head to salute a cup of wine, and the other who is laughing in your face with that contagious laughter which you cannot see without joining. All this cannot be described in words; such a picture must be thoroughly known and studied to be understood. I have heard that Sir David Wilkie, the painter of *Blind Man's Buff* and the *Village Beadle*, went to Madrid expressly to study Velazquez, and that, still further simplifying the object of his journey, he only studied this one picture. Every day, whatever the weather might be, he would go to the museum, sit down before his favorite picture, and after three hours of silent rapture, exhausted by fatigue and admiration, would utter a sigh of relief, take his hat and depart.

I only know one other picture which, as an imitation of nature, equals, or perhaps even surpasses, that of the *Drinkers;* and this other is also by Velazquez. While engaged in painting the portrait of the Infanta Margaret he conceived the idea of taking the whole scene as a picture with himself for an actor. The scene takes place in a long gallery in the palace. Velazquez is on the left, standing at his easel with a palette in his hand; opposite him is

the little infanta, whom attendants are endeavoring to amuse during her wearisome sitting. One of her ladies, on her knees, is presenting her with drink in an Indian vase, and the two dwarfs, Nicholas Pertusano and Maria Barbola, are teasing a large dog, who submits patiently to their impertinence. Two faces reflected in a mirror show that Philip IV. and his wife are present on a sofa at the side. At the extreme end of the gallery a gentleman has half opened a door leading into the gardens. This picture is one of the few which contain secrets for no one, which strike the most ignorant as well as the learned. If we could separate ourselves from the other objects which surround us, and perceive nothing beyond the limits of the picture, it would be impossible not to believe in the reality of the things. All the objects are palpable, and the beings alive; the air seems to move amongst them and to surround and penetrate them. The perspective, showing the space and depth of the gallery, is admirable, as well as the light and its phenomena. We might almost count the paces in the gallery; and we cannot help being dazzled at the resplendent light coming in at the half-opened door. We may almost see these personages and hear them speak. Charles II. having taken Luca Giordano, then recently arrived from Spain, to see the picture, the enthusiastic artist exclaimed, "Your majesty, it is the theology of painting." "The moderns," adds M. Beulé, "might say more simply, it is the photography of painting."

To this picture, which is usually called *Las Meninas* (*las meninas* were the maids of honor), belongs

an interesting circumstance in the painter's life. When he had put the last touches to it, he presented it, like all his works, to Philip IV., whom he asked whether he thought it still wanted anything. "One thing only," replied the prince. And taking the palette from the hand of Velazquez, he himself painted on the breast of the artist represented in the picture the cross of the order of Santiago. This cross is still there as it was traced by the royal hand. Certainly there is more gracefulness and nobility in this method of ennobling than in the sending of a parchment.

The Belvedere Gallery of Vienna is the only other museum in Europe which possesses a second family picture by the hand of Velazquez. This one, which is almost equal to *Las Meninas*, represents this time, not the family of the king, but that of the painter, his wife, his children, his servants, and himself, whom he has placed in the back-ground before his easel, near the portrait of Philip IV. Some time ago I saw this picture placed near the ceiling of a room, and almost out of sight; since then I have found it brought down and resting on the edge of the woodwork. This is the contrary extreme; the painting of Velazquez is not intended to be looked at like that of Gerard Dow; and Rembrandt might say of the works of Velazquez as he did of his own, "Painting is not to be smelt." This picture should rather be placed in the centre of the panel, then it might be seen to perfection and appreciated as it deserves.

Another work of Velazquez is in the National

Gallery of London; this is a *Boar Hunt* at Aranjuez. At the foot of wooded hills a circus is formed by network hung around. Instead of bulls, wild boars have been let loose, which are pursued by dogs and attacked with the lance by nobles mounted on Andalusian horses. Ladies are watching the warlike game from their large cumbersome coaches, which look like a sort of movable caravan, and are even painted the same light blue color as the caravans at a fair. But the upper and lower parts of the picture are far superior, even in interest. The depth of the background, the sandy hills, the trees standing out against a burning sky, and varying with their dark shadows the bright ground illuminated by a Spanish sun, show the special merit of this master, his truth and correctness. The foreground, no less true and just, shows also an infinite variety of combinations and effects. This is simply a line of spectators watching over the fence how the king and courtiers are amusing themselves. There is great diversity in the groups and attitudes, in the expression of the different countenances, a happy contrast of colors between the brillant slashed coats of the gentlemen and the picturesque rags of the beggars, a no less happy mixture of horses, mules, and dogs amongst men of all ages and conditions, nothing, in short, is wanting in this portrait of a crowd, not even the sentiment of equality, so deeply-rooted in Spain, where every one says, proudly, "We are all the children of God."

Everywhere else, at St. Petersburg, Munich, and Dresden, we merely find simple portraits as speci-

mens of Velazquez, and some of these are rather by his copyists than by himself. In all Italy there is only the portrait of Innocent X., Panfili, which was taken in Rome in 1648, and which received, like the great works of Raphael and Titian, the honors of a procession and coronation. In the Louvre the only really authentic and beautiful work of Velazquez is the half-length portrait of the young Infanta Margaret, who was married to the Emperor Leopold six years after her eldest sister Maria Theresa had been married to Louis XIV.

To describe Velazquez in one word, I should borrow the expression Rousseau employed for himself, "the man of nature and truth." In subjects which require neither grandeur of thought, elevation of style, nor sublimity of expression, where the *true* is sufficient, Velazquez seems to me unrivalled. Although he painted without hesitation or touching up, although he delighted in difficulties, such as those of light, his drawing is always irreproachably pure. His coloring is firm, sure, and perfectly natural: there is nothing affected in it, nothing brilliant, or any search for effect; but there is also nothing sad, pale, or, dark, and no dominant tint to injure the effect. He colored as he drew; he was everywhere and in everything *true*. In the distribution of light and shade, in the diffusion of ambient air—in other words, in linear and aërial perspective —Velazquez especially excels. It was in this that he discovered the secret of perfect illusion. "He knew how to paint the air," says Moratin. Certainly, if the art of painting were merely the art of

imitating nature, Velazquez would be the first painter in the world. Perhaps, indeed, he is the first master. Let us explain our meaning more clearly: feeling, depth, force of conception, physical movement, moral expression, all the qualities of genius, cannot be acquired; these are the gifts of heaven, which nothing else can impart. What, then, can be taught in schools? At the utmost, the way to employ these gifts, and apply them to art. We may obtain a knowledge of outlines and colors, of the laws of perspective, the handling of the pencil and the use of the palette, of all the resources of the trade, the material means of expressing on canvas, what the eye sees or the imagination conceives—in a word, the intelligence is not created there, but the eye and hand are formed. Now, all schools have their defects, owing either to the age—that is to say, to the prevailing tastes and fashions—or else to the master himself; that is to say, to the particular faults of his taste and method. These defects can only be corrected by the study of nature, that invariable model, which is never altered by the caprices of fashion or the mistakes of men. But the sight merely of objects does not teach the way of rendering them; there must also be a sight of the way in which they are rendered. The best school, then, is that where the imitation approaches nearest to reality: where the most simple and skillful processes produce the truest result; where art is concealed by nature. This is why I said that Valazquez might be considered the first master.

In the Museum of Madrid there in an interesting

proof of this opinion. Near the finest works of Velazquez there is a large picture named *The Calling of St. Matthew* (Jesus saying to the publican, "Follow me"). This picture presents one peculiarity, which was begun by the Venetians. The disciples of Christ are clothed in the Jewish dress, the collectors of custom wear the boots and doublet of the Spanish alguazils. However, the many good qualities might have caused this picture to be mistaken for one of Velazquez. But in a dark corner there is a humble servant, with crisp hair, thick lips, and dark complexion; this is the artist himself. Velazquez had a mulatto slave, named JUAN PAREJA, as a valet. His business was to pound the colors, clean the brushes, and put the colors on the palette. Pareja, who had been a long time in the studio, every day learning some secret of the art which was carried on before him, had at last felt his true vocation. But what could the poor mulatto hope to do? His master, like the ancient Greeks, considered the fine arts too noble for the hands of a slave, and he had forbidden Pareja any work which would make him more than a servant of painting. But the laws of nature are stronger than those of society. Carried away by his passion, which was only strengthened by the obstacles it encountered, Pareja began to study with as much ardor as he was forced to use mystery. During the day he watched his master paint, and listened to the lessons he gave to his pupils; then, during the night, he practised the lesson with pencil and brush. Studies such as these could not lead to rapid progress; it required much

time and the most obstinate perseverance on the part of Pareja before he could attain to a knowledge of his art. At last, when he was forty-five years old, he thought himself sufficiently skillful to reveal the secret so long kept. To do this, and obtain his pardon at the same time, he employed the following artifice:—Philip IV., who visited familiarly his painter *de cámera*, used to amuse himself with looking over the sketches which were scattered about the room. Having completed a picture of small dimensions, Pareja slipped it amongst other paintings with their backs turned to the wall. At his first visit the king did not fail to ask for all the sketches in the studio. When Pareja presented him with his own picture, Philip, much surprised, asked who had painted that fine work which he had not seen commenced. The mulatto then, throwing himself at his feet, confessed that he was the author, and entreated the king to intercede for him with his master. Still more astonished at this strange revelation, Philip turned to Velazquez, saying: "You have nothing to reply; only remember that the man who possesses such talent cannot remain a slave." Velazquez hastened to raise Pareja, and, promising him his liberty, which he afterwards gave him in an authentic act, he admitted him from that day into his school and society. Certainly this is a singular and touching history of a slave earning his liberty by the power of labor and talent, and obtaining it through the intercession of a king. Pareja, however, showed himself worthy of it, less by his merit than by his humble and grateful con-

duct. He continued to serve Velazquez freely and even after the death of the great painter he served his daughter, who was married to Mazo Martinez, until his own death, which took place in 1670. He is usually called "Pareja, the *Slave of Velazquez*," as Sebastian Gomez is called the *Mulatto of Murillo*.

This JUAN BAUTISTA DEL MAZO MARTINEZ was not merely the son-in-law of Velazquez, but also his most skillful imitator. The art of copying has never, perhaps, been carried further. Palomino relates that copies of Titian, Tintoretto, and Paul Veronese, which he had made in his youth, were sent into Italy, where they were, doubtless, admitted for originals. Mazo Martinez succeeded especially in copying the works of his master. The most expert were mistaken in them, and even now mistakes of the same kind are no less common.

Like Murillo at Seville, Velazquez did not leave a single rival at Madrid, but only imitators. Juan Carreño was the most successful. At the close of the century the only Spanish painter left was CLAUDIO COELLO, who was in the Castilian school what Carlo Maratti had been in the Roman, the last of the *old masters*. He has left the Escurial a large and celebrated composition called *El Cuadro de la Forma*, and, having become *pintor de cámara* to Charles II., he died of grief and jealousy, as is said, when Luca Giordano was summoned from Italy. After the death of Coello the kings of Spain had none but foreign painters. Charles II. sent for the *Fa presto*, Philip V. to France for Ranc and Houasse, and Charles III. sent to Italy for the

German Raphael Mengs. To come down to the present time, we have only to mention FRANCISCO GOYA Y LUCIENTES (1746–1825). He was his own master, and took lessons only of the dead. From this singular education his talent took a peculiar bent—inaccurate, wild, and without method or style, but full of nerve, boldness, and originality. Goya is the last heir, in a very distant degree, of the great Velazquez. It is the same manner, but looser and more fiery. Being under no delusion as to the extent of his own talent, Goya did not lose himself in too high-flown ideas; he confined himself to village processions, choristers, and scenes of bull-races —in short, to all sorts of painted caricatures. In this *genre* he is full of wit, and his execution is always superior to the subjects. But, like Velazquez, Goya founds his best title to celebrity on his portraits. His equestrian portraits of Charles IV. and Maria Louisa have been placed in the vestibule of Museo del Rey. These works are, doubtless, very imperfect, being full of glaring faults, especially in the forms of the horses. But the heads and busts have singular beauty; and on the whole, though very defective when analzyed, there is so much effect, such truth in the coloring, and boldness in the touch, that one cannot fail to admire these high qualities, although regretting the essential defects which they cannot entirely redeem. Goya is best known for his etchings, which are very good. Eighty of these have been collected into a volume, which is called the 'Works of Goya.' These are witty allegories on the persons and things of his own time,

and remind us of Callot in their invention, of Hogarth in their humor, and of Rembrandt in their vigor and pointedness.

After Goya there is a complete gap in Spanish art, and it was with surprise, and still more with pleasure, that we found it to be reviving at the time of the Universal Exhibition. Thanks to Messrs. Rosales, Palmaroli, and Gisbert, Spain maintained her position there honorably amongst the assembled nations.

CHAPTER II.

GERMAN SCHOOL.

In our former volume on Italian Art, in the chapter of the Renaissance,* we saw that the German art of the fourteenth century had, like the Italian, been learned from the Byzantines, and that it also had soon emancipated itself from all servile imitation. We also saw that the first German school appeared in Bohemia, with THEODORIC OF PRAGUE, NICHOLAS WURMSER, and THOMAS OF MUTINA; the second, on the banks of the Rhine, at Cologne, under MEISTER WILHELM and MEISTER STEPHAN. The former master, who, as contemporary chroniclers said, "painted men of every form as if they were alive," flourished about 1380; the second, who is said to have been a pupil of the Meister Wilhelm, about 1410. The paintings in the dome of the cathedral of Cologne and its celebrated triptych are generally attributed to one of these schools. This triptych, which is an object of ancient and of general admiration, represents on the outside an *Annunciation*, and within an *Adoration of the Magi*, not in the humble stable of Bethlehem, but before a glorified Virgin, with St. Gereon and his knights on one of the

* 'Wonders of Italian Art,' p. 41. Charles Scribner and Company.

wings, and St. Ursula and her virgins on the other.* From the parent stem of the Cologne school sprung the two great branches which, extending to the east and west on both banks of the Rhine, formed the schools of Germany and of Flanders. The latter, which was rendered famous by the brothers Van Eyck, was, in the time of Meister Stephan, the teacher of the other, both in style and in the processes employed. An interesting proof of this teaching is found in the time of the other great master of Bruges, Hans Hemling (Memling). These are the pictures of those old artists whose names are unknown, and who are therefore only remembered as the MASTER OF LIESBORN (about 1465) and the MASTER OF WERDEN (about 1480), because their works were found in these two abbeys in the south of Westphalia. Several of these are in the National Gallery of London. They might even be thought to be the work of the master of Bruges. Following the German branch in the development of its history, we meet, still on the Rhine, with a numerous family of painters, at the head of which is the old MARTIN SCHÖNGAUER, who was born, and died, at Colmar,

* The *Adoration of the Magi* now belongs to the cathedral of Cologne, that gigantic memorial of German faith, which, after so many centuries, is only now approaching completion. This famous triptych belonged to the town, and at the time of the French conquests the people of Cologne, in order to spare the picture the journey to Paris, sent it to the cathedral for safety. They have since wished to reclaim it, in order to place it in the provincial museum they have begun to form; but the church refused to give it up, and after a trial which passed through all the courts of law the cathedral remained in possession of the picture—a good precedent to hold up to municipal authorities!

and who in Germany is called *Martin Schön*, and in France *Le Beau Martin*. He, like the Florentine Maso Finiguerra, was an engraver as well as a goldsmith, and, like the Bolognese goldsmith, Francesco Francia, became also a painter. In the paintings of Martin Schön the brilliant coloring of the Van Eycks is united to the fine and hard delicacy of the engraver.

Three other schools were formed at the same time from this school of the Rhine, those of Augsburg, Dresden, and of Nuremberg, the last of which produced the greatest number of masters, and lasted the longest time.

The Augsburg school attained, under the elder HANS HOLBEIN (born 1450), to great brilliancy and renown. Unhappily, this eminent master only left a single pupil in his own country—CHRISTOPHER AMBERGER, who had no successor. The younger HANS HOLBEIN (1498-1543), who became greater and more celebrated than his father, and who is always intended when Holbein is spoken of, after having lived for some time at Basle, went to England, where he was retained by the munificence of Henry VIII. and the friendship of Sir Thomas More. Being thus lost to Germany, he terminates abruptly the short list of masters of the school begun by his father. We must go, then, to the old Palace of Hampton Court, where Raphael's cartoons were long kept, for the largest collection of his works. Holbein left many, both there and elsewhere, for, although his days were cut short by the plague, he possessed an ardent love of work, and

also the rare and singular advantage of working equally well with both hands.

At Hampton Court there are twenty-seven pictures said to be by Holbein. The most remarkable of these seem to me to be, among the portraits, that of *Henry VIII. and his Family*, *Francis I.*, two of *Erasmus*, the *Earl of Surrey*, a full-length portrait the size of life, the *Jester of Henry VIII.* (laughing behind a small-paned window), the *Father and Mother of Holbein*, his wife, and himself (both when young and old); amongst the larger pictures we should notice the *Interview between Henry VIII. and Francis I. at the Field of the Cloth of Gold*, that between *Henry VIII. and the Emperor Maximilian*, the *Battle of Pavia*, the *Battle of the Spurs*, and *Mary Magdalene at the Tomb of Christ (Noli me tangere.)*

There is no need to tell the admirers of Holbein the value and interest of such a collection as this. The whole artist's life may be seen here, in his earlier pictures, during the changes in his style, showing indeed such progress, that on seeing the first and later works we might well doubt their being the work of one hand. He is always exact and correct, always the willing slave of nature; but in his early works he is cold, hard, and accurate, sacrificing everything to the line. When painting on wood or canvas he would seem to be engraving on copper; his style in this stage was like that of his father. By degrees his manner became softer and more elegant; the coloring also, which had been dry and sad, assumed consistency, transparency, heat, and brilliancy. He showed himself at once a great

colorist and a great drawer; in fact he became himself.*

His greatest perfection is seen principally in the works of his maturer age, the dates on which show when they were done; for instance, the *Magdalen*, among the pictures, which in vigor of expression might have been thought to be the work of a Florentine master of the sixteenth century; among the portraits, his own, forming a pendent to that of his wife, when both were old, or that of the *Earl of Surrey*, dressed entirely in red from head to foot, a portrait in which Holbein conquered the same difficulty in coloring as Velazquez did a century later in the portrait of Innocent X. Holbein cannot be known to perfection in Paris; the Louvre only possesses second-rate works by his hand. We must go to Basle for the finest of his drawings and cartoons, and to Dresden for his greatest work in painting. This is the rival to the *Madonna di San Sisto*, and is called the *Meyer Madonna*. In a large picture containing eight personages, we see the family of Meyer, a burgomaster of Basle, kneeling before a glorified Madonna. And yet it seems to me that it is not the Child-God whom Mary holds in her arms, but rather the youngest child of the municipal magistrate, while the infant Jesus, who is easily recognized, has taken amongst the Swiss family the place of the child whom Mary is holding. Doubtless

* We must remember that the date of Holbein's death having been by authenic documents fixed as having occurred in 1543, instead of 1554, the works dated after 1543 cannot be by Holbein; they must merely be an imitation of his style.

from a doctrinal point of view there is something very bold in this exchange; but certainly, looking at it entirely in an artistic light, it is a happy and touching idea, which depicts simply the frankness and cordiality of the Germans. But we must not expect to find in Holbein's Madonna the Catholic sentiment; this is not to be found in it any more than the Italian type. In this young mother, with golden hair encircled with a crown instead of with a glory, there is nothing to remind us of Fra Angelico or of Raphael; this is the Virgin of the North, the Protestant Virgin; and the great merit of Holbein is precisely this, to have succeeded in creating a new type—that of his country and of his belief. Add to this high quality, the great beauty of the portraits, the truth, the strength, and the great finish, even in the smallest details. Even remembering the Holbeins at Hampton Court, I do hesitate to pronounce the *Meyer Madonna* at Dresden, the *chef-d'œuvre* of the Augsburg painter.*

Near this wonderful painting there are also eight excellent portraits, amongst others, that of a *Knight of the Golden Fleece*, who is believed to be the Emperor Maximilian I, but who, from a kind of thick mane, might be taken for one of the long-haired kings of the Franks. Another portrait which had long been disputed has recently been restored to Holbein, and this is the most beautiful of his por-

* The sketch for this picture, which was long called the *Family of Sir Thomas More*, is in the Museum of Basle, and every one agrees that the first original painting which was made from it by Holbein is at Darmstadt, in the collection of the Princess of Solms.

traits at Dresden, and perhaps in the world. This portrait was thought to have been taken, by Leonardo da Vinci, of the Duke of Milan, Lodovico Sforza, who died a prisoner in France. It appears to be of a goldsmith or treasurer of Henry VIII., named Thomas Morrett. Thomas Morrett was changed in the first place to Thomas Morus or More, the name of the celebrated Chancellor beheaded by Henry VIII. Then in Italy, Morus became Moro, and as this name could only belong to the Duke Ludovico Sforza, the work was naturally attributed to Leonardo, who was both his painter and his friend.

The great perfection of the work would also justify this confusion, and there is no need to dwell on the glory due to Holbein for having been mistaken for the author of *La Joconde*, at the same time that he was challenging comparison with, and rivalling, the author of the *Madonna di San Sisto*.

Still more limited than that of Augsburg, the school of Dresden can only boast of one master, faithfully but feebly followed by his son. This master is LUCAS SUNDER, generally called Lucas CRANACH, from the name of his birth-place (1475–1553). Cranach, who almost equalled his rival and contemporary, Albert Durer, in talent, fertility, and renown, created a style of his own in which he substituted an exact imitation of nature for the traditional forms of dogma. Cranach, who was painter to the three electors of Saxony, Frederick the Wise, John the Constant, and John Frederick the Magnanimous, the most zealous champions of the Re-

formation, was also the friend of Luther, and one of the first converts to the reformed faith. Consequently, his paintings felt the influence of the doctrines which, by condemning the idolatries of the Catholic Church, cut off its chief nourishment and chief subjects from religious art. Cranach's painting was essentially Protestant, as was Rembrandt's afterwards. Cranach is nowhere to be found out of Germany, except indeed at Madrid, where he is honorably represented by two hunting pieces, well composed and painted. In the Louvre there are only a few insignificant specimens of his work. But in Germany he may be found everywhere, even in the little museum at Carlsruhe, and in that which is being formed at Leipzig. Dresden itself, however, does not possess the finest works of its painter; inasmuch, as among twenty or thirty fine paintings, a *Herodias*, a *Bathsheba*, a *Samson* on Dalilah's knees, a *Hercules* attacked by the Pigmies, etc.; there is not one of such superior merit that it can be at once pointed out as being the highest expression of Cranach's talent. From this collection one would suppose that the painter of Saxony had never known any of those bursts of genius in which artists can sometimes even surpass themselves.

To me, he seems greater at Munich. If this word is to be applied to the size of the picture, we must mention one of the *Woman taken in Adultery;* but this simply represents a pretty and lively German girl, who seems by no means overwhelmed with shame and terror, like the woman in Poussin's picture of the same subject; and amongst the surround-

ing faces many are extremely grotesque. Here as elsewhere, Cranach is happiest in his small pictures, *Adam and Eve* in Paradise, *Lot and his Daughters* in a grotto, the *Madonna*, who is offering some grapes to the *Bambino*, are fine and charming works. He rises again in a vast triptych, the central panel of which represents a *Crucifixion*, surrounded by scenes from the Passion. Here the highest expression of Cranach's talent may be found, unless, indeed, it be sought in the excellent portraits of the two great reformers, the learned and gentle Philip Melancthon (in German *Schwarz-Erde*, or *Black Earth;*) the other, the terrible Martin Luther, admirably represented with his bull head, which attacked the Vatican in so formidable a manner, and which we see again in our own time in another destroyer of the past—Mirabeau. These twin portraits, which bear the monogram of the painter, a small winged dragon, are dated 1532, two years after Melancthon had drawn up the famous *Augsburg Confession*, and when Luther was beholding the triumph of his cause, assured by the peace of Nuremberg.

Vienna also, the Catholic Vienna, has in its Belvedere gallery several good pictures by the Protestant painter, among others a *Stag Hunt*, similar to the hunting pieces in the Madrid Collection, into which several historical persons are introduced, Charles V., John Frederic the Magnanimous, etc. But the best collection of Cranach's works is to be found at Berlin. There is such a uniformity in point of merit in his works, he so seldom either rises or falls below his usual style, that one has to

choose out the most important and curious among them, rather than the best. Under this title we may mention, first a *Hercules before Omphale.* The son of Jupiter not only holds the spindle, but wears a woman's cap, while the imperious Queen of Lydia is a pretty little German woman, of the almost invariable type of Cranach's women, fair hair, very small blue eyes, *retroussé* nose, and a transparent veil falling over her eyebrows. For the same reason we ought also to notice the *Fountain of Youth.* This represents a large fountain or basin, into which, at one end, a procession of old women—horrible old hags—is entering, while another procession is leaving it, at the other end, of young beauties, thus metamorphosed by the wonderful water. All these nudities, ugly and beautiful, seem to have delighted the great Frederick, who has been lavish of them in his palaces. We must lastly mention three *Venuses* and an *Eve*, all four as thoroughly German as if there had been no other race but the Teutonic either in Greece or in Paradise. The sole clothing of one of the Venuses, if my memory does not mislead me, is a cardinal's red hat; the malice of a Protestant painter! Among the portraits may be noticed Luther and Melancthon, always inseparable, then Luther again with his wife, Catherine von Bora, then Albert of Brandenburg, as cardinal, and also as St. Jerome in the desert, surrounded by lions, stags and hares, a subject in which the artist shows his love for hunting scenes, and his singular talent for representing animals.

At Nuremberg the first artist who left a name and

founded a school was MICHAEL WOHLGEMUTH, born in 1434, who, when he began to paint, was acquainted with the processes of the Van Eycks, which made him follow the School of Bruges. Although his works have always enjoyed a well-merited reputation, his greatest title to glory is the fact of his having been the master of ALBERT DÜRER (1471–1528), who continued his style, although he far surpassed his master both in thought and in execution. Wohlgemuth is the Perugino of German art; and Albert Dürer the Raphael. His best works may be compared with the early efforts of his illustrious pupil, just as the *Sposalizio*, for example, which Raphael painted at twenty years of age, is like the *Saint Peter receiving the Keys* which Perugino has left in the Sistine Chapel. A new and very striking proof, that the greatest geniuses and most renowned painters, far from appearing suddenly in the world, without any precursors, are merely the complete *résumé* of their predecessors, the highest expression of the art of their age. Such were Raphael at Rome, Titian at Venice, Rubens at Antwerp, Murillo at Seville, and Albert Dürer at Nuremberg.

There are several reasons for calling Albert Dürer the Raphael of Germany, that is to say, the highest and the most complete personification of German art. Brought up, like Martin Schön, in a goldsmith's workshop, he not only became a painter and engraver, but also, like Michael Angelo, studied sculpture, architecture, and even literature. The friend of Erasmus, whom indifference rather than

faith retained in the Catholic ranks, and of Melancthon, who defended with gentleness the doctrines of the fiery Luther, he remained, in common with his native town, a stranger to the quarrels and the passions of his age, finding himself as it were on a neutral ground between the two religious camps into which Germany was divided. His genius seems to sum up the character of his country; it is grave, slow, and profound, but at the same time, strong, and sometimes terrible, more powerful than graceful, and impressed with a peculiar mysticism which unites the wildest caprices of the imagination to objects of the most exact reality. "Strange genius!" says M. Charles Blanc, "with figures prosaically exact in detail, he expresses ideas of poetical uncertainty, and often of impenetrable mystery." Lastly, by journeying alternately from Bruges to Venice, being at once the friend of Lucas of Leyden and of Raphael, Albert Dürer made for himself a sort of composite art, which unite the nobler and more thoughtful style of Italian idealism to the brilliant delicacy of the Flemish naturalism.

This mixture, though very successful for the time, and for the master himself, was, perhaps, one of the causes which brought on the rapid decay and the almost immediate extinction of German art. The only faithful disciples of Albert Dürer were those who lived under his eyes and, as it were, under his rule, Hans Burgkmair, his friend; Albrecht Altdorfer, who came from Switzerland; Hans Schauffolein, from Swabia; Hans Wagner, born at Kulmbach, which name he retained, etc. As soon as

Albert Dürer was in the tomb, all the German artists, even those who had frequented his studio, and followed his style, divided themselves between the two schools whose processes and styles he had united; all became either Italian or Flemish. The foremost among them, whose example was the most decisive, HANS SCHOOREL, or Schoreel (born 1495), having studied under Mabuse, inclined, like his new master, towards the Italian School, and GEORGE PENZ (born 1500), still more resolute, settled at Rome, even during the lifetime of Albert Dürer, in order to study under the pupils of Raphael. It is certain that after the death of the great Nuremberg master, all the artists born in Germany enrolled themselves in the schools either of Italy or of Flanders, and that national art became extinct. Whilst Maxing copied the Smith of Antwerp, HANS VON CALCAR went to study under Titian, HANS ROTHENHAMMER under Tintoretto; JOACHIM VAN SANDRART, rather later, imitated the Venetians, and Adam Elzheimer completed his studies at Rome under Honthorst, and afterwards formed Cornelius Poëlemburg on the same model. Following the history of German art to the end of the last century, we see on one side the two Ostades and the three Netschers take a distinguished place among the Dutch painters; on the other we see PHILIP ROOS (Rosa de Tivoli), who settled in Italy like Claude, and Raphael Mengs, taken by his father from Bohemia to Rome, to endeavor to find traces of Raphael, Sanzio, and Correggio, in an age which was degenerating so rapidly from its noble models.

It was only when the revival of art was commencing in France that national art reawaking in Germany attempted a revival which we shall be able to speak of later.*

To return to the works of Albert Dürer. Like those of his rival, Lucas Cranach, they must not be sought out of Germany. Very few have left its boundaries—so few, indeed, that in the Louvre there are only three or four drawings. It is once again the Museum of Madrid which forms an exception, and alone, thanks to the double crown of Charles V., owns some paintings by the Nuremberg master: a *Crucifixion*, dated 1513, in which he displays all the strength and maturity of his talent; two *Allegories*, philosophical and Christian, which, as Death is the principal figure, must have related to the famous *Dance of Death*, then such a favorite subject, and which furnished Holbein with a long series of wood engravings; lastly, his portrait of himself, with the date 1496. He was then twenty-five years old. In this portrait Dürer has a fresh-looking countenance, though thin and long, large blue eyes, a very fair beard, and long curls flowing down over his shoulders from a kind of pointed cap. His black and white striped costume is very peculiar,

* The complete vacuum which German art in all its branches presents between the dispersion of the pupils of Holbein, Cranach, and Albert Dürer, and the revival accomplished in our own days, may be partly accounted for by the horrible Thirty Years' War (from 1618 to 1648), by its atrocious excesses and unheard-of devastations, which arrested in this unhappy country all progress, civilization, culture, and intelligence.

and in every sense of the word this may be called a valuable curiosity.

At Munich his whole history may be read in seventeen pictures, which contain examples of his earliest attempts, his successive changes, and his latest style. The earliest of his works here must be the portrait of his father, dated 1497. The following inscription may be read on it:—

"Das malt ich nach meines Vatters gestalt,
Da er war sibenzich Jar alt."

[*This I painted from my Father when he was seventy years old.*]

This excellent picture, painted *con amore*, bears the monogram, now so well known—a little D in a great A. His own portrait comes next, dated 1500, four years after the one at Madrid; it is the same countenance, with the large blue eyes, light beard, and curled hair, but the face is fuller and the expression more manly. His robe, trimmed with fur, is more serious than the striped coat and pointed cap he wore in 1496. This portrait at Munich, on which he traced the following inscription, *Albertus Durerus, Noricus, ipsum me propriis sic effingebam coloribus ætatis* XXVIII., is one of his most astonishing works, and of those which placed him, before thirty years of age, at the head of all the other artists of his native land. Another historical portrait, no less precious, is that of his venerable master, which has a greenish background, and to which he added, a few years later, the following inscription: "This portrait Albrecht Dürer has painted after his master,

Michael Wohlgemuth, in the year 1516, when he was eighty-two years old; and he lived until the year 1519, when he died on St. Andrew's day early, before the sun had risen."

Two vast historical pictures show us of what Albert Dürer was capable. One is a *Descent from the Cross*, in which Joseph of Arimathea appears to me the finest figure in the group; the Christ, much older than tradition represents him, has no other beauty than the exact and hideous reproduction of death. The other is a *Nativity* in the manger, where the Infant God is worshipped by a group of cherubim, whilst other angels flying away are going to announce the good news to the shepherds. This fine *Nativity* formed the central panel of a large triptych, the wings of which have been taken off. These contain the portraits of the brothers Baumgartner, knights who are in armor.

In presenting these portraits to the Emperor Maximilian I., the town of Nuremberg added a gift no less rare and more precious—two large pictures in pendents, in one of which are St. Peter and St. John, and in the other St. Paul and St. Mark. These four apostles, known under the name of the *Four Temperaments*, are of life size; and, certainly, Albert Dürer has never imparted either greater material or moral grandeur to his figures. Although these two magnificent pictures bear no date, it may easily be seen that they belong to the latter part of the artist's life, when, after his travels in Flanders and Italy, he had acquired the full degree of execution and vigorous coloring which he was to attain.

THE FOUR EVANGELISTS—BY ALBRECHT DURER.

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Albert Dürer survived Raphael eight, and the *Frate* (Bartolommeo della Porta) eleven years. I believe that his travels in Italy were not confined to Venice, and that he did not neglect to visit the town of the Medicis, then the centre of the fine arts. At all events, the four *Apostles* of Munich, in nobility and imposing grandeur, seem inspired by the *St. Mark* of Fra Bartolommeo, which is, perhaps, in painting, the highest expression of strength and power, as the *Moses* of Michael Angelo is in statuary.

It is Vienna, however, and not Munich, which possesses the finest productions of the Nuremberg master. Passing by three portraits, amongst which are those of the Emperor *Maximilian I.*, dated 1519, the year of his death, and that of a certain *Johann Kleeberger*, which Albert Dürer painted two years before his own death, in 1526; passing over also two *Madonnas*, one of 1503, quite German in type and execution, the other of 1512, which is purely Italian in sentiment, especially in the naked figure of the child, we will come at once to two pictures of the greatest importance among his works. If he has painted pictures of greater size, I have never seen any of greater merit. These are indeed real masterpieces, an honor at once to the master, who is seen to perfection in them, and also to the Belvedere Gallery, which fears no rivalry on this point.

The first in date contains in the narrow space of one panel, about one square yard in size, the legend of the *Ten Thousand Martyrs*, Christians massacred by the Persian King Sapor, or rather Shahpour II. Without bringing in the whole number of martyrs,

a number of incidents seem to have exhausted every mode of death related in the legends. In the midst of these melancholy sights, Albert Dürer has painted himself and his friend Willibald Pirkheimer.* Both are in mourning, and the painter holds in his hand a small flag, on which is inscribed, *Iste faciebat anno Domini* 1508, *Albertus Durer Alemanus.* The principal defect in such a composition is its want of unity. The incidents placed in juxtaposition, which touch each other, but without seeming to have any connection, appear like the effect of a bad dream unfolding scenes of blood. But this defective arrangement is soon forgotten in the superior qualities of the execution, the exquisite finish, the brilliant though sombre coloring, suited to the subject of the picture, and the powerful expression, as well in the moral beauty of some of the martyred saints, as in the physical repulsiveness of the executioners. It is before such a picture that we can say, with M. Charles Blanc: "The real unity of a picture consists in the sentiment. The actions are diverse, but the emotion is one."

The second picture, which is still more important, is known under the name of the *Adoration of the Trinity;* but it would explain the subject better if it were called by a vaster name, the *Christian Religion.* In the upper part of the picture the Holy Spirit is seen hovering, like a luminous star, in the midst of

* It was Pirkheimer who, in pronouncing the funeral oration of Albert Dürer, could say with justice of his friend, "that he united every virtue in his soul: genius, uprightness, purity, energy and prudence, gentleness and piety."

a band of little cherubim; then, rather lower, the Father, between two choirs of archangels with outspread wings, holding before His breast His crucified Son. But this is a small part of the composition. Below the Divine Trinity and the celestial train there extend two large groups of saints; to the left the holy woman, where some who sacrificed their lives to their faith may be recognized by their attributes; to the right the saints, patriarchs, prophets, apostles, and martyrs. Still lower are two other groups no less considerable: under the female saints, the Pope and the Church—that is to say, a procession of bishops, priests, monks, and nuns; under the male saints, the emperor and the state—that is to say, a noble train of armed knights and ladies in court costume. We see thus how, only a few years before Martin Luther shook both the tiara and the crown by his doctrines, Albert Dürer, remembering the double nature of the God-Man, on which the institutions of the Middle Ages were modelled, made peace between the Guelphs and Ghibèlines. All these symbolical *circles*, all these long groups, one over another, float in space, and stand out from the azure of the sky like an apocalyptic vision. But below them, to the horizon, extends a real earthly scene. A peaceful bay, terminated in the distance by the open sea, on the right by rocks, on the left by a large town, and in the foreground by verdant plains. In one corner of the picture may be seen the St. John of this Patmos, Albert Dürer himself, whose long curling hair falls from a red cap on to the collar of a fur robe. He

is standing, and places his hand proudly on a tablet, on which the following inscription may be read: "*Albertvs. Dvrer. noricvs. faciebat. anno. a. Virginis. partv.* 1511."

This great work, which is no longer wanting in unity—is, as may be seen, a complete poem. Albert Durer displays in it all his high qualities. All that may be found in his other works of imagination—force, truth, and intimate union between *realism* in form and *idealism* in thought—are united here. The only regret we can possibly feel is, that he was not able to preserve himself by severity of taste from the usual defects of his time and school. The grotesque appears too often in a subject which should be wholly sublime; for instance, he places amongst the ranks of the glorified popes and emperors an old peasant still holding his flail in his hand. This is a noble idea; labor is glorified. But to this peasant, the equal of princes and saints, is given a low, ignoble countenance. This is undoubtedly a fault. The artist, it is true, endeavors to redeem it by the perfection of the work, and it is scarcely visible, besides, in the grandeur of the whole, which is heightened by the most brilliant coloring required by the miraculous vision. Albert Dürer usually places merely his well-known monogram to his ordinary works, which his copyists have never forgotten, and which was no more difficult to imitate than the letters of a name. But by signing these two works with his whole portrait he has given them a special stamp of authenticity, an infallible *ne varietur*, and, still more, a striking mark

of his own preference. It is Albert Dürer himself, then, who calls them his masterpieces. After the last-mentioned picture he painted fewer pictures than he made engravings on copper, wood, or with aquafortis, either because his taste led him naturally towards these other works, or because he was urged to it by the avarice of a scolding wife, Agnes Frey, who tormented his life, and certainly was the means of shortening it.*

Amongst the works of his immediate disciples there is a very singular one which we must not pass in silence. It may be called a polyptych. It represents on the principal panel a *Calvary*, in which the figures are half the size of life, surrounded by twelve small frames, in which are depicted the scenes of the life and passion of our Lord; this panel is covered by three pairs of shutters on both sides, each face of which contains at least twelve pictures in as many compartments. The whole forms a collection of fifty-six pictures around the central *Calvary*. The artist has drawn from the Gospels, the Acts of the Apostles, and the Legends of the Saints. He has even introduced the devil, who plays a part in several malicious compositions,

* It is not here that we must speak of the engravings of Albert Dürer, but I cannot refrain from repeating, to show the profound genius he displayed in them, a short judgment pronounced on his figure of *Melencolia* (engraved in 1514). This figure seems to say with Solomon: "In much wisdom is grief; and he that increaseth knowledge increaseth sorrow." And indeed, one of the most striking characteristics of the German character is to pursue science with an agony of eagerness.

where the pope and the emperor are not spared. In one of these scenes, for instance, Satan is seen sowing his seed freely in the ground, whilst the pope is sleeping on a luxurious bed, and the emperor presides at a rich feast. The author of this curious monument (for it is more than a painting, and the manners of the period may be better studied in it than the arts) has not allowed his name to be known; either from modesty or fear, he has nowhere left his signature or his monogram.

Between Albert Dürer and our own period I only find three names worth quoting in German art—Denner, Dietrich, and Mengs. BALTHAZAR DENNER, of Hamburgh (1685–1747), is assuredly the greatest *finisher* who ever laid color on canvas. In comparison with him the most patient Dutch painters—Gerard Dow, Schalken, Mieris, Van der Werff—are mere hasty, unconscientious daubers. It may almost be thought that he worked with a magnifying glass, like a stone engraver. At any rate, his works must be examined with a glass. Denner copies with scrupulous fidelity every undulation, every tint, even the slightest down on the skin; he makes a hair seem round, and gives the perspective of the slightest wrinkle. He attains by this means a frightful accuracy. His portraits are a kind of apparition, spectres set in frames. But being obliged to reduce such wonderful labor to the smallest possible limits, he did not even paint busts, but confined himself to simple masks, faces cut off below the chin. If, then, he counted the hairs of his models, he took from them a far more important part of

the likeness—their general bearing, attitude, and grace.

Denner only painted faces wrinkled with age, with white hair, and with missing teeth; the smoothness of a fresh and rosy complexion never tempted him, he did not seek after the beautiful, nor even the pretty; what he wanted was merely feats of skill. However, if, in these portraits as patiently brought to perfection with the pencil as La Bruyère's with the pen, we see nothing but old people, I think it must not be referred either to the accident of his orders or to his own choice. He must necessarily have been so long in completing a work, he must have required so many sittings and employed so many years, that doubtless between the commencement and completion of his portraits his models must have become aged both in years and from weariness. How few of such works would be accomplished in a lifetime! And, besides, by employing so much art, this kind of painting ends by no longer being art; it becomes merely an effort to deceive the eye. It is statuary in wax. How much higher is the method employed by the masters of portrait painting—Titian, Holbein, Velazquez, Van Dyck, and Rembrandt. They understood that it is better to reveal the soul in the countenance than trivial physical accidents which the eye scarcely notices more than the mind. And yet, the sight of these curious works of Denner is doubly useful, showing at once to what extreme perfection patience may attain, and also the abuse of this precious quality, and, to a certain degree, its vanity, when

no other superior quality accompanies and directs it; they show that in the arts other and higher conditions are required for genius, or even for simple talent.

WILHELM ERNEST DIETRICH, of Weimar (1712–1774), will furnish another and very striking proof of this truth. Dietrich is the *Luca fa presto* of Germany. A universal imitator and fruitful copyist, he has performed in the north precisely what Luca Giordano did in the south. We will confine ourselves to his works in the Dresden gallery. It contains fifty-one works by his hand, and not one of these can be called original. All are imitations of the most different, the most opposite styles. A *Young Woman and her Children* at a window appears to be copied from Gerard Dow, some *Bathers* from Poelemberg, and two pendents representing the *Golden Age* in the style of Van der Werff; some *Cuirassiers on March* strongly recall Salvator Rosa, and even a *Holy Family*, in an Italian landscape, which might be attributed to some pupil of Raphael himself. We may also find Elzheimer, Adrian Ostade, Karel Dujardin, Berghem, Jan Both, Van der Meulen, Jacques Courtois, and Watteau. But yet it is Rembrandt whom Dietrich imitates most frequently and with the greatest success. There is, for example, a *Saint Simeon*, a *Christ curing the Sick*, and portraits of old men in oriental costumes, which might be taken for works of Ferdinand Bol, Victors, Fabricius, or any other direct pupil of the great Dutch painter. So much diversity in the works of the same artis trenders him,d oubtless, curious as a

study; but whatever talent he may lavish on universal imitation, as he always remains a disciple he cannot pretend to the name of master. It might be said of him what Michael Angelo said to Baccio Bandinelli, "Who walks behind another, will never pass him by."

If we were to form our opinion of RAPHAEL MENGS beforehand, from the description of Winckelmann, we should be much surprised when we came to see his works for ourselves. This is what the author of the 'History of Art among the Ancients' says in his chapter on *Beauty:* "All the beauties which ancient artists gave to their figures are to be found in the immortal works of M. Anton Raphael Mengs, first painter at the courts of Spain and Poland, the greatest artist of his time, and, perhaps, of future ages. We might almost say that he is Raphael himself, risen like the phœnix from his ashes to teach to the universe the perfection of art, and attain himself as much perfection as is possible for human forces. The German nation justly prides itself on having produced a philosopher who, in the times of our fathers, enlightened sages and strewed the seeds of knowledge among all nations (Leibnitz, I suppose). It now only remained for her to give the world a restorer of art, and to see the German Raphael recognized and admired as such at Rome, the very seat of the arts." To understand the hyperbole of this language, we must remember that the son of the poor cobbler of St. Stendal, when he at last succeeded in coming to Rome, when already thirty-eight years of age, was received and lodged in the

house of Raphael Mengs. We must also remember that he wrote some time afterwards to his friend Uden : "I am grieved at being obliged through politeness to recognize some advantages to certain modern artists. The moderns are asses compared to the ancients."

We will seek a medium between the "ass" and the "first artist of future ages." Mengs discovered in a period of decay and abandonment some vestiges of the art of the greater periods; he sought for severity of drawing, nobility of style, ideal beauty, and deserved from the Italian qualities to be called by Cean Bermudez the greatest painter of his age. The somewhat two great delicacy of his pencil, however, recall the first lessons he received for miniature painting. He was born in 1728, in Aussig, a small town of Bohemia; and his father, Ishmael Mengs, a painter on enamel, wishing to devote him to painting from his earliest days, named him after Correggio and Sanzio, Anton Raphael. With this aim, which he pursued constantly and severely with a sort of monomania, the elder Mengs never put into his son's hands any other plaything than a pencil, so that the child could draw before he learned to read; and when at twelve years of age he accompanied his father to Rome, he was shut up in the Vatican every day, from morning to evening, like a prisoner, with some bread and a pitcher of water, his father only coming for him at the approach of night. Having become painter to the Elector King, Augustus III., Mengs was obliged to fly from Dresden when the great Frederick seized that capital. He

returned to Italy, went to Naples, to Charles III., who took him with him to Spain, and he resided at Madrid until his last illness, in 1779.

Unlike his predecessor at the court of Spain, the Neapolitan, Luca Giordano, Mengs worked like the Germans, with much deliberation and reflection. He was not, like the generality of painters, satisfied with merely a sketch or roughly-painted design to assist him in his compositions; making use both of antique models and of nature, and forming an elaborate synthesis, he first drew each separate limb, then the figure, afterwards each group, and lastly the whole composition. Through this method the number of his studies was immense, and that of his pictures very limited, for he passed months and even years in completing his preparations. The works of Mengs are very rare in France; he has left some in Saxony, in Italy, and many more in Spain. The Museo del Rey possesses, amongst others, an *Adoration of the Shepherds*, which is considered his masterpiece. The last figure in the left hand group in this painting is a portrait of the painter himself. Mengs, who was also a learned man, has left 'Thoughts on Painting and Reflections on Painters,' which would form, in the opinion of his biographer, Cean Bermudez, the best elementary treatise on the subject. He had no follower but his charming pupil ANGELICA KAUFFMANN, no less celebrated for her wit, her grace, her amiability, and her romantic story in connection with the pretended Count of Horn, than for her remarkable talent in portrait

painting, which she carried on at Rome towards the end of the last century.

Angelica Kauffmann brings us to the efforts at renovation in the commencement of the present century.

The Germans, who joined in the European work of a fresh revival in art twenty years later than the French under Louis David, undertook their mission in an entirely different spirit. Instead of carrying art forward, they turned back, and rather than go on resolutely to the discovery of an unknown future, they thought it more prudent to return to the past, and to take refuge in archaism. At the death of Albert Dürer, artistic Germany fell asleep as if in the cavern of Epimenides. Aroused at last by the rumor of the revival of the arts in France, she resumed her task where it had been left at the close of the fifteenth century. It was to Rome that she once more turned in order to rekindle the extinguished flame. The history of the little German colony is well known which, in 1810, crossed the mountains under the direction of M. Frederic Owerbeck, and established at Rome a convent of artists, where all the subsequent heads of schools were formed, Peter Cornelis, Wilhelm Schadow, Philip Veit, Jules Schnorr, Karl Vogel, Heinrich Hess, etc. They followed to the letter the paradoxical advice of Lanzi, "that modern artists should study the artists of the times preceding Raphael; for Raphael, springing from these painters, is superior to them, whilst those who followed him have not equalled him." Their enthusiasm for

what they called the "Christian ideal," for art anterior to the religious reformation, led them even to renounce the religion of their fathers. The Protestants became Catholics, and M. Owerbeck, who set the example of the abjuration as well as of the exile, was not satisfied with returning to the age of Leo X.; he endeavored to adapt the types of Raphael, where Grecian beauty is visible, to the mystic style of Fra Angelico. The illiberal and bigoted reaction which followed the success of the coalitions against France, and the natural taste of the Germans for the science of the past, led astray both princes and people. It was under this influence that the renovation was accomplished.

It imprinted on German painting a capital, irremediable defect; to avoid the fault with which they reproached the Dutch—that of not knowing how to *idealize the real*—the Germans have fallen into the opposite extreme, of being unable to *realize the ideal*. "Whilst science," says M. Vacherot, "*explains* reality by ideas, art *expresses* ideas by reality. The harmony of these two terms—ideal and real—is the law of esthetic works. The realist, who limits art to the imitation of the real, and the idealist who wanders into the pure ideal, never violate it with impunity. The one remains incomplete, the other powerless. The latter cannot succeed in giving a body to the idea, nor the former in giving an idea to reality. Ideas without forms to realize them, forms and colors without thoughts to idealize them, expression without life, life without expression, such is the alternative to which the artist is condemned

who listens to either of the exclusive schools. Synthesis is the safety of art, which is nothing unless it be a symbol and a language."

The Germans of Rome could not speak this language, and it was because they could not express the ideal by the real, that they remained so powerless. Goethe knew the productions of this school, and yet it is said that the illustrious author of 'Faust,' when taken in his old age to see the Gothic collection of the brothers Boisserée, and pressed to give his opinion on these curiosities of German art, said with a sigh: "I see, indeed, the bud, but where is the blossom?" This word of Goethe is just and profound, German art has had no flower, or, at all events, if it have blossomed, it was in the Netherlands. There Rubens and Rembrandt have been the highest expression of northern art.

Instead of entering here into an analysis* of the works of this school, I prefer in the following remarks to reason in generalities without any particular application, in order to show how modern German art seems to me stained with two vices, equally serious, equally irremediable; it is taken from another time and from another country.

To borrow of another time appears to me equally fatal, both to matter and to form. As regards matter, art and society must be contemporaneous, in order that the one may be but a form of the other,

* This analysis of the works of the German Renaissance may be found in the chapter '*Salle des Fêtes*,' in the Glyptothek of Munich (*Musées d'Allemagne*, Third Edition, pp. 145–163), and in the chapter '*Musée de Francfort-sur-Mein*' (pp. 398, and following.)

so that it would be necessary to resuscitate with the art the beliefs and manners also of that time. We should have to require in the present instance that the *Divina Commedia*, the Christian trilogy of hell, purgatory, and paradise, should be once more the popular poem; we should have to revive, with the simple, blind credulity of the Middle Ages, a general taste for subjects which then, far from being exhausted, were still in their freshness and novelty. I do not pretend that Raphael or Giotto, who, the one at the commencement, the other at the close of the long task, emancipated art from dogma, were either of them very devout; and I willingly agree that M. Owerbeck, a new convert to the Catholic faith, was more devout than Perugino, who is said to have been an atheist. I speak of society in general, of its manners and tastes, and affirm that everything has changed in the last two centuries, even in Germany, since the time of Luther and the Reformation; since the times of Leibnitz, Spinoza, Kant, Lessing, and Goethe. No one can go backwards in the stream of time.

We now come to form. For this we ought to find once more a natural, unstudied and simple ingenuity, the merit, in short, of native originality. How can one be an imitator without falling into the defects inherent to imitation? The style becomes stiff and artificial which should remain simple and unaffected; it becomes exaggerated when nobility and force are sought for. Instead of the simple and childlike ignorance—like a new-born child—which art exhibits when it is marching on to perfection, it is

erudite, like an old man, and bears the infallible signs of approaching decrepitude. It is the time of commentaries in literature; it is the time when there is much reasoning on art, though without its being much practised, when we know why, and how, there were great masters, after having lost the secret to make them. And then, when we admire an ancient painting, our admiration becomes mingled with a sentiment of respect and love quite personal to the artist; we love the traces of the hands of Giotto, Fra Angelico, Leonardo da Vinci, and Raphael. They become holy relics as well as fine works. If a modern artist painted like them, even if it were as well as they, his works would still be wanting in that powerful attraction which completes the superiority of the originals over imitations. By recurring to the fifteenth in the nineteenth century the Germans could only make copies.

If to transplant painting from one period to another be a serious injury to the success of the foundation of a school, to transplant painting from one country to another is no less grave an error. The Italian masters are really only thoroughly known and appreciated in Italy, the Spaniards in Spain, the Flemings in Flanders. In order thoroughly to appreciate any master, we must have before our eyes the scenes in which they lived, the living types which served them as models, the manners and customs which they shared with their fellow-countrymen; in order to explain their choice of subjects, we must have the style, manner, form, color; in fact, all the accessories of their works.

An example will make this clearer: Claude Lorraine and Jacob Ruysdael are, in my opinion, the two great portraitists of nature, the two greatest landscape painters. Whence comes, then, the great distance that separates them? From the countries in which they lived. The one saw the sun rise and set in Italy, in a warm, luminous atmosphere, over the seas which surround the peninsula, or behind the mountains which crown it; the other the flat, cloudy and verdant pastures of the Netherlands, under a pale, misty sky; the one shared all the *idealism* of the Italians, the other all the *realism* of the Dutch; the difference between Claude and Ruysdael is thus explained. Change their countries; from being truthful they both become false. In a word, painting is a medium for ideas, modified by the place and the period in which the painter lives. It is understood, like literature, by its period, and, still more than literature, by its country, since it reproduces visible aspects objectively. To bring, then, Italian art into Germany was a second mistake equal to that of trying to revive the art of the Middle Ages in the nineteenth century.

The Italians had, doubtless, already been much imitated; in Spain, in Flanders, and even in Germany—and these happy importations had refreshed or completed the other schools. But in this case the imitations were almost simultaneous with the originals. Thus, to take a single example, Juan Joanes learned in the studio of Raphael, and *El Mudo* studied under Titian. M. Owerbeck and his companions, however, took lessons of no living mas-

ter in Italy. Nor is this all; when Italian art was carried into other countries, it was immediately modified, transformed according to the nature, the types, manners, ideas, and objects to be found in those countries. Rubens and Murillo both obtained their art from Italy, through their masters and predecessors; but they belong none the less to the Flemish and Spanish schools respectively. The mistake of the Germano-Roman school is, certainly, not the having studied art, or even primitive art, so worthy of study and respect in Italy; but rather the having transplanted into Germany Italian art of the fifteenth century. They have committed in painting the mistake of the English architects, when they introduced into their cold damp climate the architectural forms of the East, of those hot countries where people pass their lives in the open air. By abandoning the architecture of the North for that of the South, the English have spoiled everything, even to the column.

I am glad to be able to support my arguments on this subject by the opinion of a German, and of that German who was, perhaps, the primary cause of the faults of this school. Winckelmann, disgusted with the insufficiency of the Coypels, the Vanloos, the Bouchers, turned to antique statuary. And he thus led art from one fault to another, *de vicio in vicium flecti*. His retrospective fanaticism brought in that of Owerbeck and Cornelius. Winckelmann explains with much sense how it was that the attempts of regeneration made under the Antonines remained vain and fruitless. This was because the artists of

that time, although "well intentioned," endeavored to revive art by imitation, by going back to the origin, even so far as to the sacerdotal style of the Etruscans and Egyptians. Devoted to science even to pedantry, they sacrificed essentials to minute accessories, not considered worth notice in times of genius. Petronius—*arbiter elegantarium*, as Nero said—had already pitied the fate of art, spoiled by a meagre and restricted style; and Quintilian made as just a criticism on the artists who were his contemporaries, by saying that they would have made the ornaments of the Jupiter of Phidias better than Phidias himself. "The gods and heroes," says Winckelmann, "had been represented in every possible attitude; the forms seemed, so to speak, exhausted; a circumstance which opened the career of imitation. . . . As it seemed impossible to surpass a Praxiteles or an Apelles, they endeavored to equal them by remaining under the yoke of imitation. Art had the same fate as philosophy. In the former, as in the latter, there was an eclectic school, who, wanting strength and genius to invent, confined themselves to collecting separate beauties and forming one beautiful whole. As the eclectic philosophers having produced nothing original, can only be esteemed copyists, so those who follow the same method in art are only servile imitators, who produce nothing original and perfect. . ."

Is there not an evident resemblance between these Roman artists, in the time of Adrian, going to ancient Egypt to seek a fresh youth for exhausted statuary, and the German artists of the present time,

also well intentioned, seeking in the Rome of the fifteenth century a new school of painting for their country? They possessed a high and even proud ideal, a logical conception making consequences flow from principle, and an extensive and accurate knowledge. Where should the science of archæology be found, if not in the country of Niebuhr and Muller? Monstrous anachronisms must be left to Titian, Veronese, Rubens, and Rembrandt, and errors of geography to Shakespeare and Cervantes. And yet, has the modern eclectic school of art been more happy in its attempt than the ancients were in the time of the Antonines? It seems to me that it must be confessed that the faith of this school was greater than its works.

Happily, German art has not persisted in this blind alley where progress was impossible. The school of Düsseldorf, from MM. Kaulbach and Lessing to M. Knaus, and the school of Munich, with MM. Piloty, Adam, Horschelt, Lier, etc., by returning to picturesque truth have returned to their own times and to their own country.

CHAPTER III.

SCHOOLS OF THE LOW COUNTRIES.

WHEN writing a work on the *Musées d'Europe*, in which it was necessary to have as much clearness and diversity as possible, and to make use of every division at all allowable, I could never make up my mind to separate absolutely the Flemish from the Dutch school. Their formal division could be of no interest and no utility, besides being impossible. These schools are so strictly bound together in the history of art, both by the lessons of common masters and by the employment of the same style and processes, that we could only make a purely geographical division. The masters would have to be separated merely as chance had placed their birth to the right or left of that imaginary line which was made the frontier between the two ancient halves of the Low Countries. This would be puerile, and, in fact, absurd; for a strict application of this rule would restore Rubens to Germany, because he happened to be born at Cologne, or rather at Siegen, in the duchy of Nassau. Now, I would ask, what connection is there between Rubens and the German school? And where would Flemish art be without Rubens? It would be Italy without Raphael, a building without a roof, a

kingdom without a king; it would be like our planetary system with its sun taken away and thrown into the midst of another system. For the same reason we should have to separate Lucas of Leyden from Van Eyck; Quintin Matsys from Lucas of Leyden; Rubens from his master, Otto Venius; Diepenbeck and Van Thulden from their master, Rubens; and David Teniers from Adrain Brauwer (who, though born in Holland, died at Antwerp), and from the Ostades, who was born at Lubeck, though they passed the greater part of their life in Holland.

Or else, seeking a more rational basis for this division of the schools than merely the accident of birth on one or other side of a stream, must we consult biographical notices or parish registers to discover, if possible, what faith each master professed? It would be a better ground to go on, although new to art, to make a division between Catholic and Protestant painters. This would be, however, very difficult; for, if we frequently cannot succeed in discovering, even with artists of reputation, their native place and the date of their birth or death, how could we find the registry of their baptism? Besides, we should sometimes meet with another difficulty, as in the case of Jordaens, who was born a Catholic and became a Protestant in middle life. On the other hand, if a difference of belief in the Christian religion explains certain differences in the choice of subjects and manner of treating them, as we showed when speaking of Lucas Cranach, the distinctions are not sufficiently definite, nor the characteristics sufficiently plain, to

form a real line of demarcation between the schools, showing their diversity at first sight. M. Charles Blanc has endeavored to justify this division of the two schools by the following observations: "Whilst the Flemings, following the example of Rubens, paint large pictures with much breadth and fire, the Dutch labor patiently at small pictures in a careful, precise, and finished style." But if Rubens and his pupils in Flanders have treated large compositions, it appears to me that Rembrandt and his pupils in Holland have in general done the same; and if the Dutch have usually painted with patience and delicacy, Teniers and his large train of disciples and imitators have followed the same road with similar success in Flanders. Should we, then, call Rembrandt a Fleming, and Teniers a Dutchman?

Surely it would be better to unite the sister schools of Flanders and Holland, and call it by the general name of the Low Countries, since the two countries were frequently united under this common name. But, as in the general Italian school the Venetian is separated from the Florentine, and as in the Spanish the Castilian is separated from the Andalusian, it will be as well in the general school of the Low Countries to separate the Dutch from the Flemish. They will thus form, as in the classifications of natural history, two genera of an order. This reasonable distinction should satisfy all. I think, besides, that it may be established without too much arbitrariness, by seeking the assistance of geography and history, and by studying the differences that might arise from religion, style, and processes.

FLEMISH SCHOOL.

The town of Bruges may claim, in painting, the priority even over Antwerp, which usurped from her at the same time the supremacy in commerce, politics, and art. It was at Bruges that the brothers HUBERT (1366—1426) and JAN (before 1390—1441) VAN EYCK lived and died. We have already seen that Hubert was the real teacher of his younger brother, and that Jan (who was called Jan of Bruges), if he did not exactly invent the process of painting in oil, at all events carried it to perfection and brought it into common use, so that it is to him that is owing the great revolution in the art of painting. We must now examine their works. Those of Hubert—at least, those which in our opinion are authentic—are extremely rare. Bruges, Antwerp, Berlin, and Carlsruhe are the only towns that can, with any appearance of reason, boast of possessing any in their galleries. We shall do well to study both brothers at once in a vast work, which they certainly commenced, if they did not complete it together. The almost architectural symmetry of this work would cause it to be classed in an earlier style of art, whilst its exquisite perfection opens a fresh career in the art of painting.

In the first place, we must say a word as to the history of this vast composition.

The families Vydts and Burlut had ordered of the brothers Van Eyck a grand altar-piece for their mortuary chapel in the church of St. Bavon, of

Ghent. Instead of a single picture, the Van Eycks, taking as their subject the *Ecce Agnus Dei qui tollit peccata mundi*, made a *polyptych* formed of twelve panels, with their shutters, forming altogether twenty-four pictures divided into two rows, having five panels in the one, and seven in the other. The first has remained at Ghent, as well as the central panel for the second, which contains the *Worship of the Lamb.* The rest of the lower panels are to be found in the Berlin Museum, where the whole composition is completed by the excellent copies made in the sixteenth century by Michael Coxis. The following is the description of the six panels at Berlin:—1. *The Righteous Judges (Justi Judices).* Ten figures on horseback in a Flemish landscape; the judge mounted on a grey horse in the foreground is Hubert Van Eyck; the one in black, a little farther back, is thought to be Jan Van Eyck; and what confirms this traditional belief is, that the face is turned round in a singular manner, as if he had painted himself from a mirror.—2. *The Holy Warriors (Milites Christi).* Nine figures also on horseback, with a landscape background, and all in warlike costumes. In the foreground may be recognized St. George, Charlemagne, Godfrey de Bouillon, Baldwin of Constantinople, and St. Louis.—3 and 4. *Concerts of Angels*, some singing, others playing on instruments—the organ, harp, violoncello, etc. Between these two concerts there should be placed the *Worship of the Lamb.*—5. *The Hermits.* Ten figures assembled in a wild place, a sort of ravine. It is easy to recognize the hermits St. Paul and St. An-

tony. St. Magdalen and St. Mary the Egpytian.—6. *The Pilgrims.* The giant Christopher is leading seventeen pilgrims of different ages and countries.*

On the old frames of the shutters, which are still preserved, may be read the following inscription, although some parts, having been effaced by time, have been found in later copies:—

"Pictor Hubertus e Eyck, major quo nemo repertus
Incepit: pondusque Johannes arte secundus
Frater perfecit, Judoci Vyd prece fretus.

VersV seXta Mai Vos CoLLoCat aCta tVerL."

This inscription signifies that the work of the painters of Bruges was terminated May 6th, 1432. It also signifies that Hubert Van Eyck commenced the work, and that his brother Jan finished it; but, as Hubert was dead by 1426, it is quite presumable that Jan did the greater part of the whole work, and especially the lower row, which I have just described. Although he is only *arte secundus* in age, he is assuredly first in the use of their joint discoveries, and in the great perfection to which he carried the processes. These fragments, even those by his hand, are, however, very unequal in style and in proportions. In the groups of the celestial musicians,

* In the landscapes of the two latter panels, Van Eyck has introduced the orange tree, the stone pine, the cypress, and the palm—southern trees which he had seen in Portugal, when, in 1428, he accompanied the Sire de Bourbon, who was charged by the Duke of Burgundy, Philip the Good, to ask of the King Juan I. the hand of his daughter Isabella. Van Eyck was commissioned to bring to the duke a portrait of his bride.

where the painter seems to have desired to distinguish two sexes, making men and wom n angels, the figures are almost of life-size, whilst in the other more complicated subjects the numerous figures are only about a foot high. There is, if I am not mistaken, as great a difference in merit as in form between these two styles of composition. I place, however, the small figures above the larger ones. In life-sized figures Van Eyck seems to me singularly cramped. He is embarrassed in the drawing, which becomes stiff, and in the coloring, which becomes dry and too minute, and, in order to give expression to the faces, the eyes and mouth are almost made to grimace. But in the smaller figures he shows his usual simplicity and skill. In these we find truth, brilliancy, power, and solidity.

Amongst the numerous works of the younger Van Eyck, after the death of his brother, there are none more curious than the two *Heads of Christ* which are at Bruges and Berlin. They both represent the traditional head brought from Byzantium, and which is still seen on the banners of the Greek communion. They are surrounded by a golden glory in the form of a cross, and on the green background there may be seen, in the upper part, the Α and Ω (*alpha and omega*) of the Greeks, and, in the lower part, the I and F (*initium et finis*) of the Latins. But that of Bruges bears this inscription: "*Jo de Eyck, inventor, anno* 1420, 30 *january*;" and that of Berlin: "*Johes de Eyck, me fecit et appleviit, anno* 1438, 31 *january*." This means, if I am not mistaken, that the *Head of Christ* at Bruges is one of the first trials, perhaps

the first, of the processes with which the Van Eycks endowed the art of painting. This circumstance, by putting back a few years the invention of oil painting, which is by general consent placed about 1410, would also explain the singular slowness of the spreading of this invention, since no Italian made use of it before the year 1445, whilst the *Head* at Berlin, dated eighteen years later, is a work done when its author had attained to the maturity of his talent and the full use of his processes. The former, indeed, has hard outlines, and a reddish and monotonous coloring, while the latter, on the contrary, shows the manner of Van Eyck when it had reached the highest stage of perfection. For history, the *Head* at Bruges is the most valuable; for art, that of Berlin.

At Bruges, also, we shall find one of the *chefs-d'œuvre* of the painter who has rendered the name of this town so famous. This is a glorified *Madonna*, dated 1436, and treated in the style of Francia, Perugino, and the masters of that period. At the left of the Madonna, who is seated on a throne, is St. Donatian, in the dress of an archbishop; on the right St. George, clothed in rich and complete armor. A little behind him is the kneeling donor of the picture, the Canon George de Pala, from whom the popular name for the picture is taken. This work, in which the personages are half the size of life, is wonderful for its extreme vigor, and for the minute finish of all its details, as well as by its singular preservation. Before seeing it, I had admired in Van Eyck rather the inventor than the painter· but be-

fore this wonderful work I was obliged to confess that, even if Van Eyck had, like his successors, merely profited by the discoveries of another, he would still, by his works as an artist, deserve an eminent place amongst the masters. Besides, did he not in modern times take the same place as Parrhasius with the ancient Greeks? "It is only just to recognize," says M. Paul Mantz, "that the brothers Van Eyck took the foremost part in the principal event of the history of art in the fifteenth century—the substitution of the *picture* to mural painting and illumination. Monumental art may have lost something by it, but it is not an unimportant event, this mobilization of painting, which thenceforth, like the printed book a little later, was to pass from hand to hand, to cross seas, to penetrate into dwellings until then inaccessible, and to carry everywhere instruction, consolation, and light.

The Museum of Antwerp possesses a repetition of this *Canon de Pala*, as well as three portraits by the hand of Van Eyck—a magistrate, a monk at prayer, and another, a dignitary of the church; besides these, there is also a small drawing in chiaroscuro, which is very precious, and carefully preserved under glass. It represents the building of a Gothic church by a number of laborers, who are so small that they look almost like the busy workers in an ant-hill. In the foreground is seated a female saint, the patron,* doubtless, of the building in

* This picture is usually supposed to represent St. Barbara—the Gothic tower being her attribute.—TRANS.

course of construction, who appears to be presiding over the works as the architect of the monument. It would be impossible to carry patient labor, fineness and precision of touch, and powerful effects to a greater degree. This legend may be read on the old frame in red marble: "*Johes de Eyck, me fecit*, 1435." The English have, also covered with glass, a wonderful work of the master of Bruges, which means in reality that visitors are only allowed to see it very imperfectly. Under a glass all paintings become pastel, even those of Van Eyck, which are so firm and so brilliant. This is a picture entitled, *Portraits of Jean Arnolfini and Jeanne de Chenany, his Wife.*" A lady, dressed with the heavy elegance of the fashion of that day, is holding out her open hand to a gentleman dressed in black. In the centre of the picture, and as if written on the walls of the room, is the signature, *Joannes de Eyck.* The National Gallery also possesses the admirable half-length portrait of a middle-aged man, with a red handkerchief round his head, which is believed to be the portrait of Van Eyck himself. On seeing the date of 1433, it may well be said that in the last four centuries no one can boast of having represented human nature with more truth, strength, and nature.

Munich, in its rich Pinacothek, has no less than six pictures by the great Van Eyck. Of this number, three are of the *Adoration of the Magi*, a subject he seems to have been particularly fond of, since it was an *Adoration of the Magi* that he sent to the King of Naples, Alphonso, the sight of which

picture made Antonello da Messina wish to discover the secret of oil painting. The largest of the three is an important work, in which there are eleven personages besides the traditional ox and ass. The second, although of smaller proportions, is more valuable, from the perfection of the work, and from its historical interest. One of the Eastern kings, who is on his knees, kissing the hand of the Child-God, is the Duke of Burgundy, Philip the Good, and the negro king, with his swarthy complexion, presents a faithful portrait of Charles the Bold, both wearing the rich costumes of the Burgundian Court. We must not omit also to mention the *St. Luke painting the Virgin.* Van Eyck has placed the scene in an open gallery, where the view extends over one of those calm, smiling landscapes with which Raphael at a later time surrounded his divine Madonnas; and under the features of the holy Evangelist, whom tradition calls the first Christian painter, he has, from a sentiment of almost filial respect, represented his brother Hubert, clothed in ample red robes. We must regret, however, that he has not given to the Madonna the features of his noble sister Margaret, who remained unmarried, not in order to retire to a convent, but to devote herself to art, and to assist her brothers in their labors. Margaret was, besides, an eminent painter, as is proved by the charming *Flight into Egypt,* that is to say, a family resting from a journey in a fresh and smiling Flemish landscape, which is in the Antwerp Museum.

At Paris it is useless too seek Van Eyck any

more than Holbein, Cranach and Dürer. It is true that a *Vierge au Donateur*, thus named because Jesus, carried by his mother, who is being crowned by an angel, is blessing an old man on his knees before him, who had doubtless ordered his portrait to be taken in this posture of *ex voto*. But being rather pale in its general tint, without much relief or depth, this picture does not show anything of the brilliant color which is called the *purple of Van Eyck*, just as we speak of the gold of Titian, or the silver of Veronese. In any case it is not one of those which deserve his short and modest motto, ALS IXH XAN (*as well as I can*), for he could do better. I consider it a real misfortune that there is no great work in the Louvre by Van Eyck; and, indeed, there is no place where a sight of this great master would be of more use. It is not merely the secret of the high artistic qualities that may be learned from his pictures, but a lesson also of another kind. At the present time when trade seeks to usurp the place of art, when painters endeavor to make the greatest possible gain out of their pictures, when cheap oils are used, and every means seem allowed to work quickly and produce much, although it is known that the result of this system is, that in ten years' time a picture peels off, cracks, and crumbles into dust, and in twenty years all that is left of it is the canvas and the frame; perhaps, on seeing pictures so bright so fresh, I might almost say so immortal, which are more than four hundred years old, the French artists would understand that there is one merit they

should add to those they already possess—that of simple honesty.

To return to Bruges. As soon as a traveller has passed through some of the streets and squares, and found to his delighted astonishment a complete town of the Middle Ages, the first visit of a lover of art will be to the old Hospital of St. John. He need not expect, however, to find in this collection of formless brick buildings any architectural beauties. The building is only a deceitful exterior. But when the visitor has bent his head under a low door, traversed tortuous courts paved with pointed stones, and knocked at the door of an old chapel, he will find, under the inoffensive care of a phlegmatic pensioner, a treasure as worthy of renown and envy as that of the ancient Hesperides protected by the dragon, or that of wealthy Venice defended by a Sclavonic guard. These are the works of HANS HEMLING, or rather, MEMLING, for it is probable that in his signature the Gothic letter M has been mistaken for an H. The visitor will be told that in 1477 a wounded soldier (probably from the battle of Nancy, where Charles the Bold lost his life) was brought into the Hospital of St. John. He was a middle-aged man, thrown into a warlike career after an agitated youth; before becoming a soldier, however, he had been a painter; the love of art returned to him during the leisure hours of a long convalescence, and being grateful for the care bestowed on him, and satisfied with the peaceful quiet of the house, where he was also retained by his love for a young sister, he passed several years, paying for his board by his work.

This is how the fact of his finest works belonging to the Hospital of St. John is accounted for. There they were painted, and there they have always remained in spite of wars, conquests, and pillage, which explains their wonderful state of preservation after nearly four centuries; and they will doubtless remain there yet for ages, if the poor hospital continue still to defend its treasure proudly from wealthy amateurs and royal museums, whose brilliant offers would, however, have enabled them to convert their brick walls into a marble palace.

The legend of Memling has now disappeared with so many other traditions. Authentic documents have proved that he was simply a citizen of Bruges, where he died in 1495. So we shall leave the romance and come to his works. The most celebrated in the Hospital of St. John is the *Reliquary of St. Ursula*, a piece of gold carving ornamented with engravings and paintings, and intended to contain relics. The reader must imagine a small oblong Gothic chapel, only two feet in height from its base to the top of its pointed roof; the two façades, if we may venture to use architectural words, the side walls, and the roofing, form, by their golden borders, frames for Memling's paintings, which are the frescoes for this miniature temple. On one of the gable ends is painted the Madonna, scarcely a foot in height; on the other, St. Ursula, holding in her hand the arrow, which was to be the instrument of her death, and covering under her ample robes a number of young girls, which makes her resemble somewhat the pictures of the "Old Woman who

lived in a Shoe," so famous in nursery rhymes. Ten young girls may be counted under her mantle, and as the saint herself makes the eleventh, the painter has doubtless intended them to represent symbolically the eleven thousand virgins.* The two sloping parts of the roof each contain three medallions, on the two centre ones St. Ursula is painted, in one of them among her companions, whom she seems to be leading on to the glory of martyrdom; in the other, kneeling between the Father and the Son, who are crowning her, whilst the Holy Spirit hovers over her head. The medallions on each side contain angels, who form a celestial concert. On the two sides of the reliquary, which are divided into six compartments in the form of Gothic arcades, the whole legend of the Virgins of Cologne is represented. On one side, their departure from that city, their arrival at Basle in large round boats, then their entrance into Rome, and reception by the Pope at the gates of a temple; on the other, their departure from Rome, taking the Pope with them, their return to Cologne, and, lastly, their martyrdom by arrows, lances, and swords, at the hands of the Hun soldiers. In the six painted chapters of this legend there are certainly two hundred figures introduced, of which the largest, in the foreground,

* It is as well to remark that the legend of the eleven thousand virgins rests on an error of a chronicler of the Middle Ages. The tomb of St. Ursula and her companions at Cologne bore this inscription: "Sancta Ursula, XI M. V." Instead of reading "Sancta Ursula, XI Martyres Virgines," Sigebert read and reported "XI millia virginum."

are not more than four inches in length; and I do not count the microscopical personages in the background. It is needless to say that the painter has transported the history of St. Ursula from the fourth century to the fifteenth; the buildings, landscapes, costumes, and armor all belong to his own time. We may easily recognize a number of portraits. Ursula and her band are beautiful Flemish girls, fair, graceful, and elegantly dressed; and Memling certainly could not have had much difficulty in finding so many charming models in a town at that time richly and thickly populated, and which counted the beauty of its women amongst its chief titles to glory: *formosis Bruga puellis.*

In reading this short description, one might well believe that the painting of Memling on this reliquary of St. Ursula is nothing but a *chef-d'œuvre* of patience and minute perfection in the details; but this is far from being the case. As a whole, it is a great and noble work, full of grandeur, vigor, and religious sentiment. To form an idea of this wonderful work, the reader should imagine pictures of sacred history conceived in the highest style of Fra Angelico, and painted in the finest execution of Gerard Dow. But Memling has not merely left miniature paintings, and this reliquary is not the only treasure of the Hospital of St John. The date of the reliquary is 1480. The preceding year, Memling completed a work which is no less celebrated, and is in the largest proportions then used, half-life size. This is a triptych closed by shutters. On the central panel is represented the *Mystical Marriage of*

St. Catherine. As in the glorified Virgins of Francia or Perugino, the Madonna is seated under a magnificent dais, with her feet resting on a rich Flemish carpet, which produces a wonderful effect through its coloring and perspective. Two angels are at her side to wait on her; one holds a book, of which she is turning over the leaves, whilst the other is playing on a small organ. The Virgin of Sienna, richly dressed, is receiving on her knees the nuptial ring from the Bambino. The history of the two St. Johns form the subject of the paintings on the wings; that on the left is the *Beheading of John the Baptist* before Herodias; and that on the right is *St. John the Evangelist at Patmos*, beholding the visions of the Apocalypse. Lastly, on the outside of the wings, there are excellent portraits of two brothers of the hospital, with the symbolical portraits of their patron saints, James and Andrew, and of two sisters of the order, with their patron saints, Agnes and Clara.

This large composition is unanimously pronounced to be the masterpiece of its author. Here, indeed, may be found all his greatest qualities, from a calm majesty in the arrangement to a wonderful delicacy of touch. However, I must give it one rival, if not in importance, at all events in perfection. In the same year, 1479, Memling painted the different compartments of a triptych, much smaller than the last, as the figures are only from eight to nine inches in height; on the left is the *Nativity;* on the right the *Presentation in the Temple;* in the centre, the *Adoration of the Magi;* below is the following inscription

written in Flemish : " This work was done for brother Jan Floreins, *alias* Van der Rust, brother of St. John's Hospital, at Bruges. Anno 1479. Opus Johannis Memling." In the left part of the central panel, at a window, is seen the kneeling figure of Jan Floreins, dressed in black. It is a charming head of a man in the prime of life ; the figures 36, written above him on the wall, indicating his age. Opposite, the face of a peasant, looking in at a window, is supposed to be a portrait of Memling ; he has a short beard, thick hair, and his face, though rather weary-looking, is full of gentleness and intellect. It is before this *Adoration of the Magi* that I have most frequently admired the astonishing perfection of the painter of St. John's Hospital. I am doubtless not alone in this opinion. A friend of mine told me that he had experienced before this picture one of those terrible temptations to theft which is sometimes occasioned by the sight of beautiful things.

This is not all that the grateful patient left to the Hospital of St. John. We may also find in it a *Descent from the Cross*, where the figures are quite small, a *Sybil Zambeth*, that is to say, the portrait of a Flemish lady in that costume, and also the portrait of a young man worshiping a *Madonna*. Memling is represented in the small museum of Bruges by a *Baptism of Christ ;* in the museum of Antwerp by an *Annunciation*, a *Nativity*, a *Glorified Virgin*, etc.; in London, by several pictures in private galleries ; in the Louvre, by two figures in a diptych : *John the Baptist* and *Mary Magdalene*. If we pass

into Germany, we shall find at Berlin two pictures ascribed to Memling: the *Jewish Passover* and the *Prophet Elijah*, fed by an angel in the desert; and at Munich there are nine pictures attributed to him: the *Manna in the Desert, Abraham before Melchisedech;* the *Seven Joys and Seven Griefs of Mary*, etc. The introduction to the catalogue praises these paintings in the most enthusiastic manner, calling them the "incomparable creations of the genius of Memling." I accept the praises, but not with the latter appellation. The works may be worthy of Memling, but that they are by Memling I cannot admit. I have always maintained that, under the name of Memling, several contemporary painters have been confounded, and that of Munich is not the painter of Bruges.* I will give the reasons for this opinion in a few words.

The Munich catalogue thus describes this master: "Hemling (Jan)—pupil of Jan Eyck." This is the principal error from which the second flows, namely, that of attributing to him works belonging to the Van Eyck school. The dates speak for themselves. Jan Van Eyck died in 1441; now the *Adoration of the Magi*, the first in date of Memling's works in St. John's Hospital, bears that of 1479, and the face of a peasant, which is considered to be a likeness of himself, shows a man of about thirty years of age. Let us suppose him, however, to be forty; he was scarcely born when the youngest of the brothers Van Eyck died. Let us now endeavor to prove that

* See *Musées d'Allemagne*, p. 39.

Memling is no more the author of the pictures attributed to him at Munich than he was a pupil of his glorious predecessor. All the works that he has left in Flanders are painted in distemper. It is even a characteristic of Memling to have remained faithful to the old Byzantine processes fifty years after the Van Eycks, and to have been the only one to paint in distemper in the very city where the invention of oil painting was made. We must not be too much surprised, since we know that nearly half a century after the adoption of the processes of Van Eyck in Italy several artists still painted *a tempera;* and in the Louvre there is a *Vierge à la Victoire*, by Mantegna, and a *Combat de l'Amour et de la Chasteté*, by Perugino, which, although painted in distemper, yet bear the dates 1492 and 1505. Now the Munich pictures are painted in oil, as would naturally be the case with the works of an artist who was the pupil of Van Eyck. It is impossible, then, that Memling could have painted them. Besides this, there are many proofs that several painters have been confounded under the name of Memling. For instance, the celebrated *Martyrdom of St. Erasmus*, which is the pride of the church of St. Peter of Louvain, has been recently proved, by some old document, to have been the work of a certain Dierick Stuerbout, who came from Haarlem to settle at Louvain in the latter half of the fifteenth century. It is also to Memling that is attributed the valuable polyptych, coming from the abbey of Anchin, and bequeathed to the Museum of Douai by Dr. Escallier. And now it is also discovered by authentic docu-

ments that this picture must be restored to a certain Bellegambe, of Douai, who must have been celebrated in his time, since Vasari quotes him amongst the best Flemish artists, but of whom no authentic work was known.

If it be asked, who was then the author of these pictures at Munich, Berlin, and elsewhere, which do such credit to the Flemish school at the latter half of the fifteenth century, I must confess that I am quite unable to solve this delicate question. All that I can do is to mention the greatest of Van Eyck's pupils, Pieter Christophsen, Hugo Van der Goes, Israel Van Mekenen, Rogier Van der Weyden, who is called Roger of Bruges. The latter, especially, is a worthy follower of his master, as Luini was of Leonardo da Vinci and Bonifazio of Titian. If we do not find in any of them such nobleness of style united to such delicacy of touch, then we shall have to believe that there were two painters of the same name, one persevering in the use of the Byzantine processes, the other adopting those of the Van Eycks—a Memling of Bruges and a Memling of Munich.

After them, and at the beginning of the sixteenth century, Antwerp becomes the first of the Flemish towns in the history of art; and the series of illustrious painters which raised the school of Antwerp to such a degree of superiority that all the other Flemish schools were merged into it, was founded by a simple blacksmith, Quintin Messys or Matsys (about 1466–1531). He is usually called the smith of Antwerp, because, from love as it is said, he be-

came a painter after having been a blacksmith, just as at Naples the same power converted the Zingaro from a wandering tinker to a painter. Some iron summer-houses, made to represent vine branches, which have been preserved at Antwerp and Louvain, are some of his earlier works, and also some iron carving on the tomb of Edward IV. in St. George's Chapel at Windsor is attributed to him. One line of the Latin inscription engraved on his own tomb in the cathedral of Antwerp, sums up in the following manner the romantic history of his late vocation:—

"Connubialis amor de Mulcibre fecit Appellem."

It was natural that the native town of the Antwerp smith should have preserved his finest works. There is, indeed, nothing more complete or greater amongst his whole works than the famous triptych, which represents in the centre *The Entombment;* on the right wing the *Head of John the Baptist presented to Herodias;* on the left wing *St. John the Evangelist in the boiling Oil.* These three vast compositions, united only by the ordinary shape of the pictures of that time, and in which the figures are of life-size, were ordered of the painter in 1508 by the guild of joiners in Antwerp, who paid for them 300 florins. In 1577, at the suggestion of Martin de Vos, and in order to keep them from Queen Elizabeth of England, who offered more than 5000 rose nobles (more than 40,000 florins) for them, they were bought by the town magistrate for the sum of 1500 florins. This triptych is certainly the *chef-d'œuvre* of the

master, and, I think I may add, one of the *chefs-d'œuvre* of painting. In it may be seen, in all its brilliancy, patient labor united to great intelligence. Every hair, every thread in the clothing, every blade of grass is rendered with scrupulous fidelity, and yet, notwithstanding this minute finish in the details, the whole is of the most powerful effect. This picture may be examined either near or at a distance. Nature herself may be seen in every point of view. But the work of the pencil is no less admirable; the thought is no less high and profound. To the vigorous coloring of Van Eyck, Quintin Matsys united in this picture the noble simplicity of Memling, and the laborious finish of Denner to the grand effects of Rubens. All the great qualities required in painting—movement in the scene, power of expression, variety in the attitudes and countenances—are to be found in this work, where the groups of saints and executioners show both the sublime and the grotesque, and heighten the effect of the contrast.

At the Louvre there is a *Descent from the Cross*, attributed for a long time to Lucas of Leyden, and now restored, rightly I believe, to Quintin Matsys. If he followed the order of events in these two vast triptychs, this *Descent from the Cross* must have preceded the *Entombment*. Thus the picture in the Louvre, where, indeed, more awkwardness and inelegance are to be seen with less style and expression, would have been to the artist a kind of preparation for that of Antwerp, the highest point to which the plenitude and maturity of his genius could at-

tain. Quintin Matsys may be seen to advantage, too, in the National Gallery of London in a *Salvator Mundi and the Virgin Mary*, one in a red mantle and the other in blue. These heads are painted with such exquisite finish, and that of Mary especially is of such high moral beauty, that we should have to go to the works of Raphael to find a suitable comparison.

Quintin Matsys is precisely the contemporary of Albert Dürer, and as after the death of the great painter of Nuremberg the Germans went to Italy for masters, so did the Flemings after the death of the smith of Antwerp go to Florence and Venice for lessons and models. There was, however, a great difference in the result: the Germans remained in Italy and became Italian; the Flemings returned to their own land, and, by endeavoring to unite the idealistic school of Italy to the realistic school of Flanders, prepared the way for the great Flemish school which produced Rubens and his disciples. Among the first rank of these painters is JAN GOSSAERT (about 1470–1532), commonly called JAN DE MABUSE or MAUBEUGE, from the name of his birthplace (in Latin, Malbodium). Taken to Italy when thirty-three years of age, by the bishop, Philip of Burgundy, he passed a dozen years at Florence and Rome, in the time of Leonardo da Vinci and Raphael. There, correcting the stiffness of the school of Leyden, where he had first studied, by the Italian ease and taste, he commenced the sort of compromise between the styles of the South and North which characterizes this second epoch of Flemish

art; and on his return to his country he devoted all the rest of his works to making this new intermediate style well known; he had then, notwithstanding his very lax morals, a grave and very important part in the traditional history of art.

Jan de Mabuse has left numerous works; they may be found in Antwerp, Brussels, Munich, Berlin, Hampton Court, St. Petersburg, and a few imperfect specimens at Paris. Let us take those of Berlin to mark the changes in his style. The large *Calvary*, in which the cross of the Saviour is not erected on the barren Golgotha but in the midst of a green and smiling landscape, terminated in the distance by the view of a Flemish city, is a work of his youth, although it is admirable from its power of expression, its coloring, perspective, and good preservation. The *Drunkenness of Noah* is the copy of a fresco in the ceiling of the Sistine, and the figures in a *Madonna* in the midst of an ornamental landscape are imitated from Leonardo da Vinci. But after these thoroughly Italian works, the compromise between the two arts is seen clearly in two diptychs, one of which contains *Adam and Eve*, and the other *Neptune and Amphitrite*. These figures are tall, strong and full, both in form and painting, already very different from the primitive meagreness and dryness, and are far advanced in the Italian style. The mythological group appears to me the finer, especially *Neptune*, who is crowned, and almost dressed in shells. The Italian qualities in this picture are so striking that it might very innocently be doubted whether a Fleming was the author, if he had not himself af-

fixed his signature: "Joannes Malbodius pingebat, 1516." It was after his return from Italy, when he was forty-five years old.

Following Gossaert, and in the same intermediate route, we find successively BERNARD VAN ORLEY (about 1480–about 1550), who placed himself, like the Germans Schoreel and Pencz, amongst the disciples of the chief of the Roman schools:—MICHAEL VAN COXCYEN, or COXIS (1497–1952), who was called the "Raphael of Flanders" because he went further than Van Orley in the imitation of the Italians; he might also have been named the Titian of the Low Countries, since, like the illustrious centenarian of Venice, he died at ninety-three of the same death as Murillo, falling from a scaffold, where he was still working in spite of his great age; LAMBERT SUSTERMANN (1506–1560), who is called the "Lombard," and whom Vasari calls "Lambert Suavius"; FRANZ DE VRIENDT, commonly called FRANZ FLORIS, who shared with Coxis the glorious name of the "Flemish Raphael," but who is rendered more original by a certain force of expression imitated rom Michael Angelo; MARTIN DE VOS, chief of that numerous family of painters, amongst whom was Cornelis and Simon, and who may be recognized by an almost Venetian coloring as a disciple of Tintoretto; lastly, OTHON VAN VEEN, who is usually called OTTO VÆNIUS (1456–1629). This illustrious man, who, besides studying painting, science, and literature, was also a distinguished mathematician, historian, and poet, may be studied at Paris in a collection of portraits, dated 1584, which is called

Otto Vœnius and his Family. It is a fine picture, of much interest and importance. But, like Perugino and Wohlgemuth, the chief title of Otto Vœnius, to glory is through his pupil; he was the master of Rubens.

An heir of both the earlier and later Flemish schools, PETER PAUL RUBENS (1577–1640) is also the latest expression and highest triumph of Flemish art renewed and invigorated by its intercourse with Italy. He was the son of a physician who had compromised himself in politics, and he was very early left an orphan. He was born at Siegen in Nassau, passed his infancy at Cologne, and established himself when quite young at Antwerp, which he only quitted to travel in Italy, Spain, and England. Rubens lived the same kind of magnificent and honored life as Raphael, and enjoyed it during a longer time. He married twice, his first wife being Elizabeth Brandt, and his second the charming Helena Fourment; he was happy in his family, celebrated, rich, and powerful, a protector of artists, and a friend of nobles, and even kings. His love of work was so constant, and his fertility so wonderful, that there are nearly fifteen hundred of his pictures which have been engraved, and this enormous number is scarcely half his works. In the Louvre there are forty-two pictures by him; Antwerp is almost as rich as Paris; Madrid is equally so. In the Hermitage at St. Petersburg no less than fifty-four pictures or sketches are ascribed to him, and the largest of the rooms and the deepest of the cabinets of the Pinacothek at Munich, forming a separate

museum in the midst of the general one, are entirely filled by ninety-five paintings by Rubens, all authentic and, what is still more important, all well chosen. And then Dresden, Vienna, Brussels, London—it would be impossible to enumerate all.

Before endeavoring to make a choice among this profusion, we must speak of Rubens in a more general and absolute manner. Rubens is the highest standard of excellence to the exclusive lovers of coloring, as Raphael is to the exclusive lovers of form. Neither of these painters made any claim to this singular honor now paid to them. Rubens often sought purity of drawing, even in his boldest flights, and frequently succeeded; and Raphael, especially towards the close of his short life, had acquired very respectable coloring. Their example even proves the futility of the distinctions which amuse the present age of artistic decay, and show how vain is the contest carried on under the two banners. In my opinion, painting consists both of form and color, just in the same way as music is composed, necessarily and inseparably, of melody and harmony. But as connoisseurs of music have been found who denied the need of melody, which is the outline of music, so there are connoisseurs in painting who deny the necessity of the line, which is the melody of painting. They say, for example, that in painting the line has no real existence; that it is simply the limitation of color, and nothing beyond; that the duration of a sound constitutes time; and that the extent of color determines the outline. This paralogism rests on an exterior and accessory

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THE DESCENT FROM THE CROSS—BY RUBENS.

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fact, and not by any means profound—namely, that painting, properly so called, is always *colored.* We may triumphantly reply to this, that, independently of color, the line exists both in nature and art. If we look at a chain of mountains in the horizon, a *saw* (*sierra*), as the Spaniards call it, standing out with its sharp outlines against a dark background, can we then deny the pure line? Even the clouds, with their misty and fugitive images, trace lines in space, from the simple reason that the line is form.

Having made this digression, we must examine some of the principal works of Rubens, beginning with those in his adopted country.

The celebrated *Descent from the Cross*, which is unanimously considered the finest of all the numerous works of Rubens, is in the cathedral of Antwerp. In looking at this masterpiece we must beware of expecting too much, for imagination is apt to play us such tricks that we are seldom satisfied with a first view, even of the Alps or the ocean. This picture was painted in order to pay the Company of Archers of Antwerp for some ground which Rubens required in order to enlarge his house. The *Descent from the Cross* is the central panel of a vast triptych, on the wings of which are the *Visitation* and the *Presentation of Jesus in the Temple.* This picture cannot be seen very well; it is hung rather too high, and the way in which the light falls on it prevents us from seizing the whole at a glance—a defective arrangement which necessitates a long contemplation of the work. It is needless to describe the subject. It is a large scene of high character, in which

we find a nobler conception and more finished execution than usual, besides calmness in the midst of energetic movement, and, also, in this instance, no less grandeur than fire and energy. The merits of the work are much increased by its perfect unity. All is in motion around the body of Jesus, which is, indeed, wonderfully delineated, full of *morbidezza*, very heavy and dead (too dead, perhaps, for there is nothing to announce the approaching resurrection), yet preserving, nevertheless, a dignity which may well be termed "divine majesty." St. John, who wears a red garment, and is supporting the inanimate remains of the Saviour; the Virgin, absorbed in profound grief; and Mary Magdalene, whose tears only increase her beauty—form an admirable group at the foot of the Cross. I speak merely of the general arrangement and style. What need is there to praise the coloring of Rubens' masterpiece?*

Of the other pictures by Rubens at Antwerp, a *Crucifixion*, the pendent of the above-mentioned painting, a vast *Assumption of the Virgin*, placed over the high altar in the same cathedral, and the coloring of which is magnificent, besides the eighteen pictures in the museum, amongst which may be found a *Last Communion of St. Francis*, unsurpassed, perhaps, by any other work of Rubens,

* "An anti-Christian conception," says M. Alfred Michiels, "inspired the *Descent from the Cross*, and never has a less pious work ornamented a church. A pantheist would not have executed it differently. The body of Jesus is not that of the God who is to rise on the third day; it is rather the corpse of a man in whom the flame of life is for ever extinct."

although both that and the *Assumption* enter into dangerous rivalry with the masterpieces of Titian and Domenichino. My own particular favorite is in the modest-looking church of St. James. Here is to be found the tomb of Rubens, his portrait, and one of his principal works. The tomb, designed by the painter himself, fills a small chapel behind the choir of the church. His body rests in the centre of this chapel under a stone which has been covered with a long Latin inscription enumerating all the names, titles, and virtues of the deceased. The only inscription necessary would have been *Rubens.* Shakespeare says, "Would you praise Cæsar, say *Cæsar*—go no further." The picture over the altar contains, under pretence of a *Holy Family*, the whole family of the painter, who was as much a sceptic and a pagan as Titian and Correggio. The warrior St. George is Rubens himself; St. Jerome is his father; Time his grandfather; an angel his youngest son; Martha and Mary Magdalene his first wife and the one then living. The Virgin is supposed to have been a Fraulein Lunden, who served him as a model several times, and whom he immortalized under the name of *Chapeau de Paille.* This pretended *Holy Family*, which contains far more than the orthodox number of personages for this subject, is a magnificent picture, in which there is everything to admire—composition, color, effect, and preservation. Of all the great works by Rubens which I have seen from Madrid to St. Petersburg, I know none superior to this simple collection of portraits. It is said, however, that it only took him

seventeen days to paint. It was done in 1625, fifteen years before his death.

We must now leave Flanders, not stopping even at Brussels, and pass on to Munich, where we shall find ninety-five paintings by Rubens, including specimens of all his styles, in subjects taken from sacred, profane, and mythological history, in allegory, portrait, landscape painting, etc. The largest and most valuable of all those in the Pinacothek is certainly the *Last Judgment*, which is the same size as the *Descent from the Cross*. Rubens had seen the *Last Judgment* in the Sistine, so he appears to have taken great care to avoid any resemblance to the work of his illustrious predecessor. He has treated the same subject, but in a different and almost opposite manner. Michael Angelo, always gloomy in his disposition, shows in this work all the wild melancholy of his character. To him the merciful Redeemer of mankind is a thundering Jupiter who, as a terrible and inexorable judge, pours his wrath on all the vices of humanity. Rubens, on the contrary, more thoroughly a man, makes the Christ an equitable and merciful judge. Although he condemns the wicked he also recompenses the good, and although he throws open hell he also opens the gates of heaven. Below the eternal throne and the celestial court are two vast groups; on the right, the condemned, who are being precipitated by a hideous group of demons into the abyss: on the left, the redeemed, who are carried to the celestial mansions by glorious angels. In this group I recognized with emotion, and almost with gratitude, a poor negro,

who seems as much surprised as delighted to find justice at last, and to go to eternal happiness with his white brothers. Certainly such a thought of philanthropy and humanity was very rare two centuries and a half ago. This contrast between the two parts of the picture gives greater clearness and interest to the whole work; and in this respect Rubens surpassed Michael Angelo, who, from neglecting all the symbols allowed by art and religion, and from making simple men of all the inhabitants of heaven and hell, has not entirely avoided the confusion inseparable from such a vast and complicated subject. What need is there to carry the comparison any farther? Whilst fully granting to the fresco of Michael Angelo his inimitable perfection in drawing, in the boldness of his attitudes, and knowledge of muscular anatomy, we must yet admire in Rubens all the magic of light and shadow and the splendor of coloring. Who does not know what Rubens is when he attains real greatness? The *Last Judgment* occupies the centre of the principal room, and when, taking advantage of the length of the room, we look at it from a distance, the eye is really dazzled, and we might almost think that the painter has borrowed rays of celestial light and poured them on his painting.

We ought properly to give some notice of each one of the pictures in the Munich gallery, and we have not room even for their names. We must, then, merely make a few remarks on them in passing. The painting of the *Fall of the Damned*, usually called the *Small Last Judgment*, is far more

like the frescoes of Michael Angelo than the other. Here, in the vortex of living beings, angels, men, women, and devils, all mingled together, the work of the imagination equals the manual labor. Another picture, of *Susannah*, which is lighted up by the rays of the evening sun through the trees, evidently painted off at once without any last touches and corrections, is a perfect miracle of coloring. Rubens, although he excelled in the painting of children, has never surpassed the *Seven Children carrying a Festoon of Fruit and Flowers.* This little procession forms a charming picture; the children are bending under the weight of their trophy, and one, more mischievous or more *gourmand* than the rest, is eating the grapes from a cluster hanging over his head. The two portraits of the painter himself, in one with his first, and in the other with his second wife and also that of this much loved second wife alone, magnificently attired, rank among the first of his works. Lastly, several landscapes—one of a herd of cows, another of a storm and rainbow—show the universality of the great painter, who was able to treat every subject as a master.

We must now go on to Vienna. In the immense Lichtenstein Gallery we must admire the long series of pictures illustrating the History of Decius. But we must pass on rapidly to the Belvedere, where there are forty-three of Rubens' pictures—a sufficient number, I should imagine, to enable us to judge of his various qualities, including that of fertility. Two large rooms on the first floor are filled with his works, which is not surprising, when one

picture alone occupies a whole side of a wall. If, indeed, we would make any calculation of what Rubens accomplished, we should have to take into consideration, not merely the number of the pictures, but also the number of square feet contained in them. The total would appear almost incredible for a life that did not much exceed sixty years.

We must give a rapid glance at the magnificent portrait of the beautiful Helena Fourment, who is draped merely in a magnificent fur mantle, and also at a *Festival of Venus in the Isle of Cytherea*, which is wonderful in its color, motion, and life. Here we find not merely groups of loves, nymphs, and fauns dancing and sporting about, but also ladies of the time and country of the artist, bringing their gifts to the most pagan of the divinities. We must then pass on to the central hall, where three pictures entirely cover one of the sides. To the right and left of an *Assumption*, intended for a high altar, there are two vast pendents, devoted to the two greatest of the Jesuits. In one Ignatius Loyola is curing a demoniac, in the other Francis Xavier is preaching the gospel to the Indians. The first event takes in a church, so that Rubens had only to copy a scene and personages before him, but for the other he had no assistance but imagination, to which he gave ample scope. Standing on a terrace, opposite a Grecian temple, with columns and frontons, from whence the idols are being thrown down, the apostle of the Indians is catechising an audience dressed in such a manner that fashion itself could not have surpassed the artist in caprice and singularity.

Whatever may be the merit of these large paintings, and also of others, such as the *Four Qaarters of the Globe*, personified by the Danube, the Nile, the Ganges, and the Amazon, and the *St. Ambrosius shutting the Temple Gates to Theodosius*, I should not give to any of these the first place amongst the works of Rubens in the Belvedere. There is another, which I believe to be not only his *chef-d'œuvre* here, but also to be one of the greatest of his entire works. This is a vast triptych, uniting to the religious subject in the centre the portraits of the donors painted on the wings, with their patron saints. The subject of the centre picture is, the *Appearance of the Virgin to St. Ildefonso*, and represents the Madonna presenting sacerdotal garments to the new archbishop of Toledo. The donors are the Archduke Albert of Austria, governor of the Low Countries for Spain, his wife Isabella, and Clara Eugenia, the daughter of Philip II., who, when a widow, became an abbess. Both are kneeling, the former, near St. Albert, in a cardinal's costume, and the latter, near St. Clara, in the costume of an abbess, turning towards the vision of St. Ildefonso; and we may well say of the picture, as well as of the portraits, that Rubens has nowhere shown a union of greater nobleness, truth, and brilliancy. We might search in vain amongst his innumerable works for anything superior to this triptych, and it is to it that I should adjudge the highest praise.

We must now leave Germany, and, without stopping either at Berlin or at Dresden, pass at once to Paris. There are forty-two of Rubens' paintings in

the Louvre. This is the greatest number by any single master to be found in the whole catalogue; and certainly we cannot complain here of a useless wealth that merely serves to reveal the poverty around, as when speaking of the Bolognese school. The greater part of this number, and certainly the most important ones, form a series, and may be considered as a single work. This is called the *History of Marie de Medici.* Our readers will remember that, after her interview at Brissac, in 1620, with Louis XIII., and their momentary reconciliation, the widow of Henry IV. lived in the palace of the Luxembourg at Paris. Endowed with the taste for the fine arts hereditary in her family, this daughter of the Medici wished the long gallery of the palace, and another gallery which she intended to have constructed, to be decorated by eminent artists. In one her own history was to be depicted, in the other that of the great and good Henry IV. The Baron de Vicq, then ambassador from the Archduke Albert, proposed Rubens to the Queen. Marie accepted the artist, and the artist accepted the work. He came to Paris in 1621, painted in chiaroscuro, under the eyes of the queen-mother, sketches for the pictures of the first series, and, on his return to his studio at Antwerp, with the assistance of his principal pupils, he proceeded rapidly with the work, which he returned to Paris to terminate in 1623 to 1625. Rubens had already commenced the sketches for the *History of Henry IV.*, when the fresh and definitive exile of the queen-mother, pronounced by Richelieu, put an end to the work.

This *History of Marie de Medici*, then, was intended merely as the decoration of a palace; it is now in the Louvre, and will be henceforth the ornament of that museum, as it is one of the finest works of the master. Certainly, if we consider its subject, this long poem in twenty-one cantos is not a history, but rather a series of allegories, or even of allegorical flatteries, in which it is difficult to recognize the haughty, obstinate, and false Marie de Medici, who as a wife made herself hated by her husband, as a mother by her son, and as regent by her subjects. Under the magic pencil of Rubens, this elegant flattery deserves the definition given of it by some deep thinker: "It shows us the shadows at sunset." Doubtless, also, when looked on as simple works of art, these twenty-one pictures are not equal to the *Descent from the Cross*, at Antwerp, or the *St. Ildefonso*, at Vienna. But yet, from the unwonted greatness of the whole, from the inexhaustible invention and variety of the subjects, as well as from the wonderful execution of some parts, such as the *Education of Marie*, her *Marriage*, her *Coronation*, the *Birth of Louis XIII.*, the *Apotheosis of Henri IV.*, etc., this long series, taken as a whole, is inferior to none of Rubens' works.

To these must be added the portrait of that same Marie de Medici—another allegory and deceptive flattery—for Rubens represented her as Bellona on horseback, like the great Minerva of Phidias, holding in her hand the statue of Victory, whilst she is being crowned with laurels. Are these laurels those of her unworthy favorite, the Maréchal d'Ancre, who

was slain by the sword without having drawn his own? But in such a magnificent work, a perfect masterpiece of the art of representing human nature, whilst at the same time ennobling it, everything may be forgiven, even its hyperbole and want of truth. Rubens is well represented in the Louvre. Besides his favorite allegories and several portraits, there are two landscapes, one of which is lighted by a rainbow, whilst in the other, near the drawbridge of a castle, several knights are *breaking lances*, as if in a tournament. There is also a large *Kermesse*, or *Fair*, which is no less gay and animated than if it were by Jan Steen. There are also some pictures with small figures. These are much rarer among his works, and, I may venture to say, are the most precious, first, because they belong in general to the time of his complete maturity, when the fire of his youth had given place to good taste and a greater desire for perfection; and, in the second place, because they are entirely by his own hand.

This was not, however, it must be confessed, the opinion of Rubens himself. In 1621, when 44 years of age, and when he was beginning the *History of Marie de Medici*, he wrote from Antwerp to one of his friends in London: "I confess that I am, from a natural instinct, more suited for very large works than for small ones. Every one has his own line; my talent is such that no undertaking, however vast in quantity and in the thought required for it, has surpassed my courage." He doubtless changed his opinion at a later time, as is shown in the Louvre by the *Flight of Lot*, led out of Sodom by an angel

with outstretched wings, and followed by his family. This is an excellent and carefully-painted picture, which France may well be proud of possessing, since Rubens himself seems to have been proud of having painted it, as it is one of the small number which he signed. His name (Pe. Pa. Rubens), traced by himself at the bottom of this little picture, is in some degree the seal of preference and superiority. And, indeed, to find an equal to it in the same style we should have to go to Madrid to the Museo del Rey. There, amongst such a number of other works that, as at Munich, a gallery might be formed of the works of Rubens alone, we shall find a *Glorified Virgin* adored by a group of fifteen saints—Peter and Paul (the patrons of the painter), George, Sebastian, Magdalen, Theresa, etc., the most poetical of the saints. Although the figures are only about a foot in height, this *Madonna* is a wonderful work. The arrangement of the groups, the strength and delicacy of the touch, color, and effect are almost magical. The more fervent admirers of Rubens—those who have admired him at Antwerp, Munich, Vienna, and Paris—if they have not seen this picture, do not yet know him entirely.

We might cross the whole of Europe at a bound, and examine another rich collection of pictures in the Hermitage of St. Petersburg, where we should find, amongst many other works of the great painter of Antwerp, *The Feast in the House of Simon the Pharisee.* But it will be better to pass at once to England. If I had to name the one of Rubens' works which appeared to me superior in its execu-

tion to any of the others, I should choose one of those in the gallery of the Marquis of Westminster —*The History of Ixion and the Cloud.* This is a real *capo d'opera* in all the extent of that much-abused word. But the picture which is most interesting, at once from its beauty and its history, is the *Diana and her Nymphs* on their return from the chase, surprised during sleep by satyrs. This picture was taken to Hampton Court, and presented to Charles I. by Rubens, during his visit to the king in 1629, when charged with a secret mission by Charles IV. of Spain. It was at this time, when he was copying a *Venus* by Titian, that a nobleman finding him at his easel, asked him in surprise: "Does the ambassador of His Catholic Majesty sometimes amuse himself with painting?" "I amuse myself sometimes with being an ambassador," replied the artist. A good reply; but which does not suffice to remove from him the reproach of having assisted to unite the Courts of Spain and England; of having served a foreign government who kept his country under the yoke of a tyrannical oppression. It would be better to quote another saying of Rubens, which artists would do well to remember when they are harassed by critics; he was in the habit of saying, "Do well, and you will have enviers, do better, and you will confound them."

Amongst the numerous pupils of Rubens there are two which deserve to be named immediately after him, JACOB JORDAENS (1593–1678), who, like Rubens himself, had studied under the singular

Adam Van Noort, and ANTONY VAN DYCK (1599–1641), who only learned of Rubens, and whose reputation rivalled that of his master.

It is not in the Louvre that Jordaens can be studied to advantage. His *Christ driving the Money Changers out of the Temple* is only sacred in name and subject; it is either intended to be comic or sarcastic, for it is thought that Jordaens having adopted the reformed religion, wished, allegorically, to represent Luther chastising the Romish church. It is, in fact, a sort of poultry-yard, in the style of Bassano or of Hondekoeter. This picture, however, is painted with all the fullness, energy, and excessive fire which are usual with Jordaens, and which he carried to a far greater extent than even Rubens in the commencement of his career. In his *Four Evangelists* we are unable to see anything but caricatures, the product of a misdirected talent, which in degrading its subjects also lowers itself. Is it possible that this was really only intended for mockery? The young artist would indeed be deluded who should go to them for models, or even for excuses. They are only useful to show the faults which are to be shunned; they are the drunken slaves of the young Spartans. The same opinion may be formed of the portrait of the Dutch admiral Michael Ruyter; for however stout he may have been, this great commander, this terrible conqueror of the fleets of Algiers, Sweden, England, and France cannot be faithfully represented by the bloated face of a tavern haunter. To find any Jordaens worthy to be taken as a model, we must go

to the museum at Brussels. Here we shall find two compositions equal, if not superior, to any by this master. The more important, since it contains ten or twelve figures the size of life, is a *Miracle of St. Martin*, who is healing a demoniac before the proconsul. It is painted with that fiery color which characterizes Jordaens; but with almost as much true nobleness as force. The other subject, an allegory of the occupations and gifts of the autumn, is of much more sober coloring, though it loses nothing of its brilliancy. It seems to me that this picture of the *Autumn* may be called Jordaens' masterpiece; at least I have never heard any other works of this master mentioned with the praise that this one deserves. The landscape, the fruits, the actors of the scene, especially a satyr carrying a little faun on his shoulders, and a naked nymph, are of great vigor and wonderful effect. It is Caravaggio or Ribera, with the coloring of Rubens.

In the Museum of Antwerp the precious tables are still preserved in which the names of the deans of the corporation of painters were successively inscribed from its foundation in 1454 until its extinction in 1778. Two names only in this long list are inscribed in capital letters; that of Rubens, under the date 1631, and that of Van Dyck under 1634. Van Dyck deserves more, then, than to be called "the moon of Rubens' sun." In the first place he equalled his master in fertility. His life indeed was shorter by one-half—I mean his artist life, which scarcely begins under twenty. He died when forty-two, and so could only work half as long

as Rubens, who lived to be sixty-three. If we endeavor to count his works, we shall find forty at St. Petersburg, forty-one at Munich, twenty-four in the Belvedere, and twenty-four in the Lichtenstein galleries at Vienna, nineteen at Dresden, twenty-two at Windsor, and I do not know how many in the National Gallery, in the Museo del Rey, and in the Louvre.

If we continue the parallel, we must make a distinction: Van Dyck remained below his master in composition. In the first place, he is very far from having his inexhaustible invention; he usually confined himself to a *Dead Christ*, frequently repeated, and a *Mater Dolorosa*, with her eyes always raised to heaven and reddened with tears. Van Dyck also does not possess the wonderful execution of Rubens. However, some very fine works suffice to prove what he might have done in a longer and freer life. Such, for example, is the *Taking of Jesus in the Garden of Gethsemane*, which is in the Museum of Madrid. At first sight, when the eye encounters the red glare of the torches borne by the soldiers, the picture might be taken for the work of Jordaens; but in the rather studied elegance of the attitudes, the beauty of the features, the delicacy of the touch, and the moderation in the effects, we recognize the more elevated and softer style of Van Dyck. Others of his finer composition may be found in various galleries. At Munich there is a *Christ on the Cross*, of wonderful expression and effect; at Vienna, the *Vision of the Blessed Hermann Joseph*, a favored monk, who is receiving the ring given him by the

Virgin in sign of mystic marriage; at Dresden, a *Danae* receiving the rain of golden pieces which a Love—unworthy of the name—is trying on a touchstone; at Antwerp, another *Christ on the Cross*, between St. Dominic and St. Catherine of Sienna, a simple work, though one of great nobility, which Van Dyck painted in 1629, to accomplish a vow of his dying father; at Brussels, there is a *Martyrdom of St. Peter*, which unites great energy to the dignity requisite for a sacred subject; at St. Petersburg, the celebrated *Madonna with the Partridges*, which formed the glory of Sir Robert Walpole's gallery before it was acquired by the Empress Catherine; lastly, at the Louvre, we find a third *Dead Christ*, wept over by his mother and adored by angels and cherubim—all the figures small.

But in portrait painting Van Dyck fully makes up for any deficiency in composition; there he surpasses all the painters of his time, including even Rubens; there he rises to the greatest height, and fears no rival but Titian, Holbein, Velazquez, and Rembrandt. We have merely time to take a rapid survey of the most celebrated of his portraits, which have been dispersed over Europe. Antwerp has retained that of its fifth bishop, *John Malderus*, and the more astonishing one of the Italian *Scaglia*, one of the negotiators for Spain at the Congress of Munster. Italy—where Van Dyck remained for five years in order to complete before the works of Titian the lessons of Rubens—has retained several of his portraits. At Florence, *Charles V.* on horseback, with an eagle bringing him the laurel wreath;

at Turin, the Prince Thomas de Savoie-Carignan, in an heroic posture, rather too heroic for this general of medium ability, and which would scarcely suit even the conqueror of Malplaquet. The National Gallery of London shows with pride one of the greatest works of Van Dyck. This is the bust of an old man of a grave and noble countenance, who is said to be the learned *Gevartius* (Gevaerts, historiographer of Antwerp), but who is rather, according to the engraving by P. Pontius, *Cornelius van der Guest, artis pictoriæ amator.* At Windsor, among many other of his works, there is a portrait of a *Mrs. Margaret Leman,* which is beautiful, both from nature and art. The same praise may be given to a *Countess of Oxford* in the Madrid Museum. In Germany, especially in Munich, the finest of the portraits are pendents, representing a *Burgomaster of Antwerp and his Wife,* both clothed in rich black robes. Van Dyck has never surpassed these two admirable works. I shall not say it is nature itself, the praise would be insufficient, when speaking of art; but I shall say it is the highest point art can attain in the imitation of nature. These are equalled, however, by two other portraits, the pride of the Lichtenstein Gallery of Vienna, which have been placed as pendents, and have an advantage over the others in the interest attaching to beauty and fame. The former, a model of grace and beauty, is a young princess of Tour-et-Taxis; the second, still more astonishing as a work of art, is an admirable head of a warrior, full of energy and power; his bearing is haughty, his glance imperious,

and his red moustache, turned up at the ends, covers a mouth in which may be read disdainful pride and the habit of command. This is said to be the famous *Wallenstein*, Duke of Friedland, the adversary of Gustavus Adolphus, and one of the most prominent chieftains in the Thirty Years' War. But it is difficult to adapt this fine martial countenance to the history of the dreadful leader of the condottieri of Ferdinand II., and to the descriptions given of him by contemporary annals. And, besides, where could Van Dyck have seen him? It must have been merely the desire of giving a celebrated name to this celebrated picture which led to its receiving that of Wallenstein. The hermitage also possesses a collection of portraits by Van Dyck. In the first place, one of Charles I. of England, at twenty-five years of age, and Henrietta Maria of France, at twenty-six; the former in armor and the latter in court dress. Then two other ladies, who have been supposed to be the wife and daughter of Cromwell, and a warrior, holding a bâton of command, who is usually called Cromwell himself. There must be some error in these designations. Van Dyck died in 1641. At this period Cromwell was scarcely known, having only just entered into the Long Parliament, and he was only named general of cavalry in 1644. But these pseudo-historic portraits and many others, even that of the young Prince of Orange, are all surpassed by that of a certain *Van der Wouver*, who was minister for Spain in the Netherlands. This portrait, painted

in 1632, may dispute the foremost rank with the *Wallenstein* and *Gevartius*.

The Louvre is not less rich. It possesses, in the first place, a portrait of the royal protector of the painter, Charles I., life-size, in the elegant costume of the cavaliers; an excellent work, which Madame Dubarry disputed for with the Empress of Prussia, and purchased very dearly, wishing, as she said, "to preserve a family portrait." It is to be regretted that this picture has not its usual pendent, the heroic Henrietta Maria of France, whose funeral oration was pronounced by Bossuet. Afterwards come the three children of Charles and Henrietta Maria, all celebrated, all crowned after their exile—Charles II., James II., and Mary, wife of William of Orange, whose son became William III. of England. There are, besides, the portraits of two other brothers, also princes, one of whom, although a foreigner, played an important part in the history of England in the seventeenth century. These are Ludwig I., Duke of Bavaria, and his younger brother, known as Prince Rupert, who was one of the unfortunate generals of Charles I., was created Duke of Cumberland by Charles II., and who, having devoted the remainder of his life to the application of physical science to art and trade, is said to have invented engraving in mezzo-tinto. Another portrait is of Don Francisco de Monçada, on horseback and in armor. This worthy rival of the Marie de Medici as Bellona, is perhaps the finest of the rare equestrian portraits by Van Dyck, and the honor of having been engraved by Raphael Mor-

ghen adds still more to its value and celebrity. Lastly, there are pendents, one of them a man standing, dressed in black, the other a lady seated in a crimson chair, both holding a young girl by the hand, and forming the usual pendents of a husband and wife. These, although of unknown persons, seem to me the highest expression of the marvellous talent of Van Dyck—at all events, of those in the Louvre. They are nearly equal to the Munich pendents of the burgomaster and his wife, which are surpassed by none.

In all these portraits, amongst other qualities, we find invariably that grace and distinguished look which cannot fail to be a little conventional, and even sometimes introduced at the expense of truth, since Van Dyck has given it to all his portraits. The explanation of this special trait may perhaps be found in the portrait of Van Dyck himself, in his brilliant youth. The handsome face of the *pittore cavalieresco*, as the Italians called him, where it may be seen that the artist took the nobility from himself, with which he so liberally endowed his models, accounts for much of his success in gallantry. It also explains the high marriage which he, a simple artist, the son of a linendraper, made two centuries ago in aristocratic England with the grand-daughter of the Earl of Gowrie, the niece of the Duchess of Montrose.

I consider that DAVID TENIERS the younger (1610–1685) may also be considered a disciple of Rubens, although he received no other lessons than those of his father, whom he far surpassed, though, at the

same time, imitating him. Having now come to Teniers, we must retrace our steps for a few minutes in order to be better able to understand him.

We have seen that most of the Flemish artists, following the example of Mabuse, Van Orley, Coxis, and Franz Floris, had become *impregnated*, if we may be allowed the expression, with Italian art, forming by the union a new school of which Rubens was the head. Some, however, remained pure Flemings, and would not owe any of their excellence to Italy. Of this number was the family of POURBUS (Peter, the elder, and the younger, Franz), and the more numerous family of FRANCKEN, father, uncles, sons, and grandsons. The younger Pourbus (1570-1622) settled in France when very young, where he left two portraits of Henry IV. of small size, both painted in 1610, the same year in which that king fell by the hand of Ravaillac. Amongst the pure Flemings may also be found JOACHIM PATINIER (about 1520), who had the distinguished honor of being painted by Albert Dürer and praised by Rabelais; HENRI VAN BLES, whom the Italians called *Civetta* (the owl), because he chose that bird of darkness for his monogram; and, lastly, the elder PIETER BREUGHEL (1520?-about 1600), also called Peasant or Jovial Breughel, to distinguish him from his son Jan, named also Velvet Breughel, and from his grandson Pieter, called Hell Breughel. He was one of the painters of the comic and familiar *genre* so dear to the painters of the Netherlands, in which also Brauwer, Jan Steen, Ostade, and Teniers excelled. To find good specimens of his works we

may go to the Belvedere at Vienna. He we shall find one of *Winter*, an animated landscape, where the aspect and the pleasures of the season are depicted; *Children's Sports*, in which we see a school during playtime, the boys all indulging in the games invented for their amusement; and also the *Fight between Carnival and Lent*, in which the thin are fighting against the fat, a popular comedy of the Middle Ages. I do not think it extravagant to say that, if Rabelais himself had narrated this burlesque battle, there would not have been more invention or wit in his written description than in Breughel's painting. It is dated 1559, and was thus only twenty years later than the *Gargantua*.

Sometimes Breughel rises to more serious works; I mean to graver subjects, which he treats almost in the same manner as popular comedies. In the picture of *Christ bearing his Cross*, Calvary is seen in the distance with the crosses on its summit; the two thieves are being drawn along in a cart and exhorted by a monk, who, as the height of historical accuracy, is holding a crucifix in his hand. Our Lord is walking behind them, dragging a log of wood, in the midst of a crowd of people, dressed in doublets and trunk-hose, some of whom, attempting the deliverance of the prisoners, are repulsed by the halberds and arquebuses of the soldiers of police. Breughel, in this resembles Shakespeare; who, in Troilus and Cressida, makes Ulysses say *Amen*. In the *Building of the Tower of Babel* we see, between a Flemish town, which is intended to represent Babylon, and a river, with green banks, which is

the Euphrates, the tower itself, built of stone and brick. The king has come to see the works and hasten them on. The enormous building is already so high that a cloud conceals the summit. Breughel, who gave so much local coloring to his works, had, at all events, the sense to give the tower the form of a pyramid, the shape of all the ancient oriental monuments, as well in India as in Egypt. This picture, dated 1563, is a small world in motion, and the great finish of the execution gives it as much interest and value as the singularity of the subject.

The inventor of *genre*-painting amongst the Flemings leads us to the master of the school.

It is said that Louis XIV., at the sight of some pictures by David Teniers, which were presented to him at Versailles, cried out impatiently, in apparent disgust: "*Emportez vite ces magots!*" General taste has not ratified this condemnation absurdly pronounced by the great king, who only appreciated the heavy pictures of Lebrun and Jouvenet, in accordance with the style of his Versailles. Princes now seek no less eagerly than plebeians for these same grotesque pictures to put in their museums. Where is Teniers not to be found, even in considerable numbers? At Madrid, there are sixty pictures by his hand, at St. Petersburg, forty-seven, at Dresden, twenty-three, at Vienna, twenty-three also, at Munich, fourteen; and it would be almost impossible to count those he has left elsewhere, after fruitful labor as an artist during more than fifty years. "To contain all my pictures," said he, "two leagues

of galleries would be required." His best works, however, come neither at the beginning nor end of his long career: they belong rather to what is called his silver period. Th. Thoré says correctly of Teniers, "that the pictures belonging to his middle life are the best. In his youth he followed his father too implicitly; in his old age his imagination became somewhat stereotyped, and his hand somewhat heavier. Teniers is like some of the fishes he painted so well, excellent between the head and tail."

Teniers, who became rich and celebrated, and was able to entertain at his castle of Trois-Tours (at Perck, between Antwerp and Malines) the most select society of the Netherlands, was the guest and friend of the governors, the Archdukes Albert and Leopold William. He was afterwards the friend and master of the second Don John of Austria (natural and favorite son of Philip IV. and of the comedian Maria Calderon). In the North, Christina of Sweden valued his works very highly, and paid for them magnificently. In the South, Philip IV. of Spain, the most fervent lover of art, admired them so much, and acquired so many, that he was able to form a whole gallery of them. But the anathema of Louis XIV. long kept Teniers out of the *Cabinet of the Kings of France;* so it is not in the Louvre that he can be thoroughly appreciated. He is still incomplete there. Several even of the fifteen pictures which represent him are merely what are termed his *after-dinner* works, because Teniers only began and completed them between

his evening repast and sleep. Certainly his *Temptation of St. Antony* is full of ingenious drolleries, delicately finished. But where are not amusing *Temptations of St. Antony* to be found? What gallery in Europe can, at least, not show one of them? Madrid alone has three, all more important than that in the Louvre. Doubtless, also, the *Feasts*, *Village Dances*, and *Tavern Scenes* which he so much loved to represent, his *Peter denying Christ* (the scene of which is, strangely enough, represented as taking place amidst a corps of Walloon Infantry), and especially his *Prodigal Son*—a young Flemish gentleman amusing himself with the courtesans of Brussels (under this Biblical title the painter has represented himself with his whole family)—show in their exquisite perfection his profound acquaintance with the principles of art which effectually conceals the art employed, and his touch, at once fine, strong, simple, and yet skillful, always so recognizable, even in the smallest accessories, that Greuse said: "Show me a pipe, and I will tell you if the smoker is by Teniers." But for the museum in the capital of France we should have wished for some more important work, something more uncommon.

At Antwerp we shall find *Valenciennes relieved*, a strange historical picture, curious from its trophies of arms and from the medals which contain the portraits of the conquering generals, amongst whom we may see with pain, if not with surprise, that of the great Condé, who was a deserter here, and amongst the enemy's ranks. At Munich is the great *Italian Fair*, measuring 4 yards by 3; at Vienna, in the

Belvedere, the *Sacrifice of Isaac;* in the gallery of the Archduke Leopold the magnificent *Festival of the Sablons;* and in the Esterhazy Gallery the *Seven Works of Mercy.* Lastly, at the two extremities of artistic Europe, Madrid and St. Petersburg, the only difficulty is to choose among the numerous masterpieces. In the Museo del Rey I may mention, besides the three *Temptations*, the *King is drinking*, a charming table scene; or several *Festivals*, amongst which there is one dated 1637, of extraordinary size and wonderful coloring; or the twelve pictures of the same size containing the story of *Renaldo and Armida.* Teniers certainly shows himself rather awkward in this heroic picture, and much embarrassed to represent seriously these types of nobility and beauty; but, notwithstanding the constraint he felt in the subject, his pencil preserved all its easiness, force, and brilliancy; and it is curious to witness this obstinate struggle of the painter against his own nature, and the powerful execution contending with an almost ridiculous weakness in composition. We must also say a few words about a more perfect work. This is called a *Picture Gallery visited by Gentlemen.* In signing this painting Teniers wrote after his name *Pintor de la Cámera* (for *cámara*) de S. A. S. The explanation of this subject and of this Spanish inscription is as follows:— The Archduke Leopold William, Governor of the Netherlands for Spain, with whom Teniers was very intimate, had commissioned our painter to compose for him, not merely an amateur's cabinet, but the gallery of a prince. When he had fulfilled this

delicate commission, Teniers conceived the idea of perpetuating the memory of it by a picture. In it we see the archduke, in company with several other gentlemen, entering the gallery, where Teniers is presenting him with some drawings spread out on the table. From top to bottom the walls are covered with the pictures of his choice, faithfully copied, in microscopical proportions, but in which may be yet recognized, not merely the subject, but even the touch of each master. As for the figures, which are portraits, they have as much truth and far more nobleness of style than the usual personages of Teniers. There is no need to insist any more on the value and importance of this singular work.

At the Hermitage of St. Petersburg there is the same difficulty in choosing, and the same necessity for brevity. We must, then, merely mention a *Kitchen*, full of game, fish, vegetables, and fruit, in which Teniers has painted his father as an old blind fisherman, and himself as a falconer; a beautiful and curious *View of the Castle of Trois-Tours*, where he studied at his ease his usual models, the Brabançon peasants, where he could, as Fontenelle said, "take nature at home;" and, lastly, the great picture, 4 feet high by 7 or 8 wide, which was painted in 1643 for the Guild of Archers, and which was called the *Archers of Antwerp*. In the large square of the town, where, among a crowd of on-lookers, the various guilds of trade are defiling in parade dress, this guild of archers is assembled. Forty-five personages, from 8 to 10 inches in height, are collected in the foreground. All are finished with the

most minute care, and in a style which, without being unnatural, is far removed from triviality. The arrangement of the crowd in the distance is wonderful, as well as the rendering of the details. The air appears really to circulate among the animated groups, which seem to possess life and movement. Descamps was right to call this work "the finest painting of Teniers," for the fruitful pencil of this master never produced anything more perfect. During the First Empire, Cassel, under compulsion, yielded it up to Malmaison, and Malmaison, alas! sold it to the Hermitage.

Teniers has left everywhere *Village Feasts, Smoking Scenes, Country Inns, Laboratories, Shops,* and *Kitchens.* But whatever amount of drollery and gaiety he imparted to these everyday scenes, he gave as much heart-rending sadness to another class of subjects, which was also brought before him only too frequently, the *Herrors of War*, where he depicts in the most lively way all the insolence and cruelty of the soldiery. Lastly, among the infinite variety of his compositions we must not forget certain comic scenes in which monkeys and cats are the actors, and in which more than one sly satire is conveyed. In Teniers everything deserves attention and praise.

Two artists come in here who, although they settled in France, must yet be given up to the Flemish school for the same reason as Poussin and Claude Lorraine, although they lived and labored in Italy, belong justly to the French school. These are Philippe de Champagne and Van der Meulen.

Born at Brussels, but the fellow disciple of Poussin in his youth, and soon painter to the queen-mother, the widow of Henry IV., PHILIPPE DE CHAMPAGNE (1602–1674) spent the greater part of his artist's life at Paris, where he knew Jansenius, and became one of the most fervent of the Port-Royalists. These circumstances explain how it happens that his greatest works have remained in France, and how it is that he appears rather to have derived his art from Simon Vouet than from Rubens, and to have transmitted it to Charles Lebrun. And, indeed, in the time of Louis XIII., he prepared the way for the art of the next age, as Pascal and Corneille prepared the way in literature, and Richelieu in politics. His style is already noble, correct, and cold. He abandons the pursuit of fancy in the search for order and discipline. In the Louvre there are the *Legend of St. Gervasius and St. Protasius*, a *Last Supper*, a cold imitation of the one by Leonardo da Vinci, a *Dead Christ*, lying on a winding-sheet, and also the *Education of Achilles* in shooting with a bow and in chariot races. In the regular and symmetric arrangement, in the chastened but cold drawing, in the calm and pale coloring, we feel the systematic avoidance of Rubens, we foresee the *Battles of Alexander*.

Philippe de Champagne as a portrait painter is assuredly greater than as an historical painter. His faults are less sensible, his good qualities more prominent. That of *Louis XIII.*, who, notwithstanding the helmet, cuirass, sword, and armor, and the laurels of victory with which he is crowned, still

looks timid, weak, and ill-tempered; and that of *Richelieu, l'Eminence rouge*, who, on the contrary, is strong, imperious, and powerful under a simple gown of silk, are happy and complete historical figures. We may also praise unreservedly the portrait of a very pale lady, who is supposed to have been the wife of the barrister Antoine Arnauld, restorer of Port-Royal, by whom she had twenty-two children; that of the amiable *Arnauld d'Andilly*, their eldest son, who was called *l'Ami universel;* those of the architects *Claude Perrault* and *Jules Hardoin Mansart*, in one frame; and his own at the age of sixty-six, painted after the Jesuits had driven him, as well as his friends, from the monastery of the Jansenists, where he had retired. Lastly, in the two nuns of Port-Royal, one ill, the other at prayer, in which Philippe de Champagne has celebrated the cure, supposed to be miraculous, of his daughter, the sister Sainte-Suzanne, by the mother Catherine Agnes Arnauld, he certainly shows the perfection to which his talent could attain. "Never, perhaps," says M. Ch. Blanc, "has the expression of what is inexpressible been carried to a greater height. Philippe de Champagne rose in this picture, on the wings of faith and love, to the highest flights of art."

His fellow countryman, like him, born at Brussels and dying at Paris, ANTON FRANZ VAN DER MEULEN (1634-1690), became one of the greatest historiographers of Louis XIV. Whilst Lebrun celebrated in ancient allegories the great deeds of the great king, Van der Meulen traced the plan, the details,

the incidents, and, in his way, took the portrait of these achievements. And he does not merely depict the warlike exploits at which the king assisted in state, attended by the whole court, including the *three queens* in the same coach; he relates exactly, even the familiar incidents of the court, the hunting at Versailles and the promenades at Marly. His pictures are veritable *annals*, as interesting as those of St. Simon. This *genre* requires numerous qualities and different talents. A fine and scientific arrangement, movement without confusion, order, even in the confusion of a multitude, the knowledge and judicious employment of the costumes, arms, military and civil manners, the gift of portrait painting, the art of representing a number of different objects, men, animals, especially horses,* buildings, landscapes, and even air and space. In this *genre*, of which he may be said to be the inventor, and for which he was certainly the model, it would be useless to look for better specimens than the best works of Van der Meulen. It will suffice to mention among the twenty-three pictures in the Louvre, the *Taking of Dinan*, on the Meuse, and the magnificent *Entrance of Louis XIV. and Marie Thérèse into Arras*, in August, 1667. I do not know whether, in painting these victories of the King of France in Flan-

* It is probable that Van der Meulen, having married the niece of Lebrun, a coquette who troubled and shortened his life, painted the horses in the large pictures of the all-powerful painter of the king, who had recommended him to Colbert and brought him to Paris.

ders, the Fleming Van der Meulen felt any of the remorse of a deserter; but certainly his inimitable talent placed at the conqueror's service all the zeal of a new convert; and I like to believe that he celebrated sincerely, not the fall of the towns in his native country, but their accession to the French country which he had himself adopted.

Van der Meulen is, with the disciples of Teniers, the last of the Flemish painters before the great and total eclipse which occurred in their country, as everywhere else, during the eighteenth century. Flemish art, now become that of Belgium, only revived on contact with the French art under David and his school. It remained at first the docile pupil of its masters, for M. Gallait, for example, as well as M. Wauters, is a French painter. But since then Belgic art, fully emancipated, has wisely returned to the Flemish traditions. M. Henry Leys, of Antwerp, set the example; MM. Villems, Stevens, Clays, Cæsar de Cock, and others have followed him, and attained great success in this national road to fame.*

DUTCH SCHOOL.

The great Chancellor Bacon has said that art is man added to nature, "*Ars est homo additus naturæ.*" This good definition applies especially to the pantheistic art of Holland. All the painters of the

* M. Leys died 1869, leaving the first place amongst the artists of his country vacant.

country of Spinosa have appeared to confine themselves to loving, understanding, and representing nature, every one adding his own feelings and tastes —in fact, adding *himself*. To be convinced of this we should only have to visit several parts of Holland, at different hours, and in different weather. When, on a dark cloudy day, we come upon a barren landscape where nature displays all the harshness and gloom of the north—where no flocks, no living creature is to be seen, but only a ravine, a waterfall, a fallen tree, with, perhaps, an isolated cabin in the background—we recognize at once the lover of melancholy, Jacob Ruysdael. If, again, soon after sunrise, we find ourselves on the banks of a river, with a white sail gliding on its surface, a church and the houses of a village rising beyond, and fat cows grazing in the rich meadows, whilst, through the broken clouds, the morning sun floods every object below with its glorious light, we exclaim at once, "Here is the lover of light, Albert Cuyp." Later in the day, during the noontide calm, we perceive a peaceful verdant orchard, where every tree throws its shadow over the turf, and an animal —either an ox, a horse, an ass, a goat, a sheep, or a pig—rests in its most natural attitude in the shade under every tree. Here there is no difficulty in at once recognizing Paul Potter, the painter La Fontaine. In the evening, perhaps, we come to a smiling landscape in which fat cattle are grazing, whilst the shepherds sing to their rustic Amaryllis, accompanied by the sound of their pipes. In short, we come upon an idyll such as might be written by a

Dutch Virgil, and we behold at once Adrian Van de Velde. Still later in the evening, when the moon has risen on a throne of black clouds, with her disk reflected in the motionless surface of a pond, surrounded by a few cottages concealed in the shadow of the alder and poplar trees, we cannot mistake the favorite scene of the painter and poet of the night, Van der Neer. We now come to the seashore, where a sheet of water, calm and transparent, extends as far as eye can reach; on it are vessels, possibly the dark fleet of the North Sea, tormenting some ship in distress—this is William Van de Velde. A river flowing on towards the horizon, reflecting the monotonous color of a dull, grey, misty sky, recalls Van Goyen. A frozen canal, become for the time the highroad, and covered with passers-by on their skates, reminds us of Isaac Van Ostade.

I have only spoken of what a traveller must see at every step—sky, earth, and water—and have only gone through landscape and marine painters. But truth is no less striking or *true*, when the subject is the inhabitants of the country, and man is as well rendered by the Dutch artist as animals and plants. Doubtless, owing to the caprices of fashion—which renews almost every year our visible exteriors, leaving only complete identity to animals and things—I shall not be able to find in the streets of Antwerp the *Night Watch* of Rembrandt; the *Banquet* of Van der Helst in the town hall; the long satin robes of Terburg; the plumed gentlemen of Wouvermans; or the drunken peasants of Adrian Van Ostade. But yet, if in passing through a city we see a young

girl leaning with an air of curiosity over the old balustrades of a window surrounded with ivy and geraniums, we may still recognize Gerard Dow. In the peaceful interior of a Gothic house, where an old woman is spinning, and which is lighted up by the warm rays of the sun, beheld, perhaps, by the painter in Borneo, we see Peter de Hoogh. The canal bordered with trees, in a clean town, ever wearing a holiday appearance, where every stone in the streets may be counted, every tile on the roofs, and every brick in the walls, reminds us of Van der Heyden; and the vegetable market at Amsterdam still testifies to the fidelity of Metzu.

It is very evident, then, that we have come into the kingdom of naturalism, after having quitted the domains of spiritualism in Italy. We have come to Protestant art, the art of the people, after having left that of the temples and palaces. It has been said that the artists of the North resembled the rejected suitors of Penelope—being unable to obtain the mistress, they contented themselves with her attendants. But it cannot certainly be said that in this school we find nothing but a brutal material realism, only touching the surface and exterior of things, and never penetrating to the soul or inner sentiment. This would, indeed, be a serious error. Just as in Italy the subtlest, most mystical of the spiritualists have been able to clothe their ideas with an apparent body; that is to say, to express them by clear, exact, and precise forms, and to embellish them with all the charms of painting: so in Holland, the decided realists, the simple imitators

of truth, have brought into the humble subjects of their compositions so much taste, sentiment and poetry that they have raised them to a level with the works of high art. "An artist," wrote Paul Delaroche, "must compel nature to pass through his intellect and his heart." This is what the Dutch have done. Besides this, the perfection alone of the work would be sufficient to move the soul, even if it were only by admiration. A dead tree by Ruysdael may touch the heart; a cow by Paul Potter may speak eloquently; a kitchen by Kalf may contain a poem. When Pascal said: "How vain is painting, which excites our admiration for the likeness of things the original of which we do not admire!" he was, perhaps, a philosopher, and especially a Christian; but he was not an artist. In short, the Dutch painters have thrown themselves as entirely into their small paintings as the Italian painters into their enormous sheets of canvas, and they deserve no less the saying of Bacon: *Ars est homo additus naturæ.*

We now come to the question, how it was that this realistic and pantheistic Dutch school came to be formed? I shall here make use of the words of a writer who thinks as I do, but who will express his opinion far better. Quoting from another writer, besides, has the double advantage of giving the passage quoted greater weight, as containing both the opinion of the author cited and of him who makes the quotation:—

"The same religious revolution which created a political Holland," says M. Edg. Quinet (in *Marnix*

de Sainte Aldegonde) "created also Dutch art. After the Reformation the scenes from the Bible were no longer seen through the accumulated traditions of the Church; . . . there were only the scanty remains of the ancient worship, without pomp and without festivals; Christianity interpreted, not by the doctors or the fathers, but by the people, . . . who exaggerated the simplicity of the Scriptures to triviality. This describes the Reformation of the sixteenth century, and also the Dutch school of painting. How is it that, until now, the biographers of Rembrandt and his interpreters have forgotten this, his character of reformer?* His Bible is the iconoclastic Bible of the Marnix; his apostles are beggars; his Christ is the Christ of the Beggars.†

"As for the magic of coloring under a leaden sky, such a contradiction between nature and art is unique in the world. How is it that we at one time find the ascetic color of Lucas of Leyden, and then suddenly come upon the astonishing brilliancy of Rembrandt?‡ These contradictions can only be

* This feature has been forgotten neither by M. Ch. Blanc, in his *Histoire des Peintres*, nor by myself. (See, amongst others, page 237 in the *Musées d'Allemagne*.)

† To the explanation given by M. Quinet of the Dutch historical painter, I shall only add a word to explain also the Dutch landscape painter. Catholicism, by its exaggerated abnegation of the things of this life, and its exclusive tendency towards celestial things, had separated man in some degree from the earth and from nature. Protestantism, first after the Renaissance and the return to the love of antiquity, and afterwards through pantheistic ideas, brought back a love for Mother Nature.

‡ Besides the following reasons, M. Quinet might also have remarked that between Lucas of Leyden and Rembrandt came

accounted for by the circumstances of the national life. Holland has a double existence, at once European and Oriental; it lives principally through the Indies, and its colonies at the extremity of Asia. These colonies, conquered in another hemisphere, were the distant focus at which the flame of Dutch painting was kindled as with a burning-glass. . . . The sky of the Maldives is reflected in humble Flemish dwellings. . . . Java dazzles Amsterdam. . . . From this arises the fantastic and really magical effect of this light which no eye has seen, and which was not produced by nature. This brilliant coloring appears without cause, the cause being so remote. . . . The Batavian painters had not themselves visited the land of light; but they saw every day vessels, sailors, and natives from its shores; they handled the productions, the draperies, the costumes brought from its shore, and all of which retained a ray from the distant sky. The poor, cold, melancholy nature of the North became amorous of this half-seen sun. . . . I should define Dutch painting as an aspiration towards light from the depth of eternal shadow."

The first painters, born in the north of the Low Countries, were at first merely Flemings. The old GERARD OF HAARLEM (about 1400) differs little from the old masters of Cologne, Wilhelm and Stephen; LUCAS DAMMEZ VAN LEYDEN (1494-1533), who was a *master* at ten years of age, at twelve was quoted

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Rubens with the Antwerp school, and that the Meuse is not very far distant from the Escaut.

as a prodigy, and who was a famous engraver as well as a great painter, was a pupil of Jan of Bruges, through his master Cornelius Engelbrechtstein; MARTIN VAN VEEN, of Hemskerk (1498-1541), and CORNELIS VAN HAARLEM (1562-1638), went to Italy, like Mabuse and Van Orley, to become disciples—the one of Raphael, the other of Michael Angelo. CORNELIS POELEMBERG (1586-about 1660), who had studied in the effeminate school of Carlo Dolci, doing for anecdotal style what his predecessors had done for high historical art, introduced the taste and style of the Italians into the simplicity of the Flemings; lastly, GERARD HONTHORST (1592-1662), whom the Italians named *Gherardo delle Notti*, who, considering doubtless the light of the sun trivial and commonplace, scarcely ever lighted his pictures by anything but lamps and candles, and thus made for himself a specialty in art. It was during the war of independence, after the confederation of the "Beggars," after the *Union* of Utrecht, when the seven United Provinces had escaped from the Spanish yoke and from Catholicism, that Dutch art sprang up, at the same as Holland itself. The author of the *Lettre sur la Curiosité* says: "It was the period of success in everything. After having at once rescued its soil from the sea, and its faith from the inquisition, it had, with no other force but perseverance, triumphed over all its despots, given a liberator to England, and humiliated the most insensate pride that ever swelled the breast of a king. Holland then opened an asylum to the boldest thinkers, a study for all the investigations of science,

and founded a national school of painting; a rare honor which belongs only to this little kingdom and to Italy of glorious memory."

An astonishing sight was then seen, even more astonishing than Italy in its *golden age*. This little country, stolen from the ocean, this country of herdsmen, gave to the world—and at one time—an incredible number of great artists. Between the birth of Franz Hals (1584) and that of Jan Huysum (1682), there is not even the interval of a century. And yet it was during this time that all the celebrated painters of the Dutch school were born and flourished. In less than fifty years, there appear—around and immediately following the immortal son of the Leyden miller, Rembrandt Van Ryn—Gerard Honthorst, Jan David de Heem, Keyser, Albert Cuyp, Adrian Brauwer, Gerard Terburg, Wynants, Philip Koningh, the two Ostades, the two Boths, Van der Helst, Gerard Dow, Metzu, the two Ruysdaels, the two Van der Neers, the two Wouvermans, the two Weenix, Fyt, Pynacker, Berghem, Paul Potter, Backhuysen, Bol, Maas, Moucheron, the two Van de Veldes, the two Mieris, Peter de Hoogh, Hobbema, Karel Dujardin, Hondekoeter, Jan Steen, Netscher, Schalken, Van der Heyden, etc. This new school shows itself already firm in the free and vigorous portraits of FRANZ HALS (1584—1666). There is no more submission to Italian, nor even to Flemish art. It may be seen, even in the Louvre, how different Franz Hals is from his contemporary Van Dyck, by the valuable portrait of Descartes. It was certainly not in France that Hals could have

painted the father of modern philosophy, for he never left Haarlem during the whole of his long life; it was painted in Holland, when Descartes, in his only too well justified prudence, went to settle there in 1629, hoping that he might think and write more freely under the stadtholders than under the kings. But it is with Rembrandt and his numerous and brilliant train of disciples and imitators that this new unexpected school appears in all the splendor of its noon, which had had no dawn, and whose evening closed in a profound night.

Rembrandt Van Ryn (1606 or 1608–1669), the greatest glory of Holland, is as great at Amsterdam as Raphael at Rome, Rubens at Antwerp, and Velazquez at Madrid. And yet this child of the Rhine, the son of a miller, was all his life illiterate, like Claude Lorraine, and also taught himself painting, almost without a master, for he was dissatisfied with all those of whom he learned. If he abandoned the traditions of religion, the deep meaning lent to them, the poetry of the mind, the respect for antiquity, the worship of the beautiful; yet he made a sort of supernatural vision of reality; he discovered a new poetical language as well as a new art; in the vigorous reproduction of forms and perspective he showed how profound thought might be applied in the happy combination, or the scientific contrast, of lights and shadows; lastly, changing the long-received ideal, he discovered the beautiful in simple truth. Rembrandt has proved, for instance, victoriously, that an effect—or rather, an accent of light or shadow—may be more expressive, may touch

more deeply than those contractions of features and gestures which usually serve to depict pain. Rembrandt is sometimes reproached with exaggerating the opacity of his shadows; but it is in order to bring out the lights in these shadows. Rembrandt is a magician, and light is his magic. He has understood and proved, according to the just observation of M. Emilie Montégut, that under a cloudy, misty sky, more than under the rays of a burning sun, colors preserve their power and their relative value. M. Paul Delaroche was quite right in saying, "Notwithstanding his immense defects, Rembrandt is perhaps the first painter in the world." I should leave the "defects," but should omit the "perhaps."*

To see Rembrandt at his greatest height, the incontestable and legitimate king of the Protestant school, we must seek him in his own country. It might almost be said that he divided his works equally between the Hague and Amsterdam, exactly as his two styles were equally used in both halves of his artist's life. Amsterdam, where he only settled when about 40 years of age, and where he after-

* Without going more into details, we will merely remind our readers that Rembrandt was also the greatest etcher; that, without having any other tints than the black and white of the paper and ink, or any other brush than the steel point, he is still, even on the steel plate, the greatest of colorists. Many other Dutch painters have imitated him in the practice of this double talent; such as Adrian Van Ostade, Nicholas Berghem, Karel Dujardin, Jan Both, Jacob Ruysdael, Paul Potter, etc. (See the *Merveilles de la Gravure*, by M. G. Duplessis.)

wards remained until his death, seems to have inherited solely his pictures in his second style, the widest, the most daring, the most scientific, that which may be termed his *parti pris*. It is at the Hague, on the contrary, where he established his studio and school on first quitting the mill of Leydendorp (about 1630), that the son of the miller Herman Gerritszoon, has left the best works of his first style—the more timid but also the more studied and delicate. So that, seeing him first at the Hague, and afterwards at Amsterdam, we follow Rembrandt in the real order of his works, and as he himself understood and arranged them.*

His history might be read entirely in the two towns in which he lived successively. So we will commence at the Hague. Passing by the portrait

* In speaking thus of the different styles of Rembrandt I conform to general opinion, but, I confess, without sharing it. It appears to me rather, that Rembrandt possessed different modes of painting, which he was able to use intelligently according to the occasion ; not exactly that he had different manners, but, like Murillo, for instance, that he had different styles, according to the requirements of the subjects he had to treat. A face of an old man, which he painted when under 30 years of age, displays already all the deep layers of color, all the violent and rugged forms of what is called his *advanced style ;* whilst a woman's face, painted towards the close of his life, retains all the fluidity of pencil and delicacy of detail suitable to youth and beauty. Let any one look attentively at the celebrated composition named the *Night Watch*, of which we are about to speak ; it will be recognized that in the same frame, but according to the difference of sexes, ages, and conditions, he has united all the different manners of painting which he employed during his life, using them by a suitable application in his works on all subjects.

of a man called the *Officer*, on account of his high military collar, and which might well be a portrait of Rembrandt himself at the time when his moustache was growing (it would be, in this case, the first of the long series of portraits which Rembrandt painted of himself every year of his life, from youth to old age). Passing over also a *Susannah*, dated 1633, the drawing of which is wanting in grandeur, but of which the coloring is already wonderful, and also a *Presentation in the Temple*, dated 1631, which is perhaps the first authentic painting by this master, then 23 or 25 years old, we will come at once to the incomparable masterpiece of this portion of his life, the *Lesson in Anatomy*. This is the dissection of a corpse by a celebrated surgeon of the time, the professor Tulp, before seven other doctors. This subject is too well known by copies, engravings, and numberless descriptions, including that of Reynolds, to require another explanation. We will merely say, then, that this subject, requiring no invention but that of arrangement, and there being nothing ideal in it, suited wonderfully the realistic genius of the painter of the *Beggars*. Rembrandt rises in it to all the distinction he is capable of, for around this inanimate body all the living personages have the certain elevation of demeanor and expression always imparted by careful and investigating science. As for the execution, it is needless to praise it, or to say that the gift of life seems bestowed on this marvellous picture. The *Lesson in Anatomy* is universally considered the most excellent work of the master before the period when, to excuse the hasty fire

of some of his later works, he said that *painting should not be smelled.* "This," says M. Maxime du Camp, "is a European picture of world-wide renown, which will remain in traditions even after it is destroyed, for it is one of those few things done by men which is perfectly beautiful." I will only add, that if any fault can be found with it, it is that of being faultless. This is why, for an original creative genius like Rembrandt, this picture is inferior to the *Night Watch.*

This brings us to the Museum of Amsterdam, the town where Rembrandt died, in a small house, still to be seen at the entrance to the Jews' quarter, and where a statue has lately been raised to him in one of the squares. It was right that Amsterdam should possess the greatest work of the greatest of Dutch painters, who was a poet also, merely through his use of expression, movement, and light. This famous picture, which contains twenty-three persons of life-size, represents a platoon of the civic guard—officers, soldiers, standard-bearer, and drummer—patrolling the streets of Amsterdam. It is called the *Night Watch*, though this name is not correct, as the scene is in daylight. But the name and popular error arise from the luminous and transparent tints, the great effects of light and shade, which seem produced by an artificial light rather than by the sun. "To tell the truth, this is only a dream of night, and no one can decide what the light is that falls on the groups of figures. It is neither the light of the sun nor of the moon; nor does it come from torches; it is rather the light from the genius

SETTING THE NIGHT WATCH—BY REMBRANDT.

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of Rembrandt" (Ch. Blanc). The *Night Watch* (we must not change the time-honored name) is superior to any other of Rembrandt's works, from the importance of the subject, and the number of the personages in it; also, and especially, because the subject requiring only the *true*, without grandeur, beauty or ideality—the high qualities which were wanting in Rembrandt—our admiration is not troubled by regret, and we see with delight the triumph of painting in the pure and simple reproduction of the real.

We must consider Rembrandt as we did the other great realist, the Spaniard Velazquez. We must look at his pictures for a long time, and choose exactly the right position, to appreciate at once the whole and the details. Then it produces a singular illusion, and appears a veritable apparition. All the persons start into life; we appear to see and hear them. We might exclaim like Luca Giordano before *Las Meninas* of Velazquez: "This is the theology of painting!" It is indeed with Velazquez, and also with Giorgione and Titian, that Rembrandt may be compared in his wonderful originality, though especially with the great Flemish colorist, Rubens. "In no school," says Thoré, "are there two painters more different from each other than Rembrandt and Rubens. They are exact opposites; one is concentrated, the other diffuse; the one seeks a characteristic simplicity, the other an ambitious sumptuousness; the one husbands his effects, the other lavishes them everywhere; one is all within, the other all outside; the one is mysterious, profound, incom-

prehensible, the other expansive, attracting, irresistible; before Rembrandt we are forced to reflect, before Rubens we are carried away."

This civic guard, such as Rembrandt likes to show it to us, resembles no troop of to-day, no order, no uniform, the most complete liberty of action and equipment; a strange mixture of people, attitudes, costumes, arms, arquebuses and halberds, helmets and hats, cuirasses and doublets. Nothing can be more picturesque, and "a beautiful disorder is often an effect of art." Several defects, however, are visible to the least clear-sighted. The lady who carries a fowl hung at her waist (is this a prize brought for the most successful in shooting, or is it an allegory to show the security of the transactions carried on under the protection of this primitive national guard?) is certainly too small. In height she is only a girl of twelve. And no one knows what is meant by the kind of Thersites who is running madly along in the shadow. But what does it matter? The handsome officer in black velvet with the red scarf, his companion in yellow satin balancing a halberd, the standard bearer, and, in short, all these frank, martial countenances, present none the less the true type of the popular heroes who saved Holland from Catholic Spain. They stand before us, they act and live under the strange rays of the light created by Rembrandt. It is enough that they live. This *Night Watch* expresses the effervescence of patriotism, the happiness of independence that had long been fought for. "It is," says M. Montégut, "liberty in her golden age. . . . It will preserve the

remembrance of Dutch liberty, perhaps even beyond the existence of Holland."

Another picture of Rembrandt, the *Staalmeisters*, or the trustees of the *Staalhof*—the Clothweavers' Hall—although only a simple collection of portraits, shares the renown of the *Night Watch*. This picture has not received, at any rate in foreign countries, any short and consecrated name, and on this account it is less quoted than the preceding one. But many artists and connoisseurs prefer it, and place it higher than the others. They say that the same qualities may be seen in it with fewer defects; there is a riper perfection—more sure of itself and more complete. All these good cloth merchants are looking in the same direction, as if some one had just interrupted the reading they had commenced of a register of the corporation. This uniform and natural movement animates the composition, and seems to make it more completely one. It is not six portraits that we see, but six living men whom the magician, by his powerful wand, has fixed to the canvas.

They give us an opportunity of fully appreciating Rembrandt as a portrait painter. I have long thought and even written that Rembrandt, not accepting nature alone in its most ordinary and faithful aspects, like Holbein and Velazquez, but bending it to suit certain optical combinations, and thus *composing* portraits, took them out of the true conditions of portrait painting; so that, although he must always be mentioned amongst the greatest painters of the world, he might not be placed

amongst the greatest portrait painters. But if it be true that "he is an absurd man who never changes his opinions," I do not deserve the appellation, for I have completely changed my opinion. By degrees the conviction has forced itself upon me that Rembrandt is surpassed by none in portrait painting. His usual combinations of light and shade do not merely serve for picturesque effect, but still more do they so light up the personages that we seem to see into their minds—moral resemblance is added to the physical, and under his pencil they seem to live again. It may be said of Rembrandt's portraits what the Romans said of a fine Ionic statue: *Tacet sed loquitur.*

Let us now seek throughout Europe the greatest works of Rembrandt which have not been preserved in his own country.

In Italy there are only a few portraits dispersed in Florence, Naples, and Turin. In the rich museum of Spain there is only one portrait of a lady, the date of which shows it to be one of his earliest works, and is in the fine and delicate treatment most suited to represent the fresh beauty of early life. Neither can Rembrandt be seen to advantage in France. Of the eight paintings by his hand there are only three (amongst others, one of the four where he has painted himself) which deserve a high place among his works. Although I confess that the *Angel Raphael* leaving the family of Tobit is wonderful for the way in which he is moving in the air in the midst of a luminous atmosphere which descends from the half-opened sky; that the *Disci-*

ples going to Emmaus, another miracle of coloring, is remarkable for its grandeur and relative beauty; that the *Good Samaritan*, although less finished and more defective in treatment, shows the happy employment of light and shade; can any one pretend that these second-rate compositions equal any of his masterpieces to be found elsewhere! Most assuredly any lover of art who has seen any of the others in his travels will share my regrets that the Louvre has been unable to acquire one of the greatest works of Rembrandt.

In one respect, however, the richest collections may envy the Louvre. There are some very small pictures, almost miniatures in oil, in which Rembrandt rises to the greatest height. The small figures, of three or four inches high, called the *Philosophers in Meditation*, and still more the *House of an old Carpenter* (which Rembrandt probably termed a *Holy Family*) are, in their humble proportions, the triumph of the school he founded, which is not merely art, but the poetry of *naturalism*.

Two analogous pictures are in the National Gallery. Although also very small, the *Woman taken in Adultery*, and the *Adoration of the Shepherds*, must take the name and rank of historical pictures. Superb, both in arrangement and execution, they may defy any comparison. The finest of Rembrandt's portraits in England are in private collections, especially at Buckingham Palace and Grosvenor House. Germany and Russia are almost as rich as Holland. Various other historical pictures, also of small dimensions, but as great in arrangement

and touch, are collected at the Pinacothek at Munich; a *Crucifixion* in dark, stormy weather; an *Entombment* in the obscurity of a deep vault; a *Nativity*, illumined by the pale rays of a lamp; a *Resurrection* illuminated by a single ray of light in the darkness of the night; an *Ascension*, where Christ lights up the whole scene with the brilliancy emanating from himself; lastly, a *Descent from the Cross*, which is known everywhere by the celebrated etching Rembrandt himself made of it. This picture, which does not occupy one square yard, reminds us in its general arrangements of the works on the same subject by Raphael, Titian, Volterra, Carracci, Ribera, Lucas of Leyden, and Rubens. Here, also, we see the body of Christ taken down from the Cross by the servants of Joseph of Arimathea, the Virgin fainting in the arms of Mary Magdalen and John. But this is only in name. Without the Cross to explain the subject, how could we have recognized the Christ, his mother, his loved disciple, or any of the actors in the gospel drama, in these coarse and heavy personages dressed in the Walloon costume, with grotesque countenances, flat noses, small round eyes, and large mouths, where the painter seems to have taken his own portrait as the type of human beauty? At the first glance at this picture we should be inclined to ascribe it to irony, if we were not too deeply moved by the truth of the attitudes, gestures, and expression, and so much enchanted with the magnificence of the coloring and dazzled by the brilliancy of the light that no sentiment can long remain but that of admiration

Looked at from the artist's own point of view, this *Descent from the Cross* is a real prodigy.

There is another of precisely similar character in the gallery of Prince Esterhazy, now removed from Vienna to Pesth. This is the *Ecce Homo*. The figures are of life-size. Jesus is in the centre, almost naked, with a girdle round his loins, as he would be on the Cross, a reed in his hand, in mockery of a sceptre, and the crown of thorns on his head. On the right Pilate is washing his hands of the death of the innocent; one woman is pouring water for him from a golden jug, whilst another is holding the ewer. Pilate is dressed in a striped turban and fur pelisse, like the rabbis of Amsterdam painted by Rembrandt. As for the Christ, it is evident that the painter simply chose a model on whom he placed the signs of the Passion. It might almost be thought that the artist was one of those whom St. Cyril recommended to represent our Lord as *the most repulsive in appearance of the children of men;* or rather that Rembrandt, the reformer, the enemy of tradition, and catholic pomp, and who understood the Gospel not in the Greek and pagan manner of the Renaissance, but in the simplicity of the Middle Ages, wished to paint the Christ of the *Beggars*. And yet, with all these commonplace, almost ignoble beings, Rembrandt has succeeded by force of expression, gesture, and sentiment, and the great power of light and shadow, in making a work so wonderfully beautiful that words are wanting to convey any idea of the brilliancy with which it is radiant, or to express the emotion and admiration it

excites in the soul. "Rembrandt was more thoroughly Dutch than Maurice of Nassau. . . . . In his pictures of the Life of Christ he has taken all his types from Holland, and this Dutch Gospel appears more true, notwithstanding the forms and the anachronism of the costumes, than the Christ and the Apostles borrowed by the Italian masters from the traditions of ancient art. The Christ of Rembrandt, poor and suffering, is the Christ of humble poverty; his rabbis are the doctors of the persecution; his Pilate is the cowardly instrument of a populace in madness; and this deep truth is well worth all the magnificence of Italian art."* *(Lettre sur la Curiosité.)*

Vienna has preserved in its Belvedere eight or ten portraits by Rembrandt, amongst which are one of his mother, very old and very much adorned, and two of himself at different ages, first young and elegant, then old and care-worn. At Cassel, where the rich gallery, closed until now, has lately been thrown open by the Prussians when they took possession of the Electorate, a buried treasure has been found, twenty-eight pictures by Rembrandt. I might choose for notice the most important, called the *Blessing of Jacob*, which contains five or six figures; I prefer, however, to mention the most inter-

* Rembrandt is almost the only Dutch painter who has treated subjects from sacred history taken from the Old and New Testaments. He has done it in a manner more than Protestant, quite human, and yet I find in his pictures a fresh proof of the superiority of sacred subjects, of the *supernatural*, in short, even when it is reduced to the *natural*.

esting—that of his first wife, Saskia Uilenburg, whom he married in 1534, but only possessed for eight years, and whose portrait he painted with as much love as Rubens that of his beautiful Helena Fourment. In this portrait Saskia is still very young and very pretty, and it may be seen, by the ornaments with which she is laden, that Rembrandt wished to show every one how much he adored this "spoiled child." Near her are different friends of the painter, the poet Croll, the burgomaster Six, the writing master Kopenol, and Rembrandt himself, now in a very simple costume — black cap and brown cloak.

Dresden could not fail to have a large share in the works of Rembrandt. But here, also, the most interesting are not historical compositions. Doubtless the large picture representing the *Sacrifice of Manoah and his Wife*, to whom the angel announces the birth of Samson, is of strong coloring and grand effect; but this angel has too little of the angelic, and the whole work is too little in accordance with the sacred text. I prefer the *Rape of Ganymede*, although this picture has no more of the sentiment of mythology than the other of the Bible; but the grotesque is here more allowable. Instead of the handsome youth loved by Jupiter, we see a fat boy of six or seven carried off in his shirt by the eagle, struggling and screaming. The portraits at Dresden are both more numerous and more perfect. Near his old mother weighing golden pieces (all Rembrandt's old women are his mother) we may admire Rembrandt himself, his glass in his hand, a

laugh on his mouth, embracing his young wife, who is seated on his knees; and still more a young girl (perhaps Saskia herself) holding a pink in her hand; and two old grey-bearded men, with black caps on, clothed in rich dark stuffs. We shall find nothing higher than these portraits, which are painted in his latest and most powerful manner. But over them is hung another work of Rembrandt's. This is a landscape of medium size, without any object that can particularly distinguish it. It would scarcely be sought out, even as a curiosity, but that landscapes are rare in the numerous works of Rembrandt, and that the catalogue hazards the conjecture—wrongly, as it happens—that Rembrandt was born in a little mill introduced in one part. There is nothing else to recommend such a picture. In the distance we see a white cloud resting on a black rock, then a black cloud over a lighter opening in the mountains; in the foreground a cart and horses standing out in dark profile; everywhere a dark green, uniform country, as if after rain, dotted here and there with brick red, by the roofs of a few small houses scattered over the plain. This is all. There is nothing to indicate to what country it belongs, or what hour of the day is intended. And yet I affirm unhesitatingly that if a visitor throw one glance on this singular picture he will remain before it a long time. There is something fascinating, irresistible in it; it draws one back after having quitted it again and again. It is the same effect, though the cause is so different, with the *Madonna di San Sisto*. It is the victory of *realism* after that

of the *ideal*. Raphael and Rembrandt have divided art between them into its natural divisions.

Neither Amsterdam, the Hague, Munich, Dresden, nor Cassel can boast of possessing such a numerous collection of the works of Rembrandt as St. Petersburg. The Hermitage contains forty-three, and in all the manners cultivated by an artist no less universal than Rubens. In landscape we find a *View of Judea*, a barren country, where Jesus is walking between the disciples going to Emmaus. In marine pictures—still more rare—we find a *Coast of Holland*, of a warm, golden tint, in which the sky and water seem to melt into each other in the distant horizon. In portraits we find two of his mother, once as a good old woman smiling, the other as a pious Lutheran in meditation over her Bible; also two of his Saskia, as usual adorned with embroidery, velvet, and furs; two or three of the rich Dutch Jews, dressed in the Eastern costumes which are so favorable to painting. One of these bears the great name of John Sobieski, doubtless because he had on a sort of Polish cap, for how could the painter of Amsterdam, who never quitted his own country, have ever met the hero of Vienna, who, during his whole life, was occupied in the east of Europe? Another excellent portrait is believed to be that of the theologian Arminius (Jacob Hermann). But this famous opponent to the doctrines of Calvin died in 1609, when Rembrandt was only just born. This could have only been, then, a study or a repetition of a former portrait. The same may be said of the old man Thomas Parr, who died in

London in 1634 at the age of 152. Rembrandt was barely twenty-five at that time, and how could he have met with the English archicentenarian?

In historical pictures there are both sacred and profane. I call those subjects *sacred* which the Italians would say were profanated. A powerfully-executed *Sacrifice of Isaac;* a *Return of the Prodigal Son,* in which the figures are still more fantastically accoutred; an *Education of the Virgin by St. Anne*—that is to say, an old woman, with her spectacles in her hand, teaching a young girl to read; a *Holy Family*—that is to say, a carpenter's family in his work-room, where angels, under the form of luminous bats, are floating in the air—absurd as a composition, but a magnificent picture in the truth and splendor of the coloring, etc. Rembrandt, who treated biblical scenes almost in the same way as the interiors of ale-houses, thought nothing of treating mythology in the same way. Every one knows the awkwardness and vulgarity that distinguish his heroes, nymphs, and goddesses. There is only one specimen of his mythological works at the Hermitage, but it is the most complete that could be given of his striking defects and wonderful merits. It represents a *Danae,* and was for a long time concealed from the crowd of visitors in some recess of the palace, not without reason, for Danae is depicted in the most complete nudity. It may be described in two words—horrible nature, incomparable art. On one hand, it is impossible to conceive the passion of the master of the gods for a creature so unattractive, or the painter's caprice in choosing

such a repulsive model; on the other, there could nowhere be found more relief, transparency, complete illusion, and frightful reality. Had Rembrandt only granted us a little more beauty and grace it would have been a perfect triumph of painting.

In the Museum of Amsterdam, opposite the *Night Watch*, the *Banquet of the Civic Guard*, by BARTHOLOMEW VAN DER HELST (1612-1670), has been placed; and rightly so too, for it is like the *Meyer Madonna* by the side of the *Madonna di San Sisto*. We must always remember that certain masters should be seen in certain places, and that it is there alone that they can be fully appreciated. This is the case with Van der Helst. Unknown in Italy, Spain, France, England, or even Belgium, scarcely more known in Germany by a few scattered portraits in the galleries, he is only to be found in the Museum of Amsterdam. Van der Helst was merely a portrait painter. He never attempted anything else, and the separate portraits he has left in this museum may be admired as superb. But by grouping several portraits in one frame he has succeeded in making an historical picture. Thus the *Chiefs of the Archery Guild*, of which there is a reduced copy at the Louvre, which cannot give a sufficient idea of the marvellous orignal; and also the *Banquet of the Civic Guard of Amsterdam*. This banquet was memorable, because in it was celebrated the famous treaty of Westphalia, or Peace of Munster, which put an end to the horrible Thirty Years' War, and defined the independence of the United Provinces. If this subject be really that of Van der Helst's picture—

and tradition is unanimous on this point—as the Peace of Munster was signed in 1648, the painter must have been 36 years old when he undertook this vast and magnificent work, where the personages, to the number of twenty-five, are the size of life.

Although Van der Helst is wanting in the grand science of unity; although, while each figure is good, picturesque, and even warm, the whole remains cold; it may justly be said of this crowd of portraits collected in one picture that they are so perfect that the social condition, character, and temperament of each of them may be recognized. These twenty-five excellent portraits arranged with infinite art, if they do not form such a wonderful scene as the *Night Watch*, because they want that *created* light which illumines it, are simpler and truer than the apparition of Rembrandt. In this *Banquet* Van der Helst shows himself the model of this *genre*, which consists in perpetuating the memory of an action and its actors. He is even a better model than Rembrandt and Veronese; he is more like Velazquez; he has painted the men, the things, and the life of his times. "This painting," says M. Edmond Texier, "is marvellously appropriate to the people it represents, being calm, dignified, and strong." And Sir Joshua Reynolds had said before: "This is, perhaps, the finest *portrait picture* which exists."

Another *Assembly of Civic Guards*, of the same time and in the same museum, brings us to the direct school of Rembrandt. This is the principal

work of GOVAERT FLINCK (1616–1660). It is in the usual manner of the master; less strong, indeed, but also more exempt from labored refinement and invention; more exempt, too, from great effects, always rather forced, however wonderful they may be, since they may cause day to be taken for night. Whilst speaking of this deservedly celebrated *Assembly*, we will make one remark, namely, that the pupils of Rembrandt—those, at least, who have remained strictly faithful to him—have only fully succeeded and attained an excellence which makes them approach in some degree to their master in portrait painting. Such are, besides Govaert Flinck, FERDINAND BOL (1611–1681), JAN VICTORS (1600–1670), FABRICIUS, PAUDITS, AAAT DE GELDER. Their inferiority is partly concealed, because their manner changes, and the comparison is no longer direct. But when we pass to historical composition, they all become simple satellites, lost in the rays of the central luminary. In the Museum of Munich alone we might instance the *Sacrifice of Abraham*, by Ferdinand Bol; the *Tobit giving Thanks*, by Victors; the *Isaac blessing Jacob*, by Govaert Flinck. The imitation in these is flagrant, and, whatever merit may attach to a good imitation, the painters who do it must remain pupils all their lives, and can never aspire to the title of master.

With and around Rembrandt we may see the numerous constellation of the lesser Dutch masters. Here there can be no longer chronological order, since all were contemporaries; and no longer order even in morit and celebrity, for, in every *genre*, several equal-

ly occupy the first rank. It is, then, by the *genres* that we must guide ourselves through the *mare magnum* of the innumerable easel pictures which they have scattered over the entire world. But we must first mention one of these masters who cultivated all these various *genres* with an almost equal success. ALBERT CUYP (1605–1672) has painted a considerable number of portraits, and of tolerably good ones, too, but at the same time we may well believe that, if he had devoted himself entirely to this branch of art, he would never have attained to more than the secondary renown of a Van Ceulen or a Van den Tempel. He has painted *fruit, flowers, dead game,* and *inanimate objects,* without equalling, however, the highest painters in this line. He has painted scenes of *interiors* in the manner of Van Ostade and Teniers, such as the *Mussel Eater,* in the Museum of Rotterdam. He has painted *interiors* of buildings, in which he is surpassed by no one, not even by Emanuel de Witte. He has painted *animals* of all kinds, and in such a manner as to point him out, not merely as the predecessor, but as the model of Paul Potter. Lastly, he has painted *animated landscapes* and *marine pieces,* or rather the banks of rivers, amongst which his real masterpieces are to be found. Albert Cuyp has, then, contended with all the masters of his own time and country, without any other secret than the finding variety in simplicity, the unforeseen in the natural, grandeur in ingenuousness. But, except Rembrandt, he surpassed them all in one point. He is the greatest lover of light of all the Dutch masters. It is very

strange that Cuyp's pictures are not merely luminous under the ardent rays of the sun at noon; they are so also, and no less, in the pale grey mist of the Dutch rivers. And even during the night, as is proved by a picture at Grosvenor House, of the *Banks of a Lake*, where several cows are grazing. I do not remember to have seen anywhere, even among the works of Van der Neer, light carried to such a point, even in the obscurity of a deep night.

Cuyp cannot be seen to advantage in his own country, where his talent was not recognized until a later time. Before the Dutch had learned to appreciate him, all his finest works had been taken out of Holland. He is not well represented either in the Louvre, by the *Departure* and *Return*, although they show something of his warmth of coloring and love of light. The English, who have reinstated Cuyp so far as to call him the Dutch Claude, have obtained possession of his finest works. One of a *Landscape, with Cattle and Figures*, in the National Gallery may be placed in this class. Everything in it is admirable. A rider, dressed in red, whose dapple grey horse is foreshortened; a pretty little shepherdess replying timidly to the questions of the traveller, her dog and sheep, the water, the earth, the sky, the light, form a charming landscape, evidently copied from nature, but rendered as this artist alone knows how to see and to show it to others. Others of the masterpieces of Cuyp are to be found in the cabinets of amateurs, especially those of Lord Ellesmere, Messrs. Holford, Ellis, etc. In the collection of Thomas Baring, Esq., in particular,

there is a splendid *View of the Meuse*, which is inferior to nothing in this branch of art.

In the same class of painters I think we must also place NICHOLAS BERGHEM (1624–1683) and KAREL DUJARDIN (1635–1678). Both completed in Italy the studies commenced in Holland, which caused them to introduce the new element of southern scenery into the subjects treated by their fellow countrymen. But who would ever have believed Berghem to have been the author of a biblical composition, *Boaz and Ruth*, and also of a large *Cavalry Combat*, if these two pictures were not in the museums of Amsterdam and the Hague? The latter is a magnificent work, full of movement and energy, in which we only recognize Berghem's usual style in minor details, such as the brown rocks and the brambles in the foreground. And who would have believed that, by the side of the *Civic Guards* of Van der Helst and Govaert Flinck, Karel Dujardin had placed another collection of life-sized portraits, named the *Syndics* of some Dutch guild? But even in the Louvre there is an instance of the aptitude for different subjects which distinguishes Berghem and Karel Dujardin from their rivals. By the former there is a *View of Nice* and *Port of Genoa;* by the latter a *Calvary*—too high a subject for the painter, as the only religious expression to be found in it consists of the sombre hue of the stormy sky—and also the *Italian Charlatans*, a well filled work of fresh and lively fancy, which Descamps calls, not unjustly, the greatest work of this master. However, I prefer him in those subjects in which he is

most at home, such as the *Pâturage* and the *Bocage*, both full of charming detail and exquisite rural poetry. From the warm and brilliant tints of these works we may see at a glance that the Batavian artist must have been at this time residing in Italy, where he died when still young. I also prefer Berghem in his simple landscapes with cattle. His *Ferry*, at Amsterdam, and the *Ford* and *Cattle drinking*, at Paris, will show that I am right. We may see, also, in all his pictures, instead of the melancholy of northern scenery, the warmer character of the sunny south, and the artist's acquaintance with mountainous countries. He could not have found his burning sun in the north, nor models in the meadows and canals of Holland, for his red rocks, blue distances, and festooned terraces.

We now come to the forced division of the *genre* painters. We will take them in six classes: anecdotal subjects—those in which the actors are human beings—interiors, animals, landscapes, marines, and lastly, fruit and flowers. In these six classes may be arranged all the works of the lesser masters.

If any of them be worthy to be called the Rembrandt of the easel, it is precisely the one who did not receive direct lessons from the great Dutch painter, and who, perhaps, was not even born in Holland, ADRIAN VAN OSTADE (1610-1685). Although his usual subjects be similar to those treated by Teniers, he yet differs from Teniers as Rembrandt differs from Rubens. Teniers treats light in the same manner as Rubens, lavishing it everywhere; Ostade concentrates it, in the style of Rembrandt.

Except in Italy, Ostade may be found in every country where art is held in honor. At Madrid there is a *Rural Concert*, formed by some choristers, accompanied by the bagpipe, the handle of a broom, and the mewing of a cat, whose ears are being pulled to make him join. At St. Petersburg there are about twenty of his pictures, amongst which is the valuable series of the *Five Senses;* at Dresden, two excellent works, a *Smoking Scene* and a *Painter's Studio* in a garret (his own, perhaps); at Munich, with another superior work, a *Dutch Ale-house*, with peasants fighting, and their wives, like the Sabine women, endeavoring to separate and pacify them; at Rotterdam, an *Old Man in his Study;* at Amsterdam, a *Village Assembly;* and lastly, at the Hague, two wonderful pendents, which may well be called the *ne plus ultra* of this master and his branch of art, the *Interior* and *Exterior* of a rustic house. The Louvre has also a good share of the works of Adrian Van Ostade. He has left there, in the ten small portraits composing his family (which might do for any Dutch family), and especially in his *School Master*, the most complete and finished models of those small familiar scenes, comedies in private life, which the wonderful skill of the artist compels us to place amongst the finest paintings.

The best work of the most celebrated of the direct pupils of Rembrandt, GERARD DOW (1613-1680), is at Paris. We may thus easily learn to appreciate this eminent artist, who was at first a portrait painter, and afterwards, taking up the anecdotal style, began by treating small subjects with great

breadth before he ascended—or descended, according to the taste of the critic—to extreme and minute delicacy. This patient and laborious artist, who made his own brushes, pounded his own colors, and prepared his own varnish, panels, or canvas, worked, in order to avoid dust, in a studio opening on to a wet ditch. His masterpiece is the *Woman Sick of the Dropsy*. This picture, which had been bought by the Elector Palatine for the Prince Eugene of Savoy, for the sum of 30,000 florins, was presented to the museum by a soldier, the General Clauzel, who had received it as a present from the King of Sardinia, Charles Emmanuel IV., when, in 1798, he received the commission, then tolerably common, of dethroning this inconvenient neighbor of the French Republic. It was intended as a royal acknowledgment of the loyalty and courtesy of the Republican general; it remains in the Louvre, placed near the *Conception* of Murillo, as a proof of his disinterestedness and generosity. To find any equal for this *Woman Sick of the Dropsy*, in wonderful finish and general harmony of the whole, we should have to seek another work by Gerard Dow himself—the *Empiric*, at St. Petersburg, for instance, or the *Charlatan on his Stage*, at Munich, or an almost identical subject in the gallery at Buckingham Palace, only in this, the doctor is young and handsome, the lady young and beautiful; and, by her languishing looks, we might imagine that the lady is only sick like the lover of Stratonice, and that the physician alone can heal the wound he has inflicted. However, the only picture I have ever seen which can

really venture to rival that of the Louvre, is the *Evening School*, in the Museum of Amsterdam. In this *School* the figures are more numerous, without the work being any the less perfect. It presents, besides, the singularity of the scene being lighted up by four lights, three candles and a lantern. The effect, doubtless, is rather puerile and elaborate, and cannot be recommended to artists; but the difficulty vanquished is immense. Gerard Dow, like Rembrandt, frequently painted his own portrait. At Paris there is a portrait with his palette and pencils; at Dresden another, playing on the violin, for he cultivated the art of sounds as well as that of colors; at Brussels he is very young, drawing a statue of Love by the light of a lamp. This portrait was possibly intended as a lover's gift.

Of the works of GERARD TERBURG (1608-1681), the worthy rival of Gerard Dow in the same school and manner, a remarkable historical picture called the *Peace of Westphalia* (1648) might have been preserved at Paris, but having been sold with the collection of the Duchess de Berri, it has passed into the hands of a foreign amateur. Terburg, however, may be well studied and appreciated at the Louvre; his *Concert*, his *Music Lesson*, and, especially, his *Officier Gallant*, are very fine works, showing the ingenious arrangement, and soft, but firm touch, which distinguish him amongst the crowd of lesser Dutch painters. But none of them rise much above the average of the works to be met with in all the galleries and cabinets of Europe. None of them even equal the *Conversations* of St. Petersburg and

the Hague, the *Young Lady with the Ewer* of Dresden, *Paternal Advice*, of Berlin (changed to the *Satin Dress* in the engraving of George Wille) the vast *Interior of a Cottage*, which is at Munich, etc. Gerard Terburg had abandoned the ale-house scenes for concerts, meals, and small domestic scenes, which cannot well be classified by any particular title. They are usually called by a general name, scenes of *Interiors*, and they might perhaps be more correctly termed *Exteriors;* for they are confined to simple outside truth, without any inner feeling or moral depth. But, from a constant distinction, as well as from the extreme perfection of details, Terburg relieves the perfect simplicity of such compositions.

Although imitating both Gerard Dow and Terburg, GABRIEL METZU (1615-after 1664) has yet succeeded in marking out a new route for himself, and has made himself original by the frankness of his touch, as well as the power, richness, and harmony of his colors. His prevailing tints are either purple, like the Van Eycks, or sometimes silvery, like Paul Veronese, which causes him to be easily recognized among the artists of that period cultivating the same style and treating the same subjects. The *Chemist*, the *Officer and the Young Lady*, and still more the *Vegetable Market at Amsterdam*, represent him worthily in the Louvre. And yet *The Intruder* of the Baring collection in London, the two *Poulterers* which the Museum of Dresden possesses, with the celebrated *Lace Maker*, and the other *Poulterer*, which the Museum of Cassel unites to the young *Musician*, rise still higher in the scale of perfection

At London, Dresden, and Cassel, Metzu is superior to his rivals, even to Gerard Dow, Terburg, and Van Ostade. I am even inclined to think that he is so everywhere.

FRANZ MIERIS, the elder (1635-1681), also belongs to the school of the lesser masters. Gerard Dow called him by a flattering distinction, which the opinion of amateurs has ratified, "the prince of his pupils." This name designates and explains him well. In one of the two *Painter's Studios* he has introduced himself, and the violoncello leaning against a wall shows that he shared his master's taste for music, and could join him in a concert. As one of his masterpieces I should mention the *Shopwoman at her Counter* cajoled by a purchaser, which is in the Belvedere at Vienna. For Mieris, this is a very large picture, as it is almost two feet in height; but every figure and object are finished with as much care as in his miniatures. Another of his best known pictures is the celebrated one at Munich of a *Lady fainting* in presence of her doctor. The only comparison we can suggest for this work of Franz Mieris is with the masterpiece of Gerard Dow himself, the *Woman Sick of the Dropsy*, in the Louvre.

This family of Dutch painters, which extends from Gerard Dow to Franz Mieris, should adopt the German GASPARD NETSCHER (1636-1684), who was the favorite painter of William III. of England, and whom Gerard de Lairesse called "the prince of artists." He is completely Dutch in his studies and works. In the Louvre, the *Singing Lesson* and the

Violoncello Lesson; at Munich, *Bathsheba*—a picture which should not have had a Biblical title; at Carlsruhe, the *Suicide of Cleopatra*, a fair, plump Frison woman, in a white satin dress, and bearing very little resemblance to the dark mistress of Cæsar and Antony; at Dresden, a series of *Ladies* at their toilette, in bed, at the harpsichord, all show us the rival of Terburg and Metzu displaying his rare merit in the rendering of fabrics and inanimate objects, especially of goldsmith's work, as well as in the grace, elegance, and distinction he always gives to his human models. Dresden still possesses the artist's portrait of himself, a very intellectual head, which we are charmed to find twice repeated. Netscher has painted himself at first in meditation, near a table, then accompanying his wife's singing with a guitar: he was a musician like Dow and Mieris.

We must say a few words in conclusion on PETER VAN SLINGELANDT (1640-1691). He is the least of the lesser Dutch artists, the most patient and minutely finished of even that school. He took three years to cover a piece of canvas one foot square, and a whole month to paint a lace band. It may easily be understood with such a method of painting how it happened that he did not paint more than thirty pictures in his whole life. One of the most important is in the Louvre, the *Dutch Family* (the Meerman family). An ornamental drawing-room contains as many as seven personages, the father, mother, two children, a negro, a dog, and a parrot. For the microscopical painting of Slinge-

landt this is a whole world, and during the time he took to engrave this little panel, with the help of a magnifying glass, Rubens painted on his ladder the twenty-one large pictures which compose the *History of Maria de Medici.*

To this purely anecdotal series of painters GONZALES COQUES also, belongs, whose firm and manly talent was shown in his grouping of small-sized portraits, in taking portraits of families, for instance, that of his own in the Museum of the Hague, which he has collected in a picture gallery.

To this same series, which I would not interrupt before, must now be joined two painters who belong to it in certain points, though they are dissimilar in others, Philip Wouvermans and Jan Steen.

PHILIP WOUVERMANS (1620-1668), a prodigy of fertility, produced in a life one half shorter than that of Teniers the "two leagues of gallery" on which that artist prided himself. No less diligent, no less quick at his work than Lope de Vega, he must have made a picture as the latter did a comedy, in the space of one day. He has left sixty-four merely in the Dresden Museum, forty-nine in the Hermitage, twenty-two at Cassel, seventeen at Munich, thirteen at the Louvre, and there are, besides, innumerable ones dispersed through the galleries and cabinets of the whole world. On seeing the subjects, very often complicated with numerous details, and the execution, always so carefully finished, we ask with astonishment how the life of a single man—and a comparatively short life

too of forty-eight years—could have sufficed for such an achievement. And yet even Louis XIV. could not have called the noble and gallant personages in the pictures of Wouvermans grotesque, for they do not haunt the low ale-houses; they live in seigniorial mansions. Wouvermans is the elegant painter of the life of gentlemen, of war, of hunting, of all the sports in which man has his dog and horse for his companions. At Paris there are some good specimens of his usual subjects, ennobled by the style of his delicate touch; such are the celebrated *Bœuf gras*, the *Hunting Party* on horseback, the two *Cavalry* scenes, and, especially, the *Riding School*. But his best works must be sought elsewhere: at Dresden, amongst the enormous number there, stag, boar, and heron hunting; at St. Petersburg, the *Burning Mill*, where masses of verdure, mingled with whirling flames, form the most harmonious contrast, and the *Flemish Carousal* in a spacious plain, in the midst of a crowd of spectators—a scene full of movement and gaiety; at Munich, the great *Stag Hunt*, a good picture in every part, and a *Battle*, doubtless borrowed from the Thirty Years' War, for the two armies in presence are German and Swedish; lastly, at the Hague, the superb and animated landscape known by the name of the *Chariot de Foin*, and the other great *Battle* piece, which is the largest known of the innumerable pictures by Wouvermans. It is also, perhaps, the most complete and valuable. It is conceived with exquisite taste and great happiness, so covered with figures that it is impossible to count them, and of very energetic and

powerful action, and yet the touch is as fine and elegant as the most delicate miniature.

JAN STEEN (1636-1689), who might be surnamed like the elder Breughel, the *jovial*, has nothing in the Louvre but a *Flemish Festival* in an ale-house, perhaps the one that the artist himself, the son of a Leyden brewer, kept at Delft, through which he was ruined, and therefore compelled to become a painter. Jan Steen remained none the less a friend to the bottle.

This Flemish Festival is not finely finished, if we compare it with the other pictures of the school, or even of the painter. But, besides the fact that its great dimensions permits a bolder and freer execution, it is recommended by other merits, which well make up for the want of a more minute finish; it is full of gaiety, wit, and sly humor, besides being endowed with the superior quality so rare in the works of most painters—life. However, to know Jan Steen well, we must go farther than to the Louvre. At the Belvedere, at Vienna, we shall find a *Village Wedding*, and at Berlin a *Garden of an Ale-House*, which are excellent scenes of burlesque comedy; at the Hermitage, the *Game of Backgammon*, where Steen has painted himself in conversation with his wife, and a *Ahasuerus* touching Esther with his golden sceptre; a subject which he has endeavored to treat seriously, but which is only the more comic from the attempt. In England, at Buckingham Palace, *Ale-houses* quite worthy of being admitted to a king's palace; at Rotterdam the *Malade Imaginaire*, who fancies he has stones in his

head, and *Tobit curing his Father;* at the Hague, the celebrated *Picture of Human Life*, a large collection of about twenty persons, executed in the finest manner of this irregular master, and the *Family of Jan Steen*, another collection of a dozen life-like figures, lighted up as Peter de Hoogh would have done; in it we notice particularly the charming group of a very aged grandfather and a little urchin —the two childhoods of life; lastly, at Amsterdam, a very celebrated scene of an *Interior*, called the *Feast of St. Nicholas:* the good children receiving playthings, whilst the idle one finds a rod in his shoe, and every one laughs at him. There is also the excellent portrait that Jan Steen has left of himself. This gentle, serious, almost melancholy, countenance—which has nothing of the drunkard in it—shows well, like that of Molière, the true character of wits by profession; they make others laugh, but do not laugh themselves.

After Jan Steen it is only right to mention PIETER VAN LAER, called *Bamboccio* (— -1674), the poor artist, who, under his deformed body, concealed a joyous disposition and much humor.

The name of *Interiors* applies to the particular *genre* representing buildings, the subjects which require a knowledge and employment of both lineal and aërial perspective. The usual subjects of the painters belonging to this class were *Views of Churches*, as they were the only buildings which at the time of this school gave any scope for the high and wide proportions, and long aisles with rows of pillars, views of which were so dear, not only to those who

loved the buildings for the uses to which they were applied, but also to all the inhabitants of the city, who were proud of its ancient edifices. The masters of this *genre*, going back to its origin, are PIETER NEEFS, the elder (1570-1651), and HENDRIK VAN STEENWYCK, the younger (1589-after 1642), both pupils of the elder Steenwyck. They are both to be found in the Louvre; but the best architectural pictures of Steenwyck are at Vienna, and Pieter Neefs has left his principal works in different places: at Vienna, a *Gothic Church;* at Munich, an *Interior of a Church* during the night; at St. Petersburg, some *Interiors* obtained from Malmaison. The personages in these pictures are almost always by a different hand; in them may be recognized the touch of the Breughels, of the Franckens, of Poelemberg, and of Teniers. The universal Albert Cuyp, Emanuel de Witte, and Anton de Lorme, have added to the rather dry designs of architecture drawn with the ruler the new elements supplied by the art of painting, especially that of light, "the poem in three cantos, the noble poem of the day, evening and twilight" (Charles Blanc). They added afterwards all that mysterious poetry which is to be felt in large cathedrals, in the deep naves, the slender oriels, the resounding pavement, and many-colored windows.

In this class of *Interiors* a new variety may be comprised, invented by PIETER DE HOOGH (between 1630 and 1640-1708). This great colorist was so long and so completely unknown, that his name has been frequently effaced from pictures in order to

substitute that of some other painter better known to commerce. Reducing the proportions of his buildings, and satisfied with merely a room in a house, provided that it had a window and a door open, he sought less for the effects of perspective than for those of light. In this science of light and shadow, Rembrandt himself has not surpassed him, and no one else has produced equally well the effect of a ray of sunlight crossing shadow in a room. He has succeeded, besides, and without borrowing the pencil of another, in animating his little rooms by personages as full of life as their dwellings are of air and day. He has succeeded in depicting household poetry, the poetry of the hearth, as well as Terburg and Metzu. At the Louvre there are two fine pictures by Pieter de Hoogh, but they are both surpassed by the *Return from the Market*, at the Hermitage, the *Dutch Cabin*, at Munich, and the *Interior* (without any other name), at Amsterdam. The latter especially is lighted by one of those wonderful sunbeams, at once the seal and the honor of the master.

As we mentioned the *Bamboccio* after Jan Steen, it is only right to name, after Pieter de Hoogh, JAN VAN DER MEER (or Verneer, born at Delft, 1632, died after 1670). Although the *View of Delft*, in the museum of the Hague, is a landscape treated in the manner of Philip de Koningh, Van der Meer still adheres rather to Pieter de Hoogh in the usual choice of his subjects and his use of effects. Thoré has restored a place in the history of art to this distinguished painter, whose principal works have pro-

bably received the name of de Hoogh since that painter has been restored to honor.

To avoid the necessity of making a separate class of a single painter, we will place here the works of JAN VAN DER HEYDEN (1637–1712), although they are in point of fact *Exteriors*. It is well known what wonderful patience he must have possessed in painting to enable him to depict every stone in a wall, every tile of a roof, every paving-stone in a street, every leaf on a tree, just as Denner, in the human countenance, drew every hair of the beard, and the slightest wrinkle in the skin. What we must especially admire in his works, however, are the fine general effects that he produced from such minute details, by the harmonious contrast of light and shadow, and also the manner in which he made picturesque scenes of the straight monotonous lines of streets and houses. The *View of a Public Square*, surrounded by trees, at Munich; the *Convent Garden*, at Grosvenor House; the *View of Antwerp*, at the Hague; the *View of a Dutch Town*, at Amsterdam; and the *View of the Town Hall of Amsterdam*, at Paris, in which the figures are painted by Adrian Van de Velde, are some of the highest works of this special *genre*, in which Van der Heyden, who had no predecessors, has remained without rivals and even without imitators.

Animals form a necessary part of landscape; we have already found them in the works of Albert Cuyp and Nicholas Berghem; we shall also find them in all the other landscape painters. If I make a class of them separately it is when, instead of

merely forming an accessory of the picture, they become the principal part, putting the landscape which surrounds them into the second place. In this particular *genre* PAUL POTTER (1625–1654), who has been termed the *Raphael of Animals*, is the greatest master.

He was a small country gentleman, whom the sight of nature, and the universal passion for painting which had then overspread the country, rather than the counsels of his father, or the lessons of a certain Raphael Camphuysen, led to devote himself to painting. He had no sooner made his name known, though he was still very young, than he went to live first at the Hague and afterwards at Amsterdam, where he died from overwork at the age of 29, eight years younger than Raphael. The Hague has retained the one of his works which may be said to be unique in its kind; this is the landscape in which are assembled a young brown bull, a cow, three sheep, and their shepherd, all of life-size. This picture is known by the name of the *Young Bull* of Paul Potter. He painted it at the age of 22. It was an incredible act of audacity. From its unusual size this *bull* required a thoroughly different system of execution from that of the masters who had preceded him, and from the earlier works of Paul Potter himself. He had to create a fresh system, and succeeded in accomplishing it. He first painted this picture in the manner of the great hunting scenes of Snyders, with a strong and deep impasto in the masses; then over this, almost in relief, he traced out the details—as finely finished

as a house by Van der Heyden, or a face by Denner. This method of attaining, by the union of two systems, to extreme perfection, is very interesting to artists, who never weary of admiring the combination and effect; many even declare that this *Young Bull*, looked at as an exercise of the pencil, is the most astonishing work ever produced in the art of painting.

And yet I must venture to say that I do not entirely approve this victorious attempt of Potter's, and that I think any artist would be hopelessly lost who should endeavor to imitate it. It is well that a portrait, or the figures in a historical picture, should be of the size of life; we are accustomed to see men near us; but usually we only see animals, flocks especially, in the distance. It is better adapted, then, to the subject to paint them smaller, for it shows them to us as we usually see them. In support of this opinion I shall adduce Paul Potter himself. In looking at the admirable background of this picture—the large meadow bordered with trees, where other cattle are grazing, the light, air, and life-like nature around—we can scarcely help regretting that these huge beasts in the foreground conceal so large a part of the landscape; we should prefer them to be farther back, in order to see better. This thought may, perhaps, be considered by some as almost blasphemous; but I cannot help it, and others possibly may agree with me. I only beg them, however, as my excuse, to look on one side of this gigantic bull, at the other admirable landscape that Paul Potter painted the following

year, 1648, and which is called, on account of the sheet of water where the cattle drink, *La Vache qui se mire.*

But we will pass on to the Museum of Amsterdam: there I shall be fully justified. What is this frightful decoration called a *Bear Hunt?* A sort of Hungarian hussar approaches bare-headed, and armed with a most innocent-looking sword, to attack these terrible animals; it is perfectly ridiculous. The bears are out of drawing, the dogs extravagant. There are, indeed, torn and bleeding limbs, and plenty to excite horror and disgust, but no movement, no effect. The only reason for placing this hideous scene in the place of honor is, that it bears the revered name of *Paulus Potter*, and the date 1649. He was surely right in the five remaining years of his short life never again to employ these proportions. We may see this from a picture dated in the following year, and entitled *Orpheus subduing Animals.* At the foot of a wooded hill, in a verdant glade, Orpheus is seated with a harp in his hand like King David, but dressed as a Walloon. Around him are ranged a number of animals, not merely those familiar to Paul Potter, such as the cow, the goat, the sheep, the ass, and the dog, but also the wild animals of other countries, such as the lion, the elephant, the camel, the buffalo, the bear, and even the unicorn. When this small picture is compared with the larger one, it will not be difficult to decide on their merits.

We will now examine some of his works in other parts of Europe. At Paris there are only very fee-

ble specimens of his style. In London there are at least two authentic works by Paul Potter, and these are masterpieces. One is in the gallery of the Marquis of Westminster, the other at Buckingham Palace. The former represents *Cows and Sheep* under some willow trees, in a meadow. This wonderful little landscape, lighted up by the warm rays of the sun at noon, is equal to any work of this master. It is dated 1647. Paul Potter was therefore only 22 when he painted it. Such a precocity of talent explains the reason why a man who died in his 29th year should yet have left so many masterpieces. The second, in Buckingham Palace, is a complete little country scene. A child has stolen two puppies from their mother, who is pursuing furiously and biting him; the child is flying in terror; a cock is running off at the noise, flying as much as he can; some horses are looking out curiously from the stable door, whilst a cow that is being milked, and the sheep mixing in the scene, give it all the unity and variety of composition that can be wished for in an historical picture.

But Paul Potter is greater at St. Petersburg than either in England or in his own country. Of his very rare works, the imperial cabinet of Russia has collected nine,* and we must stop a few moments over the three principal ones. One appears to have realized the wish of La Fontaine's lion:

"Si nos confrères savaient peindre!"

* A tenth, bought in Holland for the Empress Catharine, was destroyed in a shipwreck, with several other choice pictures.

It is the trial of man by the animals. This singular composition, which resembles the multiform pictures of the old masters of the Renaissance, forms fourteen compartments, the two largest of which are surrounded by the twelve smaller ones. Paul Potter did not paint all these chapters himself. The history of *Acteon* is by Poelemberg, that of *St. Hubert*, perhaps, by Teniers. The central panel belongs to Paul Potter; it represents the *Condemnation of Man by the Tribunal of Animals.* A large *Landscape*, dated 1650, is a more important picture, and is entirely by Paul Potter. Through a thick wood, near a piece of water concealed in the shadow, a road passes, lighted by the sun, or rather by a most brilliant moon. A traveller on horseback, two fishermen, a herdsman and his cows, supply the living portion of the landscape. This picture can only be surpassed by a landscape which Paul Potter painted in 1649, when 24 years of age. This celebrated picture was ordered by a dowager countess of Zolms, *née* Princess Emily of Nassau. But this great lady doubtless loved painting in the style of Louis XIV. She refused the picture as inconvenient and indecent, and it passed into the hands first of a sheriff of Amsterdam, then to the gallery of Hesse Cassel, then to Malmaison, and finally to the Hermitage. It represents a flat pasture land, in full sunshine, without any masses of shadow, any chiaroscuro, or relief of any kind. Only large trees, dispersed here and there, overshadow a farm and some cattle in repose. But in this simple landscape, Paul Potter has united to

his favorite cows nearly everything that can animate a landscape, horses, asses, goats, sheep, hens, a dog and a cat, besides people. It is the finest of his works, and the masterpiece of this *genre*. In France, Paul Potter is so little known, that the astonishment there felt at his reputation in other countries is not surprising. People laugh at the infatuation of amateurs who buy a picture like a tulip, solely on account of its rarity. But before such a picture as this, they would soon change their opinion, and confess that buying it at the price of an estate even would only be rendering it justice and giving for it its just value.*

Among the painters of animals an honorable place must be given to the painter of *poultry-yards*, MELCHIOR HONDEKOETER (1636–1695). At the Louvre there are *swans* and *peacocks* by him. But these birds are too grand for him; common hens and ducks are the personages usually to be found in most of the pictures which have justly rendered his name famous. To know Hondekoeter well, we should see the *Fight between a Cock and a Turkey*, at the Hermitage, the *Menagerie of Birds at Loo*, at the Hague, and the *Floating Feather*, at Amsterdam. This feather has drifted on to a pool where ducks are swimming. But Hondekoeter, like Paul Potter, painted living animals; others have made a special domain in painting dead ones. Of this class are

* It is said that this picture was estimated at 250,000 francs (£10,000) in the valuation of the picture cabinet at Malmaison. This was in 1814; what would it be worth now?

JAN FYT (1609–1661), and JAN WEENIX (1644–1719). Both usually chose small game—hares, pheasants, snipe, ducks, birds of all sorts—of the finest forms and colors, which they grouped with hunting weapons, or under the charge of a dog of pure breed. Fyt and Weenix have both retained their renown, for the bold strokes of the former, as well as the patient work of the latter, carry the imitation of game to such a point that they almost seem to restore life to the dead. The *Pheasant*, considered the masterpiece of Jan Weenix, is at the Hague.

On coming to the important class of *Landscape* painters, we must notice that this is really the creation of the Netherlands. The Italian painters, even Annibale Carracci in his *Lunettes*, and Domenichino and Poussin, did not venture to form a picture of Nature alone; they always required an historical subject, a human drama, for which Nature merely furnished the theatre. It was a Fleming, PAUL BRIL, of Antwerp (1554–1626), who, by confining himself to views of the country, gave the Italians the first example of pure landscape. *Paolo Brilli*, as they called him, was then, in fact, the creator of this *genre;* and, having settled in Rome half a century before Claude Lorraine, was his precursor, if not his master. This style was immediately continued, even in Italy, by other Flemings, ROELANDT SAVERY, HERMANN SWANEVELT, JAN ASSELYN, called the *Little Crab*, on account of his maimed hand and hooked fingers, lastly, JAN BOTH (1610–1650). The two Boths, Jan and Andreas, are models of fraternal affection, since Jan died of grief when his brother

was drowned in one of the canals of Venice, and Andreas, who might have become an eminent artist both in painting and engraving, resigned himself, with touching self-denial, to do nothing but place figures in his brother's landscapes. Their works being thus joint productions, should in strict justice be said to be by the *Brothers Both.* But custom has decided that they should bear the name of the elder. In these pictures we may admire the warm golden tints of southern countries, which, united to the natural style of Jan Both, make of him a sort of Claude, though wilder and more rural. In looking at the large trees in his foregrounds, for instance, we recall the nervous description of Bernardin de St. Pierre, contrasting, in his *Harmonies*, the firm and immovable oak-tree of the North, to the flexible and pliant palm-tree of southern climes: "With his knotted branches, the oak resembles an athlete fighting with the tempest."

It is, however, JAN WYNANTS (between 1600 and 1610–1677), who commences the cycle of real Dutch landscape painters, of those who were born, and lived and died in Holland. For them Nature is no longer the theatre for a subject, but is herself the subject. They studied and copied her under all her aspects; they made of her, as of a loved mother, *alma parens*, a thousand different portraits, all striking in their truthfulness. It is the glory of Wynants to have been one of the first to have accepted and consecrated this new branch, which might have remained only secondary, and to have raised it by his great talent. Whilst Both, Berghem, Pynacker, copied

the warm and mountainous scenes of Italy, Wynants fell in love with his own Holland. The first country scene he came upon, provided he could introduce a few figures and animals, which were painted by complaisant and unambitious assistants, and could also bring in the winding road coming from and going no one knows where, were sufficient for this excellent master; who is rendered no less celebrated by his pupils than by his own works.

At the same time JAN VAN GOYEN and SOLOMON RUYSDAEL were also taking views of their freed and glorious country; usually on the banks of its rivers and canals, the one with grey and reddish tints, showing the ordinary gloom of this climate, the other, with more verdure, sunshine, and elegance. Then, as if in contrast to the artist-travellers who brought Italy back with them to Holland, ALBERT VAN EVERDINGEN (1621-1675), bringing back from his travels the mountainous scenes of Norway shadowed with firs, and intersected with ravines and waterfalls, introduced into Dutch painting the nature of the extreme north. It was from all these different elements that the chief of the Dutch school of landscape-painting, JACOB RUYSDAEL (about 1620 or 1625-1681), was formed. He is a striking proof of the saying of Bacon: *Ars est homo additus naturæ.* To the talents of his predecessors or contemporaries he added the dreamy and melancholy poetry of his own mind, which can only be well understood by characters resembling his own. It seems, indeed, to me that, like Poussin in this respect, he must not aspire to the admiration of the crowd. Ruysdael,

who quitted medicine for painting, and who, like Michael Angelo and Beethoven, was never married, appears to have thought, with Montaigne, "*qu'il y a quelque umbre de friandise et délicatesse au giron même de la mélancholie.*" If we seek in Ruysdael merely the imitation, the portrait of nature, he is equalled, and, perhaps, even surpassed, in some technical points, by Hobbema, Decker, and some others; but it is the inner sentiment, the poetry of solitude, of silence, of mystery, which placed him in the front rank alone. Albert Dürer made a beautiful figure of Melancholy; without being personified, it is visible in all the works of Ruysdael.

We will seek throughout Europe for the choicest of his works. In the Louvre there are only a very small number, scarcely one half of those which may be found at Munich, Dresden, and St. Petersburg, and these are not by any means the best of his works. There is, however, a charming landscape, of very fine execution, which is called the *Coup de Soleil;* then another landscape, still more simple, whose name of the *Bush* describes the whole subject. There is also a *Storm* on the coast and near the dykes of Holland, dark and strong, admirable in the rendering of the tumultuous waves and sinister aspect of the sky; Michelet calls it the "prodigy of the Louvre."

In Holland itself we find little more than the *Waterfall,* at the entrance to a wooded ravine, on the two steep banks of which stand old castles. This magnificent work is in the Museum of Amsterdam, with a *View of Benteim Castle,* a small finely-painted

landscape, lighted by brilliant sunshine. It was painted on one of his happiest days. Rotterdam also possesses another view of Bentheim Castle, which he painted so many times and under such different aspects; yet always with the greatest care and finish. But alas, in the foreground of this picture, some miserable painter has introduced, on the banks of the Moselle, the Gospel incident of the disciples going to Emmaus! So that the three figures are intended for our Lord and the disciples. Such a shocking contrast would take all the poetry out of the picture if we did not remember what Claude, who was also frequently disgraced by his assistants, had said, that he gave the figures in his landscapes "over and above the bargain." In England, Ruysdael is especially to be found in private galleries, for instance, in the museum of Thomas Baring, Esq., the *Troubled River*, which equals the *Storm*, in the Louvre. In Russia, fifteen pictures represent him in the imperial museum. In the figures we often recognize the hand of Adrian Van Ostade and Adrian Van de Velde, which increases their value. Four of these landscapes struck me especially. One is very small and very simple: a sandy plain, a winding road, a peasant followed by his dog; nothing more. But over this a veil of sadness which touches the heart as much as the most pathetic scene. Another is equally simple, though of much larger size: a pathway through a wood, and, on the banks of a sheet of stagnant water, a large beech-tree, half despoiled of its branches by time. In the third, the principal personage again—if I

may be allowed the expression—is an old beech, the artist's favorite tree, broken by the lightning and fallen into the waves of a torrent, which forms a magnificent sheet of water rolling over the rocks. The fourth seems to include the two preceding ones. This is also in a deep forest, a fallen beech-tree, with a sheet of stagnant water almost hidden by the water-lilies. Two or three water birds, standing on their webbed feet, and one passing in the distance, is all that animates this solitude; but the scene is full of silence, mystery, and soft melancholy, and Ruysdael has never spoken more eloquently to thoughtful and dreamy souls.

However, it is in Germany that his greatest works are to be found. At Munich there are nine landscapes, all as beautiful as can be desired. In the largest there is a *Cascade* foaming down over masses of rocks. This picture is valuable as well for its great perfection as from its unusual size. At Dresden there are thirteen of his paintings, to which may be added several by SOLOMON RUYSDAEL, who, like Hubert Van Eyck, was his brother's master, though afterwards the renown of the pupil eclipsed that of the master. Among these thirteen pictures several are justly celebrated. One of those is known by the name of *Ruysdael's Chase.* It is a forest of beech trees, broken only by some sheets of water reflecting the clouds in the sky. Under these great trees, Adrian Van de Velde has painted a stag hunt, from which the name of the picture has been taken. This is one of the largest as well as most magnificent to be found in his entire works. But, in my opinion,

Ruysdael is more to be admired in his smaller works. For instance, another view of the same old *Castle of Bentheim*, on the summit of a hill covered with brushwood; nothing can be more attractive and wonderful than this. In some of the others Ruysdael has given full expression to that deep melancholy with which all his works are tinged. To this class belong the ruined *Cloister*, on the banks of a river overshadowed by large trees, and still more the *Jews' Cemetery*, in which the blackened and tottering tombs standing amongst ruins and wild shrubs are all being saturated by the waters of an overflowing stream. Poussin himself could not have found greater depth of sadness or desolation to depict the last dwelling-place of a persecuted and despised race.

The largest, the most important, and, perhaps, the most perfect of Ruysdael's works is, however, to be found in Vienna. It is about 6 feet wide by 5 feet high, and the unusual size of the picture shows that Ruysdael intended it for an extraordinary work. Nothing could be more simple than the subject; it is called the *Forest*. Under a calm sky crossed by floating clouds, a clump of high trees on a flat barren country, through which a pathway winds, cut off in the foreground by a stream, and losing itself in the distant horizon; this is all. And yet it is the truest, most excellent portrait of simple nature that can be imagined. The only landscape paintings that can be placed above it are those dreamed of and composed by Claude Lorraine; as in the works of Raphael, after the *Suonatore di Violino*, we can

only come to the *Madonna della Sedia;* and in the works of Rembrandt, after the *Staalmeisters;* we can only look at the *Night Watch.*

The only possible rival for Jacob Ruysdael is MINDERHOUT HOBBEMA (1638-1709), who was perhaps his pupil, and was certainly his friend. But, contrary to his model, he only painted smiling and serene nature. Hobbema was long forgotten; his name was effaced from his works in order to substitute the name or monogram of Ruysdael, whose renown never suffered an eclipse. At the present time, by one of those returns to favor produced even in art by the caprices of fashion, the decried Hobbema has been so much extolled, that he may, perhaps, be unable to retain his exalted position. His works, which are, indeed, rare, obtain prices higher than those of Ruysdael. This is another injustice in the opposite direction. A proof that this sudden and astonishing celebrity is not of ancient date is, that of the three museums of Holland that of Rotterdam alone possesses any specimen of Hobbema. He has more important works elsewhere, such as the *Dutch Cabin* at Munich and the *Oak Forest* at Berlin. But as his masterpieces I do not hesitate to point to the large pendents in Grosvenor House. They have no consecrated name that I know of; they are simply *Landscapes*—views of a wooded country, lighted and rejoiced by the bright rays of the sun—but very bright, very profound, of complete and commanding beauty.

There is another landscape painter of the same period and of the same school, whose works were also

for a long time attributed to Ruysdael, and who deserves, like Hobbema, to be reinstated in the place he occupied during his life. This is CONRAD (or *Cornelis*) DECKER. It is a proof that he was held in high estimation, that Adrian Van Ostade rendered him the same service that Adrian Van de Velde rendered to Wynants, that of painting the figures of men and animals in his pictures. But since his works were long accepted as those of Ruysdael, what necessity is there for any other eulogy on Decker? And having thus restored him to his right position after Ruysdael, it would be only just to replace JAN VAN DER HAGEN near Hobbema.

ADRIAN VAN DE VELDE (1639-1672) is more original. This illustrious disciple of Wynants, whose life was shorter than that of Ruysdael, and very little longer than Paul Potter's, may claim one important title to superiority: in his calm, smiling, peaceful views of nature, he was able himself to paint the human figures almost as well as Wouvermans, and his animals almost as well as Paul Potter himself. Only his animals and men are usually peaceful and devoid of action. Adrian Van de Velde is, in painting, the poet of the eclogue and the idyll. Without going further in search of his works, we shall find a sufficient quantity in the Louvre: the *Coast of Scheveningen*, where the Prince of Orange is driving in a carriage and six; a *Frozen Canal;* the *Herdsman's Family*, a charming miniature, etc. One of his animated landscapes, called the *Rising Sun*, gilded with warm and brilliant tints in the style of Claude, seems to show the highest

point of the wonderful talent of Adrian Van de Velde.

PHILIP DE KONINGH (1619-1689), the worthy pupil of Rembrandt, has made for himself a distinct line in landscape painting, of which his master had indicated the secret, but which none other of his disciples inherited. The endless depths of a smooth plain, of a Dutch steppe, intersected by alternate shadow and light; this was his usual and favorite subject. He appears to have endeavored to give an idea of the infinite. Very little known in France, Philip Koningh is much valued in Holland and England. He has left, both in the Amsterdam Museum and also in the gallery of Grosvenor House, some works of striking merit.

Of the brothers Van Ostade, like the brothers Ruysdael, one was the pupil of the other. But of the latter Jacob attained to greater excellence than Solomon; whilst of the former, on the contrary, Isaac did not attain to the celebrity of his brother Adrian. Perhaps this verdict should be reconsidered. ISAAC VAN OSTADE (1617-1654) appears to me to equal his brother in a different line; and it is only in his *genre* that he remains his inferior. Adrian doubtless is superior in the painting of little domestic or popular dramas, where the human being holds the first place; but Isaac makes up for this by the representation of the natural scenes of these dramas; he is more of a landscape painter. This may be seen in the Louvre, in his two *Halts* of travelling parties before a hostelry, and in an open Dutch landscape. There may also be found another

subject which he frequently treated, and which may be seen everywhere, a *Frozen Canal* covered by travellers on skates. The winter is the beautiful season of Holland and all the north as far as Russia. Isaac Van Ostade made for himself a specialty of these winter landscapes, as Van der Neer of moonlight. He was, and still is, the master in it—with Van der Neer, however, who was not only a lover of the moon, but also of snow.

This ARTUS VAN DER NEER (1613 or 1619-1683), more even than the *Gherardo delli Notti* of the Italians, was the poet of the night. He has merely painted simple and true nature, and only the scenes to be found in his own country; but he has made a dominion for himself between the twilight of the evening and of the morning. It might be supposed that his eyes, like those of the owls, could not support the brilliancy of the sun, and preferred the pale rays of the moon. When he does ever venture into the daylight it is in the depth of winter, during days of ice and snow, or when the sky is misty, and the light almost as pale as in the twilight. Melancholy is the characteristic of Ruysdael's painting, and mystery that of Van der Neer. Yet he never chose anything for his subject but flat Dutch landscapes, with the motionless waters, and meadows bordered with willows, he dispenses with the usual accessories of high towers, picturesque ruins, fantastic rocks, or anything that may be called the *architecture* of moonlight scenes. Van der Neer, who painted the figures in his landscapes himself, has also the merit of finding even a variety in such mo-

notonous elements; he is fully worthy of the high renown he enjoys at present.

Then, when England had as yet no painters nor painting, it was natural that the first model of a *marine* piece—of the landscape of the sea—should be given by the fellow-countrymen of De Ruyter and Van Tromp. Passing by, without notice, the first attempts in this branch—those of Peters, or Zeeman (Reinier Mons) for instance—we come at once to the two masters of the *genre*, LUDOLF BACKHUYSEN (1631-1709), and WILLIAM VAN DE VELDE (1633-1707). The former, who was a writing master before becoming the pupil of Everdingen, gave, it is said, lessons in marine drawing to Peter the Great when he was studying naval art at Saardam. His most celebrated works are—at the Hague, the *Return of William of Orange* as William III. of England; at Amsterdam, the *Embarkment of Jan de Witt* on the Dutch fleet; at Vienna, a large and magnificent *View of the Port of Amsterdam;* at Paris, the *Dutch Squadron*, a present made to Louis XIV. by the burgomasters of Amsterdam, after the peace of Nimeguen, in 1678. Backhuysen's style is rather hard and dark usually, and he was surpassed by the transparency and serenity of his rival. M. Charles Blanc says correctly: "Backhuysen makes us fear the sea, Van de Velde makes us love it." William Van de Velde, the worthy brother of Adrian, is, indeed, the uncontested master in this *genre*. The Louvre only possesses one of those charming miniatures, called a *Calm*, of Van de Velde. It can give no idea of the greatest works of

this master, who, being all his life a lover of the sea, painted its every aspect, as a mistress whose changing beauty takes, like the guardian of Neptune's flocks, a thousand different forms, and whose caprices and fury are as much loved as her serenity. These fine works have remained in Germany, in England, where Van de Velde died, and where he is still adored, and especially in his own country, where, amongst others, may be found the great *View of Amsterdam*, taken at the Y, and the two celebrated pendents in commemoration of the naval *Battle of Four Days*, the success of which was at first doubtful, but in which the English finally gained an advantage over De Ruyter in 1666. To enable him to render the combat with greater fidelity, the painter was present on one of the vessels of the Dutch squadron, making his plans and sketches in the midst of the firing. It is in these masterpieces of William Van de Velde that we may find the greatest perfection, not only of that artist, but of all that branch of art of which the sea is the theatre and the object. They enable us to understand, though without agreeing with, the saying of Sir Joshua Reynolds, who thought that another Raphael might some day arise, but that the world would never see another Van de Velde.

After him, it is only just to mention VAN DE CAPELLA and SIMON DE VLIEGER, who sought to introduce the manner of Cuyp into the subjects of Van de Velde. To this class also belongs the German JOHANN LINGELBACH (1625-1680), who became a painter of the Dutch school. His subjects are

called *Sea Ports;* and yet, to speak correctly, he neither painted the sea nor the ports, but the scenes which usually take place there, and the people of all kinds and nations brought there by commerce.

Although *Fruit* and *Flowers* form the most modest of *genres* in painting, yet we must always remember that difficulties vanquished and extreme perfection in execution may raise works of art far above their subject. Besides, when the artist, instead of aspiring to moral conceptions, merely asks a model for imitation from nature, what can be found more charming than fruit and flowers? A proof of this may be found in the valuable and much-sought-after works of the DE HEEMS, father and son, of ABRAHAM MIGNON, RACHEL RUYSCH (1674–1750), and VAN HUYSUM (1682–1749). What could be superior to the *Breakfasts* of Jan David de Heem (1600–1674), or to the *Baskets* of Jan Van Huysum? The latter arranged flowers with so much taste and skill that flower sellers might take lessons in their trade before his pictures as well as painters in their art. These smiling *Vases of Flowers*, far preferable to the dark *Bouquets* of Baptiste Monnoyer, who was brought forward as a rival to Van Huysum, in the time of Madame de Pompadour, are varied and improved by agreeable accessories, such as the vases themselves elaborately carved, the marble stands, and brilliant insects, the flowers of animal life. Rachel Ruysch is still considered the rival of Van Huysum. She was not merely the only female artist produced by the Low Countries since the sister of the great painter of

Bruges, Margaret Van Eyck; she has remained even down to our own times the first of female painters.

In what category must we place the *Kitchens* of WILLIAM KALF (about 1630–1693)? They are not even pictures of *dead nature*, for this supposes a nature which had been alive, such as the animals killed in the chase painted by Fyt and Weenix. These are pictures of inanimate nature, vegetables, pots and pans, which the painter places, arranges, and lights up at his pleasure. And yet these small pictures of a little known and perhaps despised master, to be met with in no great museum, unless it be the Louvre, are real works of art—I was almost going to add, and of poetry. A sense of the picturesque, a light and sure touch, warm coloring, firm drawing, and even intelligent composition, are all to be found in them. Where can the art and the poetry have sprung from?

We have come to another difficulty in classification. Where are we to place Van der Werff? Whilst the degenerate sons of Franz Mieris and Artus Van der Neer, named Wilhem and Eglon, were allowing Dutch art to die out in minute mannerisms, as Carlo Dolci had done to Florentine art; when the only true painters left were the flower painters, ADRIAN VAN DER WERFF (1659–1722) flourished. In his very numerous works it would be difficult to find any differences, any pictures better or worse than the others. When we remember the high estimation in which this miller's son held himself (even to painting his own portrait with the

attributes of immortality); the favor of the elector palatine, John William, who enriched and ennobled him, considering him far superior to Rembrandt, the other miller's son; taking into consideration, too, the celebrity he enjoyed during his life, the high price attached to the works of his pencil, and also the pretentious titles of his compositions, the greater part historical or even sacred, *Moses saved from the Waters*, the *Angels announcing the Glad Tidings*, the *Magdalen in the Desert*, etc.;—we should be inclined to give him the rank of an historical painter. But afterwards, when we come to notice, besides the small size of the personages crowded into his little panels, his careful, and minute manner of painting, mistaking minuteness for grace, and prettiness for beauty, he scarcely deserves the name of *genre* painter. Van der Werff, by wishing to rise above his masters, has sunk in his ambitious works to a very inferior rank, because with him there is such a flagrant contradiction between the subject and the execution, the execution being always below the subject.

It was when the art of Holland was dying out in the hands of Van der Werff and Van Huysum that, abandoning, after the Peace of Utrecht (1713), its purely popular government, Holland was taking hereditary stadtholders, who soon became kings. Born at the same time with national independence, Dutch art died out with the internal liberty of the country. This suggests a reflection on the relation which can and must exist between the culture of art and political institutions.

A monarchical form of government is in no way indispensable to the progress of the arts any more than to the glory and prosperity of artists. This may be seen in Italy by the example of Piedmont, which remained an absolute monarchy until 1848, but which had no school of painting, and brought no addition to the common glories of the country; by the Rome of the popes, which was only the seat of a school during the time that Raphael d'Urbino and Michael Angelo lived there; also from the example of the powerful republic of Venice, as well as from that of independent Florence and ancient Athens, and, indeed, the whole of Greece. While a pope such as Adrian VI. drove the arts and those that cultivated them from Rome, Venice was the city preferred by a number of artists born beyond its walls, but who thought, with the sculptor and architect Sansovino, when he was invited to Florence by the duke Cosmo, to Ferrara by the duke Ercole, and also by the pope Paul III., "that having the happiness to live in a republic it would be madness to go to live under an absolute prince" (Vasari).

Holland presents a more recent and more decisive example. Of Venice and Florence it may be said that, instead of a monarchy, these two states had rich and powerful hereditary aristocracies, many patrician palaces instead of one regal or papal palace, and many small courts instead of one sovereign court. But in Holland there were no courts, no palaces of any kind; a simple burgher population living by its commerce, fishing, and cattle. And yet no country in such a small territory, and with such a

poor population, ever produced so many eminent artists. A first glance suffices to show us for what patrons these artists labored. Their works are neither frescoes nor large pictures destined for the naves of churches or the galleries of castles, but small easel pictures which could be placed in the smallest cabinet of an amateur. The subjects are no longer taken from sacred or profane poetry, which require extended knowledge and cultivated taste to appreciate them, but from the common actions and scenes of every-day life, which took place every day, and contained secrets from no one. If by any chance a large historical picture were painted, it was intended for the town hall, and was on the history of some guild; if a religious picture were painted, it was intended as a sermon. All the rest were addressed to the people, and the artist merely spoke to his equals in the usual language of the country.*

These little *genre* pictures have, however, nowadays attained, from their own deserts and from general taste, an enormous value, and fetch fabulous prices. Artists may take courage, then, from the example of Holland, as well as from that of Venice or Athens, in looking at the changes which the spi-

* M. A. Michiels has made the ingenious remark that the history of painting in the Netherlands offers the same phases as that of ancient Greece; to the *divine age*, corresponds the *religious painting* which had its cradle at Bruges in the times of Van Eyck and Memling; to the *heroic age*, the *chivalrous painting* of Antwerp in the times of Rubens and his school; to the *human age*, the *burgher painting*, inaugurated by Holland in the seventeenth century.

rit of the century may produce in political institutions. Under the Athenian democracy, under the Venetian oligarchy, under the Dutch *bourgeoisie*, as well as under a monarchy, they will ever find glory and fortune with independence and dignity.

Like Belgium, but yet more quietly, Holland, in the course of the present century, has resumed its march forward in the general movement of the art. After the *Flocks* of JAN KOBEL, a skillful imitator of Paul Potter, we may mention the *Landscapes* of KOECKOCK, the *Marine Pieces* of M. MAYER, the *Anecdotal Scenes* of MM. ISRAELS and ALMA TADEMA; and on the public square of Dordrecht a statue has been raised to another child of Holland, Ary Scheffer, whom we shall meet again amongst the French painters.

CHAPTER IV.

FRENCH SCHOOL.

We can trace the history of the French school of painting almost as far back as the history of France itself. Emeric David (*Histoire de la Peinture au Moyen Age)* reminds us that even in the time of Charlemagne it was the custom to cover the walls of churches with paintings *(in circuitu dextra lævaque, intus et extra)* "in order to instruct the people, and to decorate the buildings." It was in France, about the middle of the ninth century, that painters first endeavored to represent the Almighty Father Himself in human form, an attempt which was not made in Italy before the thirteenth century, and is not to be found at all in Byzantine painting. Painting on glass for church windows was likewise invented or perfected in France. A great number of French prelates and abbots also decorated their churches and monasteries with paintings of all sorts; amongst these were the bishops Hincmar of Reims, Hoël of Mans, Geoffrey of Auxerre, and the abbots Angilbert of Saint-Riquier, Ancésige of Fontenelle, Richard of Saint-Venne, and Bernard of Saint-Sauveur. After the conquest of England by William of Normandy the French carried the art of church decoration, and a taste for it, into England with Lanfranc

and Anselm of Canterbury. Tradition has even preserved the names of several celebrated French painters of the Middle Ages, the greater part of whom were monks, belonging especially to the order of St. Basil. Of this number were Madalulphe of Cambray, Adélard of Louvain, Ernulfe of Rouen, Herbert and Roger of Reims, and Thiémon, who was also a sculptor and professor of the fine arts, etc. But all these crude essays, which did not culminate in a national art, are not worthy of a lengthened account.

French as well as Spanish art, as both were the pupils of Italy, can only really be said to have commenced after the slow and laborious development of the Middle Ages, when all the knowledge possessed by antiquity reappeared simultaneously, and produced the revival known by the name of the *Renaissance.*

The influence which Italy exerted on French painting made itself felt as early as the middle of the fifteenth century. René of Anjou, Count of Provence, the prince successively despoiled of Naples, Lorraine and Anjou, and who consoled himself for his political disgraces by cultivating poetry, music, and painting—this good King René (1408-1480) learnt painting in Italy, either at Naples under the Zingaro, when disputing the crown of the Two Sicilies with the kings of Aragon, or at Florence under Bartolommeo della Gatta, when forming an alliance with the Duke of Milan against the Venetians. "He composed," says the chronicler Nostradamus, "several beautiful and elegant romances,

such as *La Conqueste de la Doulce Merci* and the *Mortifiement de Vaine Plaisance*, but he loved painting in particular with a passionate love, and was gifted by nature with such an uncommon aptitude for this noble profession that he was famous among the most excellent painters and illuminators of his time, which may be perceived by several masterpieces accomplished by his divine and royal hand." In the Cluny Museum there is a picture by René which, although not worthy of being called a *divine masterpiece* of the period that had produced Fra Angelico de Fiesole and Masaccio, is yet valuable and remarkable. The subject is the *Preaching of the Magdalen at Marseilles*, where tradition asserts that she was the first to proclaim the Gospel. In the background, and in Chinese perspective, is the port of the old Phocian colony; in the foreground is the audience of the converted sinner, in which René has introduced himself with his wife Jeanne de Laval. The scene is well conceived, clear and animated. The painting, rather dry, but precise, recalls Antonio Salario, the Neapolitan Zingaro. However, these early lessons from Italians, taken in Italy, were simply individual, and the artist-prince who received them did not transmit them to others, nor did he establish a school of art, even in his own country of Provence. At this period there were still only *ymaigiers* at Paris, the most celebrated of whom, perhaps, Jacquemin Gringonneur, painted packs of cards to afford Charles VI. an easy amusement in the lucid intervals which his madness allowed him. Gringonneur has been called the

inventor of cards; but this invention, which is also attributed to another *ymaigier*, Nicolas Pépyn, belongs to a much earlier period; it dates back as far as the thirteenth century. A little later, under the reigns of Charles VII. and Louis XI., appeared a real painter, JEHAN FOUQUET, born at Tours, between 1415-1420, who painted the portrait of Pope Eugenius IV. at Rome, and studied the Italian artists of the time of Masaccio. But his works, or at least those of them which remain, and are to be found at Munich, Frankfort, and in the large library at Paris, are composed only of manuscript ornamentation, so that Fouquet is merely a superior *ymaigier*.

He brings us in Gothic art down to FRANÇOIS CLOUET (called Janet), a contemporary of those who studied art in Italy, but himself a distant disciple of Van Eyck, through the lessons of his father Jehan Cloet, who was of Flemish descent. There are in the Louvre by François Clouet, the portraits of *Charles IX.* and of his wife *Elizabeth of Austria*, which are truthful and of wonderful delicacy. Besides the portraits of *Henry II.*, of *Henry IV.* as a child, of the *Duke of Guise*, *le Balafré*, of the wise chancellor *Michel de l'Hôpital*, etc., all of a small size, there are also two small compositions formed by several portraits in a group; one is of the *Marriage of Margaret of Lorraine*, sister of the Guises, with Duke Anne of Joyeuse; the other is a *Court Ball*, at which Henry III., then king, his mother, Catherine de Medici, young H nry of Navarre, and other personages of the time, are present. These pictures, which are as valuable to the history of France as the

chronicles of Monstrelet or the journals of L'Estoile, are no less precious to the history of painting as the memorials of an art of which they were the latest expression.

The real imitation of the Italian school, and through that the formation of a French school of painting, may be traced back to the beginning of the sixteenth century. Italian art had already attained to the dazzling splendor of its noon when the first beams of its light fell upon France. It was not until after the military expeditions of Charles VIII., of Louis XII., and of Francis I., when the French had traversed the whole of the Italian peninsula, from Milan to Naples, and were filled with surprise and admiration before the buildings and their decorations, when Francis I. brought to Paris some fine works of art, and collected great artists around him, that from the contact with them, and through their influence, France at length awoke.

Leonardo da Vinci and Andrea del Sarto, by their brilliant reputation and by means of their works; Rossi (maître Roux) Primaticcio, Niccolo del Abbate, etc., by the practical lessons which they gave, and by the great works which they completed in their adopted country, founded the first French school, which is called the school of Fontainebleau. The first French painter who rose to a level with them by means of their lessons, and who carried painting to the same rank to which Jean Goujon and Germain Pilot had raised statuary and Pierre Lescot, Jean Bullant, and Philibert Delorme, architecture, was JEAN COUSIN (about 1500-1590). Unfortunately,

he was more occupied with painting church windows than with his easel; and, as he devoted a part of his time to engraving (he has left three celebrated prints, amongst others, *St. Paul on the road to Damascus*), to sculpture (his *Mausoleum of Admiral Chabot*, in alabaster, is still preserved), and even to literature (he has written the *True Science of Portraiture, or the Art of Drawing*, the *Book of Perspective*, etc.), Jean Cousin has left but a small number of paintings. The principal of these is a *Last Judgment*, and it is doubtless the similarity of subject, rather than of style or manner, which has given its author the name of the *French Michael Angelo*. Although it was the first picture by a French artist which had the honor of being engraved, this masterpiece of Jean Cousin was for a long time lost and forgotten in the Sacristy of Minimes at Vincennes. It has now found a worthy place in the Louvre. As far as a number of small figures assembled in an easel picture can be compared to the gigantic figures covering the wall of the Sistine, so much may Jean Cousin be said to resemble Michael Angelo. The whole is harmonious, although powerful and terrible; the groups are skillfully formed and varied; the nudes, a new thing in France, are well studied and well rendered, and these merits of composition and drawing are enhanced by a warm Venetian coloring, and still more so, by a unity and symmetry of thought which is wanting in the model. As Michael Angelo finished his celebrated fresco in 1541, it is probable that Jean Cousin treated this vast subject of the final drama of humanity at a later period,

though following the same manner as Michael Angelo, for he would have been able before leaving France to become acquainted with the *Last Judgment* of the Vatican by copies or engravings, amongst others, that by Martin Rota. But his version of the same subject was at least a very free one, composed of different details, and with a totally different spirit running through it. The audacity, too, of attempting such a subject in imitation of the great Florentine, which yet has been justified by success, gives him such a high place in art, that he is usually called the founder of the French school.

The impetus received and transmitted by this great artist was felt by the whole school. After him there came two other eminent disciples of the Italians, TOUSSAINT DUBREUIL (. . .-1604) and MARTIN FREMINET (1567-1619). But Dubreuil, like Jean Cousin, did not leave his native country; he simply followed on the steps of the Italian master, Primatice, who gave himself up to France without returning to his own land, and who, in exchange for his works and lessons, received from four kings—Francis I., Henry II., Francis II., and Charles IX.—various titles and rewards, amongst others two fat abbeys. Freminet, on the contrary, preferred visiting Italy for himself. He brought back with him, after a long sojourn in Italy, the taste which prevailed there at the close of the great age, a little before the foundation of the Carracci school. Leaving the calm and simple beauty which Leonardo da Vinci, Raphael and Correggio had taught, he adopted, like the mistaken imitators of Michael

Angelo, an ostentatious display of the science of anatomy, and a mania for foreshortening. To this exaggerated drawing also he united a harder and darker coloring than was employed by Primatice in his graceful frescoes. At the same time his great picture in the Louvre (either the *Venus* waiting for Mars, who is disarmed by Cupids, or *Æneas abandoning Dido* by order of Mercury) is remarkable for several reasons. In the first place, because, after the small figures of Clouet and Cousin, he painted his figures the size of life, and also, that, after a long and continuous series of sacred subjects, he suddenly, like the painters of the age of Leo X. in Italy, produced a mythological love scene. We recognize in him the soul of the satirical Maturin Régnier, of whom Boileau said:

> "Heureux si ses discours, craints du chaste lecteur,
> Ne se sentaient des lieux où fréquentait l'auteur."

We see, also, that besides imitating Primatice, he imitated the master of Primatice, Giulio Romano, when the Lost Angel, abandoning the style of Raphael, degraded himself to the obscene engraving of Arétin.

This was almost sufficient to have thrown the French school, even in its infancy, into the premature decay in which Italian art was languishing. Fortunately Simon Vouet (1590-1649) returned to accomplish in France the renovation caused by the Carracci in Italy. Vouet had been, from his earliest youth, remarkable for his precocious talents; after fourteen years' residence at Rome he carried with

him the lessons of the Bolognese school to Paris. In his great composition, the *Presentation in the Temple*—in the *Entombment*, the *Madonna*, the *Roman Charity* (a young woman feeding an old man), etc., we trace clearly the influence of the Bolognese school, although he possesses neither the profound expression of Domenichino, the elegance of Guido, nor the powerful chiaroscuro of Guercino. The style of his masters is impaired by poorness of design and insufficiency of coloring—in short, by too much haste; for Vouet, who soon became the first painter of Louis XIII., to whom he gave lessons, being overwhelmed with honors and laden with orders, accepted, through ambition and covetousness, labors beyond his power to perform in the time. Pictures for churches or palaces, portraits, ceilings, wainscotings, tapestry, all were undertaken in order to keep the work from others; and in this universal monopoly his early talent, instead of increasing with riper age, was continually decreasing. But we must do him the justice to add that it was his lessons and example which formed Eustache Lesueur, Charles Lebrun, and Pierre Mignard; and that thus, like the Carracci, he was greater through his pupils than through his own works.

At Rome Simon Vouet had been chief of the Academy of St. Luke; at Paris he was one of the founders of that association of artists who, long uneasy at the pretensions of house-painters, united their efforts to raise art above the attacks of trade. This association was first patronized by Richelieu, then by Mazarin, and at last became, in 1658,

through the patents which the all-powerful minister made young Louis XIV. sign, the *Academy of Painting*, the members of which had the exclusive privilege of painting and teaching without paying the usual fee. This academy was certainly good in its origin and object, since it procured the professional independence of the artists. But, once constituted by royal decree, it had the faults and the fate of all privileged bodies. On one side it was imperious and tyrannical; on the other, although useful to its members, it was profoundly useless as regarded art in general. We will, therefore, leave the first academical associates of Simon Vouet, commencing with his two brothers, Aubin and Claude, and including the professor, François Perrier and Jacques Blanchard, the latter of whom is called the *French Titian*, because he had, say his biographers, "a light and clear coloring." We will seek outside the Academy for free and truthful art.

The dates bring us first to the entirely original genius of JACQUES CALLOT of Lorraine (1592-1635), an enemy to all discipline, who would have fled from the Academy, as he did from his father's house in the train of a troop of mountebanks, in order to give free course to his fancy in the open fields. But, entirely occupied with etching according to processes of his own invention, the conception of an undying imagination—his *Beggars*, *Gipsies*, *Nobles*, *Devils* and scenes descriptive of the *Miseries of War*, which were only crayon drawings, Callot has finished a very small number of paintings. Thus, while he has left fifteen or sixteen hundred engrav-

ings, both large and small, I have not met with more than two pictures bearing his name, the *Military Execution*, at Dresden, and the *Village Fair*, at Vienna; both are on copper, with very small figures, and such pale coloring that at the first glance one is not favorably impressed. Callot's talent has remained so thoroughly *sui generis* that he has had no more descendants than ancestors. He was a great artist, who has no place in the history of the fine arts, even of his own country.

But now, far beyond the influence of the court, the Academy, and even out of France, there appeared the prince of her artists, the chief of her school, NICOLAS POUSSIN (1594-1665). An admirable example of the power of natural taste, Poussin, who was almost without a master, remained a long time without a patron. Braving poverty, although twice interrupted by it on his way to Italy, he at length reached Rome on foot and almost destitute. Here his talent was first developed before the masterpieces of past ages; and although at a subsequent period the king recalled him to Paris, in order to add the lustre of a great painter to his own fame, Poussin soon tired of the annoyances caused by the Court painters and the Court fools, and went back to his dear hermitage at Rome, which he did not again leave, not even bequeathing his ashes to his native country. There, in solitary study, and always avoiding, with a force of judgment in which he is scarcely equalled, the bad taste of his country and of his time, he progressed step by step towards perfection. In the rage for expressing in one title all

the merits of an illustrious man, Poussin has been called the *painter of intellect*. This name is just, especially if it were meant to convey the idea that Poussin is above the ignorant crowd, that he can only be understood and admired by high and cultivated intellects. But the name is incomplete. To the exquisite feeling for the antique, which he seems intuitively to have possessed, Poussin unites all the science of his time. Whilst he consulted untiringly the monuments and models of his art, the great works of great masters, both in Greece and Italy, he studied architecture in Vitruvius and Palladio—anatomy in Andreas Vessalius and the dissecting amphitheatres—style, in the Bible, Homer, Plutarch, and Corneille—logic in Plato and Descartes—and lastly, nature, in all the beings and objects she offers for imitation. He borrowed from philosophy, morality, history, poetry, the drama—from everything, in fact, which could give power, grandeur, and charm to painting; and, being himself a deep thinker and an inflexible logician, he carried thought and logic further than any other painter into the realm of art. This is certainly more than being an intellectual painter.

The only reproach which the traducers of Poussin in the French school have been able to bring against him is, that he is wanting in grace. Certainly in the execution of his most usual subjects, in those amongst others of the pictures in France, he showed rather the gravity and austerity natural to his genius, and which are, more than at first sight appears, if not in the French character, at least in

its genius. But he has shown grace, and even playful grace, when it was suitable. To be convinced of this it is only necessary to examine some of his numerous bacchanalian scenes. Two of his best are in the National Gallery in London. One is a forcible painting, simply called a *Bacchanalian Dance*, but varied and full of pleasant incident, all the figures in which are in keeping and harmony, from the nymph tripped up by the satyr, to the little tipsy children quarrelling for the cup into which a bacchante is squeezing some grapes. The other, although less finished in execution, is one of the most important works of Poussin, who shared the love of the ancients for this subject. The details are graceful and spirited, and, being perfectly harmonious, form a most charming comedy. Here we see the fat, tipsy Silenus, supported with difficulty by two fauns; there, a gay and animated dance; further off, an insolent ass attacks the haunches of a centaur, who punishes him with a stick for his impudence; then a laughing female satyr endeavoring to ride on a refractory goat. In fact, all the ancient comedy is revived in this picture, so that we could almost fancy it a representation of one of those gay and riotous *Atellanæ* brought into Rome from the Campania.

With regard to the other subjects treated by Poussin, Paris has no reason to envy London or any other country, as she possesses his masterpieces. We will first examine Poussin's *portrait*, by himself, taken, when 56 years of age, for his friend Chantelou, the only one which he would have taken

if his patron at Rome, Cardinal Rospigliosi (afterwards Clement IX.) had not sometime later ordered one of himself. The inscription placed on the tomb of Poussin, *In tabulis vivit et eloquitur*, might also be written over this portrait, for we can clearly trace in it the artist's soul, the nature of his genius, and the character of his works. We find in the modest dignity of his noble countenance a powerful intellect, a strong will, and a great power of application, which justifies the saying of Buffon, that "genius consists of a great power of attention."

At the Louvre there are some immense pictures by Poussin, with full-length figures: *The Last Supper*, *Francis Xavier in India*, and *The Virgin appearing to St. John*. The only one of this size in existence out of France is the *Martyrdom of St. Erasmus*, the pendent in St. Peter's at Rome to the *Martyrdom of St. Processo*, by his friend Valentin. But these large pictures are by no means the greatest works of Poussin. Loving to restrict a vast, or, rather, a profound subject, to a small space, Poussin seems to wax greater as his difficulties increase, and his best works are certainly simple easel-pictures, which would belong only to anecdotal painting if they did not also possess in the highest degree all the qualities of historical art.

Having now come to the real domain of Poussin, we may classify his works by their subjects, or, as he himself said, by *modes*. He designated by this name, in the manner of the Greeks, the style, color, measure—in fact, the general arrangement of a picture according to its subject. The religious compo-

sitions are taken from the Old and New Testaments. Among those from the former, we must notice the charming group of *Rebecca at the Well*, when Eliezer, Abraham's messenger, recognizes her among her companions, and offers her the ring; *Moses exposed on the Nile* by his mother and sister; *Moses saved from the Water* by Thermutis, the daughter of Pharaoh; the *Manna in the Desert*, a scene admirable in the grandeur of the whole, and the interest of the details; and lastly, the *Judgment of Solomon*, the decision between the two mothers.

We must also class amongst the Old Testament subjects the four celebrated pendents named *Spring*, *Summer*, *Autumn*, and *Winter*, but which are far better known by the names of the subjects chosen to represent the seasons allegorically. Spring is typified by *Adam and Eve in Paradise*, before their fall; summer, by *Ruth* gleaning in the field of Boaz; autumn, by the *Return of the Spies from the Promised Land*, bringing back the wonderful bunch of grapes, which two men can scarcely carry; winter, by the *Deluge*. There is no need of any word of explanation or praise for this—it would be an insult to the reader. This painting was Poussin's last work; he was 71 when he painted it, and he died soon afterwards.

Amongst the subjects taken from the Gospels and from the Acts of the Apostles, we must call attention to the *Adoration of the Magi*, the *Repose in Egypt*, the *Blind Men of Jericho*, the *Woman taken in Adultery*, the *Death of Sapphira*, the *St. Paul caught up into the Seventh Heavens*. But Poussin did not

confine himself to biblical subjects, which he treated with philosophical freedom and in a purely human character; he also, like all the great masters, treated subjects from profane history, as the *Will of Eudamidas*, in England, and the *Rape of the Sabines*, at Paris; he entered the regions of pure mythology, as may be seen by the *Death of Eurydice* and the *Triumph of Flora*, at Paris. He also treated sometimes of allegory, for instance the *Triumph of Truth*, which he left, as a proud homage to his own genius, when he quitted France, a victim to envy, without hope of return. Lastly, he penetrated, as we have already seen, into the license of bacchanalian scenes. But whatever he undertook, or from whatever source his subjects were taken, Poussin was always an historical painter.

He was so even in his landscapes, as if he had no idea that nature could be represented alone and without man. When, by the power of his genius, he has revived one of the primitive landscapes trodden by the gods and heroes, he brings into it the giant *Polyphemus*,

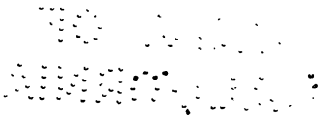
"Sur son roc assis,
Chantant aux vents ses amoureux soucis;"

and when he is painting a landscape in the vicinity of Athens he introduces the figure of the cynic philosopher *Diogenes* throwing away his bowl as superfluous on seeing a boy drink out of his hand, or else, in the picture which Fénélon describes, the philosophical warrior *Phocion*, to whom good sense and a love of the public weal gave such natural eloquence that Demosthenes, seeing him ascend the

tribune, said: "It is the axe of my discourses which has risen." When he wishes to show, in the smiling and pastoral *Arcadia*, the image of earthly happiness, a tomb amongst the flowers reminds us that life must have a termination. Certainly, in this career of historical landscape painting Poussin was preceded by Annibale Carracci and Domenichino, but he carried it much further than they, and although he is not the inventor of the *genre*, he is still the uncontested master in it. He has been followed not only by the direct disciples of his works, such as the Guastre (Gaspard Dughet), Jacques Stella, or Francisque Milet, but also by all those, in any country, who, without copying from nature, have chosen it for the scene of some human drama.

In all languages there are words which cannot be defined, which carry their own definition in them. In all the careers of the human mind there are names which need no praise, but which suffice for their own eulogy. Poussin is of this happy number. I shall only observe that there is not, perhaps, in any school of painting, a master the mere sight of whose works—well studied and understood, however—is more capable of explaining the three words so difficult to define, though so often repeated—style, composition, and expression. For style, we may examine the *Ravissement de St. Paul*, when, in his ecstasy, "he heard words unlawful for a man to utter." This magnificent group, crowning a delicious landscape, reminds us, by the grandeur of the figures, of one of the masterpieces of the chief of the Roman school, the *Vision of Ezekiel*. Poussin

THE ARCADIAN SHEPHERDS—BY NICHOLAS POUSSIN.



feared being accused of having wished to excite comparison with Raphael. The almost inexplicable science of composition may be studied in the *Rebecca*, and *Moses saved from the Waters:* it is carried to the greatest height in the *Shepherds of Arcadia*, a charming pastoral, full of deep poetry and touching morality. To surprise the secrets of movement and expression, we have only to look at the *Judgment of Solomon*, the *Woman taken in Adultery*, and the *Blind Men of Jericho*. For the union of these different and superior qualities of painting we must come to the *Deluge*, where art may be seen to perfection.

There is one name inseparable from that of Poussin. This is CLAUDE GELÉE, of Lorraine (1600-1682,) a Frenchman also by birth, and an Italian by his studies and his adopted country. Although he did not resemble Poussin in learning, as he scarcely knew how to read or to sign his name,* Claude, at all events, resembled him in his pertinacity at work, his power of application, and, in his own fashion, by his depth of thought, as well as by his correctness of observation. He also received a surname, the *Raphael of landscape painting*. And this surname is, for once, appropriate. Claude is certainly the Raphael of his *genre*, because in it no one has ever seriously disputed the first place with him, and still

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* This is the inscription he wrote, at the age of eighty, on the collection of his sketches, called the 'Book of Truth:'

"AUDI 10 D'AGOSTO 1677.

"LE PRÉSENT LIVRE APPARTIEN À MOY QUE JE FAICT DURANT MA VIE

"CLAUDIO GILLÉE, DIT LE LORRAINS

"A ROMA, LE 23 AOS 1680."

more, because, like Raphael—whose divine *Madonnas*, while possessing the proportions of woman, had yet no models in the human race, and seem to unite every possible beauty—he has created to a certain extent a nature, not true, but merely possible—a poetical, ideal nature, taken rather from the dreams of the artist than from any real scene, uniting also the most lovely features of many scenes, and therefore more beautiful than simple nature. So that he, as well as Raphael, has actually deserved the outrageous flattery which Shakespeare, in Timon of Athens, makes the poet say ironically of the painter's picture: "It tutors nature."

Less fortunate than with the works of Poussin, France has not retained the best of Claude's pictures. There was formerly in the Louvre one of his principal works, universally admired and celebrated. It was called the *Ford*. This beautiful picture has perished under the hands of restorers, by order of the authorities. These barbarians seem to have been ignorant that no restoration could improve Claude, and that every profane hand that approaches him is guilty of sacrilege. We might have forgiven it, however, if this victim had served as an example or lesson. But those in authority never take warning from the mistakes of others. The directors of the National Gallery have, since the destruction of the *Ford*, also restored, and consequently spoiled, two still more important works of Claude, called the *Embarcation of the Queen of Sheba*, and the *Marriage of Isaac and Rebecca*. Now that the galleries of France and England have done all they could in

THE RIVER FORD—BY CLAUDE LORRAINE.

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taking the charms of poetry from these pictures, we could have consoled ourselves for the disgrace by witnessing that of our rivals, if the Spaniards had not said that the misfortunes of others are only a consolation to fools.

Leaving these regrets, which are useless as well as superfluous, let us see what remains in the Louvre. In the first place, there are two small round pictures, of the form of the *lunettes* of Annibale Carracci, a calm *Landscape* and a *Marine piece*, glittering with the rays of the noonday sun, which Claude alone, like the eagle, dared to face; then an interesting view of the *Campo Vaccino* at Rome (that is to say, the ancient forum where the affairs of the world were formerly transacted, now used as a cattle market);—then two pendents, also a *Marine piece* and a *Landscape* of rather larger dimensions, lighted by the rays of the rising sun; then two other still larger pendents—*Marine pieces*—warm and golden in the setting sun. The figures they contain, by the pencil of some of the usual assistants of Claude—Guillaume Courtois, Jean Miel, Filippo Lauri, or Francesco Allegrini—are intended to show in one the *Landing of Cleopatra at Tarsus*, where she had been summoned by Mark Antony; in the other, *Ulysses restoring Chryseis to her Father*. These two marine pieces are in the style that Claude was especially fond of, in spite, or perhaps on account of, its extreme difficulty, and which belongs especially to him, as no one since his time has dared to practice it; the sea in the distance, shut in in the foreground by two rows of palaces and gardens,

which form a port in perspective, and the sun beyond, low on the horizon, illuminating by its fire the surface of the waves which are agitated by the breeze.

These works are worthy of Claude, and suffice to show his claim to be considered the first landscape painter of the world, or perhaps, more correctly, as the most skillful *composer* of landscapes, the greatest poet of nature, who adorned it with the language which speaks to the eye. But yet these fine works have not the importance of some of those of which France has been deprived. As a consolation for the loss of the *Queen of Sheba*, the National Gallery still possesses *St. Ursula and the Eleven Thousand Virgins*, another *Marine piece*, with palaces in the foreground, a wonderful masterpiece; and, also, landscapes with figures, representing *Hagar in the Desert*, *David in the Cave of Adullam*, the *Death of Procris*, and *Narcissus falling in love with his own image*, an exquisite work, a sort of summary of all the familiar marvels of Claude. The Museo del Rey of Madrid, among nine works by his hand, has two of importance. One, shows us an anchorite at prayer, in one of those barren and rocky desert landscapes always given as the retreat of the first Christian hermits, such as St. Paul the Hermit, St. Antony and St. Jerome, according to the description given by the latter himself: "Animated with just wrath against myself, and treating my body with the greatest severity, I plunged alone into the desert; when I found a deep valley, or a steep rock, I made it a place of prayer, and a sort of prison where I

held my miserable body captive." In the other picture is seen another victim of voluntary penance, the *Magdalen*, kneeling before a cross supported by the trunk of a tree. This is also a desert, but one more suited for a woman, more gracious and inviting. Between the rocks, where sheets of water fall in natural cascades, and the clumps of trees, which overshadow the valley to which the repentant sinner has retired, a vast horizon is seen, where in the extreme distance there may be seen the edifices of a great town, the sight of which would doubtless make her sigh with repentance and shame, and sometimes, possibly, with regret. Passing on to St. Petersburg, we shall find a magnificent series of four pendents, which the Hermitage obtained from Malmaison, with the *Arquebusiers* of Teniers and the *Cow* of Paul Potter. They call them *Morning*, *Noon*, *Evening*, and *Night*. We will not attempt any insufficient description or superfluous praise; it is enough to say that this precious series of paintings equals the most famous masterpieces at Madrid, Paris, or London.

But Claude is not merely to be found in public museums; many of his pictures are in private cabinets, especially in England, where the great landscape painter is much admired. I did not see more than six pictures by Claude in Italy, where he passed the whole of his long artistic life, and where he died at the age of 82, while in London alone, I counted more than fifty. By means of her gold, England has obtained nearly all his works, leaving only rare specimens for the rest of the world. The

cabinet of the Marquis of Westminster contains as many as the museums of France or Madrid. Two pendents in this collection are the largest pictures known by Claude. This circumstance, by rendering them unique, adds to their intrinsic value. The subject of one is, the *Worship of the Golden Calf*, that of the other, the *Sermon on the Mount*. Neither scene is in a desert; both, on the contrary, have all the luxury and splendor of Italian scenery. In the former, the landscape is flat, of immense depth, broken by clumps of trees and sheets of water. One of the assistants of Claude put in the golden calf, adored, not by Jews, but by a small group of people clothed in Grecian costume. In the second, a rock crowned by several trees rises in front of a large plain which extends as far as the eye can reach. Under these trees stands Christ in the midst of his disciples, and from there addresses to the crowd assembled at the foot of this natural pulpit the wonderful discourse on human brotherhood. The figures in these two pictures are, in this case, very beautiful, and do honor to the assistant painter, whether it were Filippo Lauri, Francesco Allegrini, Guillaume Courtois, or any other. As for the landscapes themselves, I only wish I could praise them as much as they deserve. But no language could describe the brilliancy of the sky, the beauty of the earth, the scientific aërial perspective, the happy contrast of light and shadow, the majesty of the whole, in short, everything that can delight the eye. "Claude Lorraine," wrote Goethe, "knew the material world thoroughly, even to the slightest detail,

and he used it as a means of expressing the world in his own soul."

There was a friend of Poussin and of Claude, like them a Frenchman by birth and an Italian by taste, whom we must not pass over. He is called MOISE VALENTIN (1600-1634), though his real name was Valentin de Boullongne. A rival of Ribera in the imitation of the dark and turbulent Caravaggio, Valentin deserted entirely the traditions of French art, and only belongs to the French school from the circumstance of his birth. At the Louvre, in the *Tribute Money*—which is not treated like that by Titian—in the *Judgment of Solomon*—very unlike that by Poussin—in the *Four Evangelists*—far inferior to the *St. Mark* of Fra Bartolommeo—Valentin displays the same incapability as his model Caravaggio of making his works equal their titles; and, like Caravaggio also, when he treats simple and common-place subjects, as in his two *Family Concerts*, which appear to be held in very suspicious places, amongst courtesans and *bravi*, he shows wonderful energy and execution. But to judge Valentin justly, and to appreciate the loss art sustained in his early death, occasioned by the excesses of a fiery temperament, we must be acquainted with his better and nobler works, which show thought and reflection, the *Martyrdom of St. Lawrence* in the Museum of Madrid, and the *Martyrdom of St. Processo*, in the Vatican. We then see what progress his talent might have made with the example and advice of Poussin, and what certain excellence he would have attained at a riper age.

To terminate the list of French disciples of Italy, we must mention SEBASTIEN BOURDON (1616-1671). Without having taken any direct lessons from Poussin during his residence at Rome, he succeeded, after several attempts in an easier style, in adopting the style and manner of the master, and becoming, like Gaspard Dughet, the happy imitator of the painter of Andely. Although with less depth and grandeur than Poussin, he possesses his scientific correctness and sentiment.

We now return to France. There we shall find EUSTACHE LESUEUR (1617-1655), and all his works. He was the son of a simple artisan, and never quitted Paris, where he was born, and where he died. Driven from the court by Lebrun, as Poussin had been by Vouet, he lived in voluntary solitude; and it was when shut up in the convent of the Carthusians, where he died so young, that he produced his principal works. He was thus able to obtain the independence necessary for an artist, and could give free scope to his genius. Though he died while still a young man, he displayed all the brilliant qualities to which Poussin only attained at a riper age—wisdom, grandeur, power of expression, depth of thought, and a touching sensibility and tenderness, which sometimes raises him to the sublime; for this reason he has been called the *French Raphael.*

Lesueur has left all his works at Paris. The Louvre has obtained fifty of these, including all of any importance. In the Louvre, then, and in the Louvre alone, can Eustache Lesueur be seen; and

it is probably to this fact that the ignorance and injustice of foreign nations towards this great painter are to be attributed. How could they know more than his bare name without studying him at Paris? There he may be seen from his austere and studious youth to his early death; from the dark and fantastic *History of St. Bruno*, which he commenced in 1645, when 30 years old, to the gay and laughing *History of Love*, which was his last work. Although he modestly gave the title of sketches to the pictures which compose the legend of the founder of the Carthusians, and was, moreover, assisted by his brother-in-law, Thomas Goulay, the *History of St. Bruno* forms, as a whole, the *chef-d'œuvre* of this master. Without going into a detailed explanation of these twenty-two pictures, all alike in shape and size, we shall merely inform visitors to the Louvre that if they wish to look at the most celebrated they must specially direct their attention to the first, the *Preaching of Raymond Diocrès;* to the third, the *Resurrection of the Canon*, who half opens the cover of his coffin, during the service for the dead, to announce to those present that he is lost; to the four following ones, representing the *Vocation of St. Bruno*, who is calling to his friends to retire from the world, and is directed by a vision of three angels; to the tenth, the *Journey to la Chartreuse*, where St. Bruno is pointing out the place to be occupied by the convent in the midst of the wildest desert of the Alps (painted perhaps by Patel); and lastly, the twenty-first, the

Death of St. Bruno, a master-piece of arrangement and pathetic expression.

If we wished to find in painting the extreme opposite to this mystic legend, where we see rather phantoms conjured up by ecstasy than beings endowed with life, it would be possible to find it in the works of the same painter. When Lesueur was intrusted with a part of the decorations of the mansion of the president Lambert de Thorigny, the *Salon des Muses* and the *Salon de l'Amour* fell to his share. He had to pass from the Christian to the mythological poem, from austere asceticism to worldly grace; and this complete change or *mode*, as Poussin would have called it, was not too great for his genius. In the six paintings representing the *History of Love*, and in the five pictures in which the nine muses are grouped, Lesueur merely gave a different direction to his mind, to his scientific combinations, passionate expression, and the natural grace of his pencil. Treating mythology in the same manner as Fénélon in Telemachus, he has varied his style without ceasing to be himself.

But between the two extreme *modes* required by the subjects of a series of pictures for a Christian convent, and for the sumptuous hotel of a millionaire, Lesueur painted many separate compositions of an intermediate and varied style, although they were all on religious subjects, in which he shows all the fullness and pliancy of his genius. Of these are—the *Descent from the Cross*, the *Mass of St. Martin*, the brother martyrs *St. Gervasius* and *St. Protasius* refusing to worship false gods. The lat-

ter picture, which was painted as a pendent to the two works of Philippe de Champagne on the same legend, is as large as the largest works of Lebrun or Jouvenet. To this number also belong two small pictures, *Christ à la colonne* and *Christ bearing the Cross*, which seems to us, as in the works of Poussin, preferable in style and perfection to larger works. The *Preaching of St. Paul at Ephesus*, painted in 1649, and offered to Notre-Dame of Paris by the guild of goldsmiths, may likewise be placed here. It represents the apostle of the Gentiles causing the books of magic, the books of *curious arts*, to be burnt at his feet. This has been very rightly placed in the *salle des chefs-d'œuvre*, for it is, if I am not mistaken, the masterpiece of Lesueur.

Posterity has well avenged him for the unjust disdain of the all-powerful minister of Louis XIV., who chose CHARLES LEBRUN (1619-1690) in preference to him as the king's painter, and for the jealous hatred of Lebrun himself, who exclaimed on hearing of the premature death of his rival: "*Il m'ôte une grosse épine du pied*" (It takes a large thorn from my foot). We must confess, however, that Louis XIV. and Lebrun seem to have been make for one another. Quinault has said:

> "Au siècle de Louis, l'heureux sort te fit naître;
> Il lui fallait un peintre, il te fallait un maître."*

The painter also was a sovereign in the arts, and moreover a despotic sovereign, the sole arbiter of

* A happy fate caused thee to be born in the age of Louis; he required a painter, thou a master.

taste and favors; the painter also in his vast and learned *machines* (if we may so call them) loved artificial and high-flown grandeur, pompous and monotonous nobility—the pomp that strikes the eye, astonishes the crowd, and commands its respect. He did not possess, any more than his master, the deeper qualities and more humane virtues which charm the mind and touch the heart. His destiny was in accordance with his character: a favorite raised him, Mazarin; a favorite sustained him, Colbert; a favorite overthrew him, Louvois; and he fell at once from the height which he had attained. It was of Lebrun that La Bruyère said: "Favor places him above his equals, a fall below them."

Like Velazquez in the Museum of Madrid, Lebrun is to be found entirely in the Louvre. Twenty-two pictures represent him there, at the head of which figures the *History of Alexander*. This famous series, which was ordered by Louis XIV. in 1660, and which was completed in 1668, is no less important among his works than the *History of St. Bruno* among those of Lesueur. To make known and to popularize this great poem in five cantos—the *Passage of the Granicus*, the *Battle of Arbela*, the *Family of Darius made captive*, the *Defeat of Porus*, and the *Triumph of Alexander at Babylon*—an evident allegorical flattery of the early triumphs of the great king—Lebrun had the distinguished honor of being engraved by Gerard Edelinck and Gerard Audran.*

* As Rubens had of being engraved by Bolswert, Paul Ponce, Lucas Vosterman, the younger Pierre de Jode, etc.

These two great artists, whilst preserving the incontestable, though perhaps the solitary merit of the vast compositions of Lebrun—a scientific and noble arrangement—were at the same time so well able to conceal and correct the imperfections of a loose and heavy drawing, that the Italians might have believed that in Lebrun one of the great artists of the sixteenth century had revived; whilst they so improved his monotonous blackish coloring, that the Flemings might have believed Louis XIV. fortunate enough to have discovered another painter like that of his grandmother Marie de Medici.

The other great paintings of Lebrun, the *Day of Pentecost* (where he has introduced himself in the figure of the disciple standing on the left); the *Christ with Angels*, painted to immortalize a dream of the queen mother; and the *Repentant Magdalen*, which every one calls Mademoiselle de la Vallière; show us once more the official painter suiting himself to his master's tastes like a skillful courtier, and also his obtrusive grandeur—stiff, theatrical, and monotonous even to wearisomeness. He is more natural and truer in the *Stoning of St. Stephen*, as well as in the small pictures on profane history, *Cato* and *Mutius Scœvola*, works of his youth, which were attributed to the great Poussin. At last when, delivered from the master's eye, he descended from royal pomp and reduced his subjects to small figures, Lebrun seems to ascend in art in proportion as he becomes humble and modest. If any one look at three small pictures near his great ones, representing the *Entrance of Jesus into Jerusalem*, *Jesus on*

his way to Calvary, and a *Crucifixion*, especially the second, which reminds us in its subject of the *Spasimo*, he will find, if I am not mistaken, finer and more varied painting, a simpler though not less noble style, and a deeper and more touching expression.

After Lebrun we come naturally to his pupil, assistant, and the continuer of his style, JEAN JOUVENET (1644–1717). This is again theatrical art, but carried almost to the style of scene-painting. By what other name could we call the enormous sheets of canvas on which the *Miraculous Draught of Fishes*, the *Christ driving the Money-Changers out of the Temple*, and even the famous *Raising of Lazarus*, are described? The dramatic arrangement, the expression—exaggerated even to grimace—the heavy angular drawing, the pale yellowish and almost monochromatic coloring, the wide strokes of the brush, all make his works resemble the decorations of a theatre, only intended to be looked at from a distance, and to be taken in at a glance, but which will not sustain a closer examination. It is Jouvenet whom Plutarch, in the mouth of Amyot, seems to ridicule when he mentions the sculptors of the decay: "Who carve statues with legs wide apart and outstretched arms, with mouths gaping wide, thinking that, by this means, they will appear grand." In taking leave of Jouvenet it is only fair to add, however, that less ambitious compositions, such as the *Descent from the Cross*, which he painted for the Convent of the Capucines, and an *Ascension* for the Church of St. Paul, are simpler and calmer

in their style, besides being better in every respect.

At the time that, in order to flatter the pompous taste of the sultan of Versailles, Jouvenet was thus exaggerating the exaggeration of Lebrun, there was one artist, though only a single one, religiously observing the worship of the beautiful. This was JEAN BAPTISTE SANTERRE (1650-1717). Like Lesueur before him, and Prud'hon after him, he escaped from academic tyranny, as well as from the slavery of the court, in solitude and abandonment. He sought for real greatness more than for fame or fortune, and found it, far from theatrical effect, in delicacy and grace. Always set aside, however, almost unknown, and doing scarcely anything but studies, which he destroyed before his death, Santerre, in a tolerably long life, only completed a few works, and the Louvre has only succeeded in obtaining a single one, the modest Venus called *Susannah at the Bath*, which seems to make the links in the chain uniting Correggio to Prud'hon.

To bring into one group the best portrait-painters of the age to which Louis XIV. has given his name, we must go back a few years, and commence with PIERRE MIGNARD (1612-1695), called the *Roman*, although born at Troyes in Champagne, because he passed twenty-two years at Rome, after having studied under Simon Vouet. Pierre Mignard was not merely a portrait-painter. He also painted historical pictures, and even in the Dome of Val-de-Grâce painted frescoes larger in size, if not really greater, than that of Correggio in the Duomo of

Parma. He succeeded the disgraced Lebrun in the office of king's painter; he was ennobled, made a Chevalier de Saint Michel, a professor, rector, director, and chancellor of the Academy; he even entered into direct rivalry with Lebrun in a *Family of Darius at the Feet of Alexander*, now in the Hermitage of St. Petersburg, and in the Louvre we may see the charming *Vierge à la Grappe*, brought from Italy, in which he imitated the style of Annibale Carracci whilst exaggerating the studied grace of Albani. But the compositions of Mignard, with the exception of this *Madonna with the Grapes*, have not retained their passing celebrity; he is now only remembered by his portraits, to be found in the galleries of many noble families. In the Louvre, where we are surprised to see no portrait of Louis XIV., whom Mignard painted very frequently, and at nearly every period of his life except old age, there are a great number of historical portraits, the *Grand Dauphin*, the *Duke of Burgundy*, the *Duke of Anjou*, *Madame de Maintenon*, and *Mignard* himself. In all these works, historical paintings as well as portraits, he displays the same cold correctness, the same skillfulness in the art of flattery, the same care in minute details, carried to the extreme which has made his name a proverb in France, at first in praise, and now in blame; but they also show a lightness of touch and vivacity of coloring which, in that period of systematic abandonment of coloring, easily rendered him the first colorist amongst the court painters of France.

Mignard transmitted his talent as well as his

office to HYACINTHE RIGAUD (1659–1743). But before passing on to him we must notice an intermediary painter, CLAUDE LEFÈVRE (1633–1675), whose portraits remind us of those of Philippe de Champagne, and also NICOLAS DE LARGILLIÈRE (1656–1746), who united scientific correctness to good execution. Brought up in Flanders, at Antwerp, Largillière carried back from that country the taste for, and knowledge of, coloring and picturesque effect for which the then reigning school of Lebrun cared but little; and in this respect he does not show himself unworthy of the name that M. Ch. Blanc proposes to give him, of the *Van der Helst of France.*

As for Rigaud, he has deserved his name of the *French Van Dyck*, at all events, through his fertility.* Amongst his pictures in the Louvre, Louis XIV. figures in the front rank in a pomp recalling that of Jupiter visiting Semele; and Bossuet, who seems also holding a court in his bishop's robes as the chief of the church, and the king of eloquence. They are known everywhere, thanks to engraving; for Rigaud, no less fortunate than Lebrun, who had been corrected and engraved by Edelinck and Andran, found the illustrious Pierre Drevet as his interpreter. By the advice of the jealous Lebrun, Rigaud became and remained a portrait-painter,

* One of his biographers relates that during the seventeen years comprised between 1681–1698, when he was still young and only beginning to be known, Rigaud completed 623 portraits of all sizes. How many, then, must he have painted during the remaining forty-five years of his life, enjoying a constantly increasing fame!

studying from nature, and seeking truth not merely in living figures, but also in the inanimate objects of the accessories. He has been reproached, and not without reason, with having given such amplitude to the dresses that the persons always seem taking part in some ceremony. He also, like Van Dyck, imparted such an expression of nobility and dignity to all his models that it may be thought he usually gave it gratuitously. Under his pencil even the Cardinal Dubois assumes the moral grandeur of an upright man.

We have now come to the close of the long reign of Louis XIV. There can be no more striking proof that art escapes from every rule of discipline and command. Before his death, the great king was vanquished as much in his taste as in his politics. He survived his work but to see its total destruction. He who had only admired and allowed in art the vain and foolish pomp of his Versailles, that Egyptian pyramid raised at the gates of Paris; he who could not understand the greatness of Poussin and Lesueur because their poetical pictures were contained in small frames, preferring to them the enormous theatrical pieces of Jouvenet; he who despised the paintings of Teniers and Ostade, had, when he was laid for the last time on his state bed, only one real painter remaining.

This solitary painter was Watteau; for I cannot count either Rigaud, who merely painted portraits, or Pierre Subleyras, who settled in Italy, or Charles de la Fosse, or the two Boulognes (Bon and Louis), who merely continued the style of Lebrun, and were

themselves completed by Licherie and Galloche; or Antoine Coypel, who treated history as it is treated at the theatre, clothing the ancient Greeks in silk knee-breeches and the Roman ladies in hoops, and changing the manners as much as the costume, so that the Scapins of the Italian comedy might also say before his works: "These are Mr. Achilles and Mr. Agamemnon." I repeat, then, that ANTOINE WATTEAU (1684-1721), whom Louis XIV. would certainly have repulsed with as much scorn as he did Teniers, was the only real painter who survived him. He has certainly only attempted very small *genre* subjects; but he has imparted such elevation and grandeur to them that he will always be considered far above a mere decorator of ladies' boudoirs. In the works of this painter of *Fêtes Galantes* besides the exquisite coloring taken from Rubens, we shall always have to admire his invention, fun, wit, and even propriety; for we feel that he was, as his biographer Gersaint says, a "libertine in mind, though of good morality." Because he was indirectly the founder of what was called the *Pompadour genre*, many suppose Watteau to have actually been the contemporary of Antoinette Poussin and the *Parc aux Cerfs*. This is an error, however. He was born in 1684, and died in 1721, a year before the birth of this butcher's daughter, who was raised to the dignity of Queen of France: he therefore saw the close of one reign and the commencement of another. If the son of the poor thatcher of Valenciennes—who for a long time painted pictures of *St. Nicholas* for three francs a week and his soup,

before the scene-painter, Claude Gillot, introduced him to the green-room of the opera—founded in painting a school of decay, or rather if, in the decay already accomplished, he was so superior to the other imitators of this *genre* that he has been called its founder, yet his name, whatever amount of blame he may have incurred, must occupy an honorable place amongst those of French artists. It was in the hands of his plagiarists—the Van Loos, the Paters, Lancrets, Natoires, and the long train of their followers—that the decay was most manifest; that art was more and more degraded and dishonored in ridiculous and licentious paintings of sheepfolds decorated with satin ribbons, and pictures were merely used as ornaments for boudoirs.

We will not descend any lower than the master and his immediate pupils in the deplorable road they followed, but will stop before coming to the so-called *Painter of the Graces.* He acquired this name, because, in the midst of landscapes as weak and false as the scenes at the opera, he introduced, as the shepherdesses of his beribboned sheep, veritable dolls, without shame or modesty, fat, puffy, with flat noses, and only fresh-looking from the vermilion of their toilette, or because they are reposing in the style of goddesses on clouds of cotton. How much surprised the Greeks would have been to see these Graces! We will stop, then, before coming to Boucher. Returning to historical subjects, we come to CARL VAN LOO (1705-1765), the best of the four painters in his family, merely to show to what a depth of decay an artist endowed by nature with

great and solid qualities may be led by the bad taste of his age. Had Carl Van Loo been born two centuries earlier he would probably have been one of the masters of his art. In his early years he was noted for his correct drawing, his severe style, and his antique elegance. "He had all the signs of genius," affirms Diderot, who yet calls his works "masterpieces of dyeing;" and no painter of the time acquired greater renown, fortune, or honors, than he. Van Loo should have restricted himself to the anecdotal style, or to *genre* painting; but he attempted history and sacred subjects, and failed utterly.

The eighteenth century, that is to say, the period comprised between the early years of the Regency and those of the Revolution, is entirely destitute of painters in the branch of art now occupying us. When in the Low Countries we see nothing but the painting on porcelain by Van der Werff, and in Germany nothing but the imitations of Dietrich; when Italy is reduced to the learned and cold mediocrities of the Saxon, Raphael Mengs, and Spain produces only the singular and fantastic Francisco Goya, France, also, instead of a school devoted to great subjects, has merely a few isolated artists in secondary *genres*.

To take up these *genres* and these artists we must go back in the first place to FRANÇOIS DESPORTES (1661-1743), who was the first in France to make a special domain for himself by imitating Sneyders, and who became the historiographer of the hunts of Louis XIV., as Van der Meulin was of his gallant

military campaigns; then to JEAN BAPTISTE OUDEY (1686-1755), whose *genre* was the same as that of Desportes, and who was in his turn the historian of the hunts of Louis XV. Their works, which are very numerous in the Louvre—*Hunts* of stags, wolves, boars, pheasants, and partridges—and also their simple portraits of dogs and groups of game, show that they had neither the invention nor the movement of the worthy fellow-worker of Rubens, nor the exquisite skill and touch of Fyt and Weenix. But the habits of the animals have been well studied, the forms are well given, and they compose very good hunting-pictures, much sought after by country-houses, and not to be excluded from museums.

After the dogs of Desportes and Oudry, we come to the dining-room pictures, in which SIMÉON CHARDIN (1699-1779) showed himself the worthy rival both of Wilhelm Kalf, the painter of Dutch kitchens, and of Michael Angelo Cerquozzi, the painter of Italian fruits. Chardin, who was a powerful colorist, rivals them in the vigor of his tints and models, until then unknown in the French school. "Oh, Chardin!" cries the enthusiastic Diderot, "it is not colors alone that you mix on your palette; it is the very substance of the objects, it is air and light with which you paint." What is called *dead nature* certainly forms his masterpieces. The only reproach Chardin could incur, would be of too frequently employing exaggerated dimensions. It is not suitable to give the natural dimensions to inanimate

objects, or even to animals; it should be reserved for man.

Another *genre*, marine pieces, and another artist CLAUDE JOSEPH VERNET (1714-1789), now claim our attention. A whole room in the Louvre is devoted to the works of Joseph Vernet; there are nearly fifty of them ranged on the walls round his bust in marble. These are, in the first place, *Views of the principal French Seaports*, painted in 1754 to 1765, by order of Louis XV.; an ungrateful task which would have required a mind inexhaustible in its resources. There is a large number of marine pieces properly so called, which are not merely views of certain localities, but where the artist has been able to make use freely of his invention, his tastes, his caprices, where he shows, in short, that it was through love to the sea for its own sake that he became a marine painter. He represented it in all its forms, in all its aspects, in the south and the north, at day and at night, in the morning and in the evening, with the sun and the moon, the fog and fire, in rain and in fine weather, in calm and tempest. These marine pieces of Joseph Vernet certainly do not possess the intoxicating poetry of Claude, or the dreamy poetry of Ruysdael, or the powerful reality of William Van de Velde, Albert Cuyp, Backhuysen, and Van der Kapella. He said of himself: "Inferior to each of the great painters in one part, I surpass them in all the others." Without accepting this opinion, which he doubtless believed to be modest, we may truly say that the marine pieces of Vernet are good works, conscien-

tiously interesting, and worthy of study; in which the scene itself, the sky, and the water, all show his talent. By an honorable exception to the general rule, even the figures, which were painted entirely by himself, render his pictures real compositions, and sometimes even raise them to the rank of historical works.

We must also place amongst the *genre* painters, JEAN BAPTISTE GREUSE (1725-1805), not because the Academy of Fine Arts refused to admit him as an historical painter, but because the style and subjects of his works do not really raise him higher. Yet his *genre* is undoubtedly his own, and must preserve his name. He took it from the contemporary literary school of the day, which inculcated a return to nature. Greuse listened to this advice: notwithstanding his own domestic griefs, he remained constantly faithful to the worship of the family, and approached nature, not in the manner of Boucher, by ridiculous pastoral caricatures, where even inanimate objects are disguised as much as beings; but by taking his figures from rural life, where the natural is less effaced than under the uniform varnish of towns, and representing simple and touching village scenes. Diderot says of him: "He was the first who thought of bringing morality into art." And he says elsewhere: "Take courage, Greuse, and teach morality in thy painting." For the century of Greuse, Diderot was right.

Some of these village scenes contain merely a comic incident, such as the *Broken Pitcher;* others rise to pathetic drama, like the *Father's Curse.* The

Village Bride is of an intermediate style, more simple and graceful, and may be considered as the masterpiece of the transition style in which Greuse is alone. These choice works are in the Louvre, and France may consider herself fortunate to have secured them beforehand from the amateurs, who now dispute with an eagerness, on which fashion has its effect, for the slightest sketches of a painter, whose old age was passed in extreme poverty. Whilst we admire in Greuse the honorable part he took in leaving libertinism and returning to modesty and decency—the charming faces of his young girls —the life-like expression of his heads, painted at once with great care and force—we must not forget also, when we cease to regard him as a moralist and look at him merely as a painter, that the other parts of his pictures are usually weaker and more neglected; that the backgrounds and all the accessories remain heavy, dark, and defective, and that the figures themselves have incurred the reproach of too constantly recalling the same type—that of his *Fricassée d'Enfants*. We must not forget either that although Greuse possesses expression, he is too often destitute of the higher quality that we call *style*. With this reserve we still leave him a very high place amongst the masters of the second order, and a just renown, which a passing breath of fashion will not raise immeasurably high, and which will not be blown away altogether by another breath. Many names have been given to Greuse, for example, that of the *French Hogarth*, although in reality he has not the slightest resemblance with the celebrated English

humorist, whom, besides, he infinitely surpassed in his drawing and coloring. It seems to me that without leaving France for a comparison we might call him the *Sedaine of Painting;* this would mark his *genre* with more correctness, and his rank with greater justice. He endeavored to bring art into accordance with the literature and philosophy of the day, and by causing a reaction against the detestable *genre Pompadour*, Greuse deserved the honor of being almost the only one to survive that period, as he prepared the way for the reform that he saw accomplished in his old age.

It was JOSEPH MARIE VIEN (1716-1809) who, in historical painting, gave the signal for this reform when, in 1771 to 1781, he directed the French school at Rome. In studying the works of the greater ages, he learned to understand the inanity of the *genre*, in which art had almost perished. He endeavored to return and become more like the great models. To Vien, then, belongs the honor of having clearly seen the evil and its remedy, and of having been the first to attempt the part of a reformer, which was accomplished by his pupil Louis David. This honorable attempt may be seen, for style, in his fine composition *St. Germain of Auxerre and St. Vincent of Saragossa* receiving martyr's crowns from an angel; for chastened and powerful execution, in the *Hermit asleep.* It is said of this last picture that one day, in his studio at Rome, the hermit who served him for a model went to sleep whilst playing on the violin. Vien took his portrait in this attitude, and with so much success that, although we should have preferred in such a subject

small proportions to life-size, and Flemish instead of Italian taste, yet we cannot help being much surprised to find such a work at this date.

Vien said, "I have only half opened the door; it is M. David who will throw it wide open." And indeed it was reserved for his pupil JACQUES LOUIS DAVID (1748–1825)—the nephew of François Boucher, the *painter of the Graces*, who refused to give him lessons—to accomplish in France, with more authority and success, the renovation essayed by his master at the Academy of Rome. Following the rapid incline which urges every reaction to an extreme, the republican Louis David resolved to bring back art not merely to the finest epoch of the French school in the times of Poussin and Lesueur, nor even to the finest period of Italian art in the times of Raphael and Titian, but to antiquity. In order to delineate Roman subjects and Roman manners, he sought his models in the ruins of ancient Rome; he studied the statues and bas-reliefs, Tacitus and Plutarch. This was assuredly to draw from the fountain head of the beautiful, to raise the composition, ennoble the style, and make contemporary morals undergo the healthy and fortifying influence of art, which too often, as had just happened, was affected by the corrupting influence of morals. But it was also to engage regenerated painting in the path properly belonging to sculpture; it was to mistake its guide, to take erudition for sentiment, and to make up, in the fashion of the philosophers and poets of the time, a conventional antiquity, in which life, the greatest merit and quality of works

of art, was necessarily wanting. It was also to go too far from his own century, for never, in the history of mankind, has the past been seen to constitute the future. We should study the antique, study it constantly, as well as the great periods of the Renaissance, but neither copy it nor remake it. We must take its general lessons on taste and style, but should not copy its models servilely. The works of the art of antiquity, and even of the Renaissance, must be, like classical books, our masters and instructors, but on the condition that art and literature preserve the originality of their own period, and are the faithful mirror of contemporary society.

As long as David painted merely in his studio and before his pupils, his works and lessons were, in some degree, a public good; by the severity of his taste and forms, by the admiration of noble thoughts and fine actions, he brought back art to a respect for itself, to dignity and true grandeur. But when the Empire had overthrown the Republic, when David, painter to the emperor, had become, less from character than from position, the regulator of taste, the dispenser of favors; in short, the prefect of the department of the Fine Arts, there reappeared the tyranny of Vouet under Louis XIII., and of Lebrun under Louis XIV. With the forms of the imperial *régime* art was enrolled and disciplined. All its works, from the historical picture down to ornamental furniture, as all works of literature, from the epic poem to the couplet of romance, received the order of the day, a watchword, and, I was almost going to say, a uniform, which was called

the *style of the Empire*. "Art," says Plato, "is a forest bird that hates the cage, and can only live at liberty." Art, then, like letters, stopped short in its flight, for liberty alone insures the progress of both. All theories must be freely discussed, every *genre* be produced; all talents follow their own course, in order that the human mind, urged forward in the torrent of general emulation, may rise from effort to effort, and from conquest to conquest.

Passing by the official orders, we will rapidly mention the best works of David to be found in the Louvre, and will place them in chronological order, so that we may be able to appreciate the modifications made on the talent of the painter by his personal situation. The *Oath of the Horatii* was painted at Rome in 1784. It is said that Louis XVI. ordered this first republican picture. When this picture was first produced, it was as if David had passed at a single bound to the antipodes of the licentious nonsense with which, until then, both the court and the town had been satisfied. "What must have been the universal stupefaction when a painter appeared who, while he evoked one of the most generous lessons to be learned from ancient history, restored also the costumes, the manners, and the architecture of heroic times; who found such simplicity, such noble eagerness in the movement of the warriors who are animated by the genius of Rome, and such beautiful lines in their proud countenances! Is it not like passing from the elegant trifles of Dorat to the majestic cadences of Corneille?" (Charles Blanc.) The appearance of the

Oath of the Horatii, caused, indeed, such astonishment and sensation, even in the frivolous world of the Parisian *salons*, that from this time we may date the commencement of the fashion for Roman forms in garments, hangings, and furniture. The second republican picture is of *Marcus Brutus*, to whom the lictors are bringing the corses of his two sons, whom he had condemned to death. In this work, dated 1789, David also foretells the future, for this horribly grand action of Brutus seems to announce, alas! the frightful hecatomb which the France of 1793 would make of her children. It is as well that the artist placed the face of Brutus in the shade near the statue of Rome with the Wolf, for the struggle in him between the heroism of the citizen and the grief of a father is almost too great to conceive, and the human mind hesitates to decide what should be the predominating feeling of the unhappy father. But this figure should have been alone with the funeral procession; the group of cold and coquettish women are entirely out of place here, and they divide the interest, and so weaken it, by turning it into two directions.—The *Sabine Women* throwing themselves into the midst of the conflict between the Romans and the Sabines: it was after having passed five months in prison after the 9th Thermidor, as the friend of Robespierre and St. Just, that David commenced this picture, wishing to commemorate, it is said, the perilous efforts made by his own wife to save him. Between the *Brutus* and the *Sabine Women*, whilst sitting on the mountain of the Convention, David had sketched out the *Oath of the*

THE SABINES—BY LOUIS DAVID.

DO NOT
REMOVE

Jeu de Paume, a vast composition, as full of fire and energy as that first scene of the great drama of the Revolution, and he had also painted the *Death of Marat*, struck by Charlotte Corday. This latter work is considered his masterpiece in point of execution. We should seek vainly in the *Sabine Women* for the passionate movement of the *Jeu de Paume*, or the firm painting of the *Marat*. We do not find in it, either, the historical accuracy of the *Horatii*, unless we seek it in the abrupt rocks on which the primitive Capitol is built, and the trusses of hay which serve as standards to the primitive legions. But which is intended for the nursling of the wolf? It surely cannot be the elegant youth, who, although naked, we cannot help expecting to see with his hand gloved, in order to balance his javelin coquettishly. Where, too, are his ferocious companions, the robbers of lands, robbers of cattle, robbers of women? Where are the women, the females, disputed for by these wild beasts? Livy wrote a romance on the birth of Rome; the *Sabines* form a new romance on Livy. United by the scene, and called Romans and Sabines, all these personages are evidently false and badly treated. But taken alone, merely as human figures of all ages, from old age to childhood, they are excellent studies, and will always form good copies for masters and pupils. *Leonidas at Thermopylæ*: Although between this picture and the Sabines the whole interval of the Empire intervenes, I may yet call them twin pictures. What has been said of the one will do for the other, weakened, however, in execution. I shall only add one remark. All the

details of Leonidas are borrowed from the narrative of the fight at Thermopylæ placed by the Abbé Barthélemy in the introduction to his *Travels of Anacharsis in Greece.* David has simply placed his narration in painting; and this is why, by reconstructing the antique by erudition instead of sentiment, he copied his subject, as he copied his models, without animating them with the light of a creative intelligence.

The works of David which we have just been considering show all his good qualities and defects in the clearest light. On one hand the fine subjects, noble sentiments, austere forms, correct drawing, and chastened painting; on the other, in the composition may be seen an academic, or, rather, sculptural stiffness, making the living beings look as if cut out in marble, and of a painted picture a sort of bas-relief; and in the execution a sad and monotonous coloring, increased still more by the bad distribution of light, and by the contempt for, or ignorance of, the charms and marvels of chiaroscuro. David, possessing neither much sentiment nor poetic warmth, never dared attempt sacred subjects, which besides, in that period, would have been quite ill-timed. They were no longer believed in, and no one had as yet attempted to treat them with philosophy. But, in addition to the historical pictures, there are a number of portraits. One of the most celebrated of these is to be found in the Louvre, that of Pope Pius VII. It is, like all David's portraits, well copied from nature, and full of physical life; but the breath of poetry and of the

ideal has not passed over the brow of the prisoner of Fontainebleau.

It may be thought strange that the ancient scene of coquetry, copied from a bas-relief in the Borghese palace in 1788, and called the *Loves of Helen and Paris*, should bear the same date as the austere *Brutus*. It makes us regret the absence in the Louvre of another easel picture in which David, in this resembling Poussin, in my opinion has shown himself greater than in any of his larger works, and superior even to himself—the *Death of Socrates*. Yet even in this picture we may complain of a delicacy and freshness in the execution, little in harmony with the melancholy grandeur of such a subject; Poussin would not have made this mistake. But the composition of it is so fine and powerful that it places it in the first rank of the works of the French school, and raises it to a level with those of Poussin.

The Carracci are only complete in their disciples; David is also completed by his school, and, like the satellites of a planet, his greatest pupils form a brilliant train around him in the Louvre. Here we find the young JEAN GERMAIN DROUAIS (1763-1788), who died before completing his twenty-fifth year, and who has only left a *Marius at Minturnæ*, vanquishing with a glance the soldier sent by Sylla to kill him in prison. ANNE LOUIS GIRODET TRIOSON (1767-1824), may also be found in the Louvre, with his most important works. The *Revolt in Cairo*, a theatrical combat; the *Interment of Atala*, describing, with greater simplicity, a scene from the poetical, exaggerated, and hollow prose of Chateau-

briand, the success of which, at first from fashion, though it is now a matter of wonder, has happily left no traces in literature, except in the romances of D'Arlincourt, and has not altered to any greater extent the good old French prose; a *Scene from the Deluge*, which took the prize in 1810, a fine group of nudes, reminding us a little of the convulsive enlacements of the *Laocoon*, but which, unfortunately, provokes comparison with the calm masterpiece of Poussin; the *Sleep of Endymion*, an agreeable mythological scene, offering a new and charming idea. We next come to PIERRE NARCISSE GUÉRIN (1774-1833), who was the direct pupil of Régnault, but who, having, like his master, followed the track thrown open by David, is a fellow disciple and rival of Girodet, as Guercino was of Guido. The *Marcus Sextus* returning from exile and finding his hearth devastated by misery and death, a fine painting, which made the artist known in 1798, has remained, I believe, his principal work. He did not again succeed in giving the same austerity of forms and effects, the same pure and chastened style, the same depth of thought and energy of expression. His later works are scenes rather theatrical than truly dramatic, and the last in date, *Dido listening to the Narrative of Æneas*, falls so completely into the style of the *pretty*, the worst enemy of the beautiful, that it could only have been excusable if Guérin had reduced it to the proportions required for an easel picture, in which these little affectations are more allowable. GUILLAUME GUILLON LETHIÈRE (1760-1832), another of David's pupils, is represented by

those enormous pictures, nine yards in length, called the *Death of Virginia* and *Death of the Sons of Brutus*, which made him the Jouvenet of the imperial Lebrun. François Gérard (1770-1837), whose celebrated group of *Cupid and Psyche* may dispute the prize of prettiness with the *Dido*, has painted a larger and better work in the *Entrance of Henry IV. into Paris*. But Gérard, to whom many of the most illustrious characters of Europe sat for their likeness, is rather a portrait than an historical painter, and is still more an intellectual man than an artist of genius. Calm, even to coldness, orderly even to dryness, having no boldness in his drawing, no relief in his modelling, no power in his coloring, he is only, indeed, distinguished for his ingenious combinations and arrangements. With Gérard ends the direct school of David, for I cannot count the sad and frozen imitations of those who are called in politics the *queue d'un parti*.

Already, under another pupil of the master, Antoine Jean Gros (1771-1835), this school had suddenly quitted the usual track, to open a fresh career for itself. Gros marks the second phase, the passage between the imprisoned art of the Empire and the emancipated art of the Restoration, between the two opposite poles which were at one time called the classical and the romantic. Without returning to sacred history, he abandoned Greece and Rome, mythology and ancient history. He formed himself on his own country and time, and painted the men and the things before his eyes. To this radical change of subject he had to join a similar change

in style and taste, and even to give the contemporary costumes picturesque aspects; and, what completes his originality is, that he introduced two fresh elements in the execution, too much neglected by the whole school—color and movement. The statues of David seem to descend from their pedestals, under Gros, to receive the light of the sun, to be animated with life. That in these bold innovations defects are to be found as well as merit; that in order to be more animated, the drawing becomes less correct; that the coloring, being more rich, should occasionally be somewhat conventional; that the execution should be sometimes weak and insufficient, who can doubt? But as a whole the style of Gros was an undoubted progress. The proof of this is to be found in some fine works taken to the Louvre from the galleries of Versailles, such as the *Jaffa plague stricken*, the *Battle of Aboukir*, and especially the *Battle-field of Eylau*, a great work as well as an instructive lesson, the most heartrending image of the desolation caused by war ever traced by pencil, very different in its terrible reality from the allegories of Rubens, and in which the saddened victor, less proud of his triumph than dismayed at the bloodshed, seems to foresee, even in the victories of 1807, the fatal battle-field of Waterloo.

Gérard and Gros have brought us to the end of David's school, terminated by the one, transformed by the other. We must go back a little way, not for another school, but for an individual artist, who cannot be included in the reigning school, and who

JUSTICE AND VENGEANCE—BY P. PRUD'HON.

remained original from his independence. As Poussin took refuge in Italy, and Lesueur in the Carthusian convent, he also remained inaccessible to the influences of example and favor. When all around him were seeking for academic attitudes, he sought for nature and grace; when others were adopting the style of heroic tragedy, and devoting themselves, as they said, to the worship of Mars and Bellona, he alone sacrificed to the Graces. He was left on one side to live and die in abandonment. This artist was the thirteenth child of a mason of Burgundy, PIERRE PAUL PRUD'HON (1758-1823). Brought up by charity, and inventing for himself the processes of painting, as Pascal had invented Euclid's geometry; waging a continnal war with poverty, obliged, in order to gain a livelihood for his famiy, to devote his days and nights to unworthy labors, such as drawing vignettes for books and designs for sugar-plum boxes, or invoices for merchants, Prud'hon was long neglected. But posthumous justice has required that his works should now be as much prized as they were once neglected.

Prud'hon was already forty-nine when, in 1807, his fellow-countryman Frochot, the prefect of the Seine, ordered a picture of him, his first composition in high art, the celebrated allegory of *Divine Justice and Vengeance pursuing Crime.* Notwithstanding the prevailing taste of the time, it attracted notice. The admirers of ancient statuary placed on canvas condescended to recognize that there was a certain melancholy and attractive poetry in the representation of this first crime of the human race—the mur-

der of Abel by Cain—and that the two allegorical figures descending from heaven to personify the punishment, Vengeance, as prompt and terrible as remorse, and Justice, calm, impassible, and slow as the decree of condemnation, completed well the nocturnal scene in which the ground was watered by innocent blood. They also acknowledged that there were great qualities of execution; a happy arrangement, correct expression, skillful touch, harmonious and powerful effect. Since that time the Louvre has acquired this work through the criminal court, and it has also taken a *Christ on Calvary* from the cathedral of Strasburg. To be able to pronounce impartially on the merits of this singular work, where Christian sentiment approaches the sublime, even through the fantastic, we must not forget that, since the time of Vien, no French master had treated religious subjects, that tradition had been broken, and that Prud'hon attempted a work new to the whole school as well as to himself. Notwithstanding the usual figures around, the Virgin, Mary Magdalen, and John, a group of wonderful beauty, this dying Christ, whose countenance is to a certain degree lost in the darkness, reminds me of the wonderful *Christ on the Cross* which Velazquez has placed alone, like a pale spectre in the gloom of night, and whose countenance is likewise only half seen through the hair falling from the crown of thorns. In both these works there is the same melancholy and solemn majesty.

But these two pictures are both pathetic, and we have said that the special merit of Prud'hon was

grace. And, indeed, his favorite master was Leonardo da Vinci, from whom he derived his moving and smiling grace, and whom he called "my master and my hero." Prud'hon is, therefore, incomplete in the Louvre; we must seek in private collections for other works—such as *Zephyr rocked on the Waters, The Rape of Psyche by the Zephyrs*, etc., or such as the *Desolate Family;* to show that Prud'hon treated the antique in the style of André Chénier, and that he could impart as much poetry to contemporary sufferings as to the fictions of mythology.

France was scarcely freed from the rule of the sword than she resumed the conflict for liberty in everything. As soon as intelligence could resist force, when the tribune was awakening from its long sleep, and literature had once more found all the privileges of thought and taste, art likewise recovered its necessary independence, and followed its natural bent without restraint. We have seen a nephew of Boucher revolting against the *régime* of the sheepfolds, and enthroning ancient statuary in painting; this was Louis David. A little later, a pupil of Pierre Guérin—the most rigid of the classical painters—being struck with the beauties of Gros, carried his boldness still further, and completed the work of emancipation. This was THÉODORE GÉRICAULT (1791-1824). At first he was a simple amateur, cultivating art only as a pastime, and as he died very young, leaving scarcely anything but sketches, it is difficult to understand how it happened that he played so important a part in French

art, and exerted such influence on the whole school. But, in the first place, in these simple sketches there was such striking originality, such powerful expression, in short, such happy daring with the pencil, as the school of David had either not known or not attained. And then the time was come: Géricault came forward at the time when literary liberty was reviving with political liberty, and the whole of society was advancing in the way of progress. The example of Géricault coming in at this moment was sufficient to urge French art forward in this general movement of the human mind.

His works in the Louvre mark the commencement and close of his short life. The *Chasseur de la Garde* and the *Cuirassier blessé* belong to the period when, still following on the traces of Carl Vernet, he was simply a painter of horses. By a coincidence, of which, perchance, the artist himself did not dream, these two figures form, by their contrast, a moral lesson on war. The *Chasseur*, whose attitude is one of incredible audacity, and who is dashing down a steep slope at a gallop in order to join in the fire of the action which surrounds him, indicates the fire of the attack and intoxication of victory; whilst the wounded cuirassier, on the contrary, standing on foot near his restive horse, alone in a deserted country, his strength exhausted and his mind discouraged, glancing vainly around in the stormy sky for some ray of hope, shows the sufferings of the retreat and the pain of reverses. Thus we find, besides a bold and vigorous execution, deep thought and morality.

THE RAFT OF THE MEDUSA—BY THEODORE GERICAULT.

It was towards the close of his life that Géricault painted the only great work of his life, the *Raft of the Méduse*. After the destruction of a frigate of that name on the coasts of Senegal the crew endeavored to save themselves on a raft made from the wreck of the ship, and scarcely fifteen men, kept alive with the flesh of the dead, survived the horrors of revolts, combats, stormy seas, hunger, and thirst. It is the moment preceding their deliverance that the artist, after some hesitation, chose for his subject. Among the storm of reproaches such extreme novelty raised against this picture, which one celebrated critic called "not only horrible, but disgusting," two alone have lasted to the present time. The first is, that the raft laden with the dead and dying fills nearly the whole of the canvas, so that the sea can scarcely be seen round the edges, and we thus lose the sentiment of infinite solitude. But if the sea had occupied more room, and had become the principal part of the picture, the painter of horses would have been a marine painter. He had already made himself an historical painter. It is also said that between all the different parts of the picture—sea, sky, men, and things—there reigns such a similarity of tints as to approach monotone. This is possible, and even evident. But our emotion has even increased this uniformity of darkness, monotone, and gloom. When we remember Poussin and the Deluge we shall scarcely venture to condemn Géricault. It would be more just to say that, carried away by his fiery energy, like Gros in the fire of his *Battles*, Géricault has fallen into many

negligences and inaccuracies of style, the defects of rapid or decorative painting, which is not corrected or perfected by after-touches suggested by time and reflection. But it should be also noticed that Géricault himself did not attach to this picture the importance it received later; he called it sometimes a sketch, to mark that it was not finished, sometimes an easel-painting, to express his ambition to paint larger and more important pictures, and also that he was able to produce a work of riper age, of the age when an artist comes to a knowledge of his power.

Amongst the rivals of Géricault, LÉOPOLD ROBERT (1794-1835) occupies the first place. Born in Switzerland, at first an engraver, then a pupil of David and Gérard, at Paris, whilst Géricault was studying under Pierre Guérin, he went very late to Italy to become an original painter, and almost immediately after gave up art by a voluntary and premature death. In Italy he returned to the tradition of historical landscape—scenes of history mixed with the scenes of nature. But in adopting this style he modified it to suit his own tastes. Instead of seeking, like his predecessors, to revive antiquity by science and sentiment to the point of even rendering it visible, he copied the men and things which surrounded him. But he copied, as genius does, by "adding himself to nature." His subjects, varied, though in the same *genre*, are chosen intelligently, and carefully studied, even in their slightest detail, which are full of poetry. We always feel in them his love of the beautiful as well as of the true, and

the country round Rome, as he represents it, becomes as noble as ancient Arcadia. His pictures, unfortunately so fragile that they cannot long exist, have only one defect, owing to his former occupation—a certain firmness of outline which borders on hardness. But for taste in his arrangement, truth in the action, and correctness in the expression, qualities to which must be added the rare beauty of his types, if we would give due honor to Léopold Robert we can only compare him to Nicholas Poussin. Three of his most important works were presented to the Louvre by the king, Louis Philippe —the *Italian Improvisatore*, the *Feast of the Madonna di Pie-di-grotta*, and the *Harvest Feast* in the Roman Campagna. This *Agro romano*, where the handsome mountaineers have come down for the harvest, with their *pifferari*, as they had come down for the sowing, flying off again to escape the attacks of malaria—this *Agro romano*, which has been popularized by the fine engraving of Mercuri, contains a complete summary of the merits of its author. It is a pity that to these three magnificent pictures, full of sunshine and joy, we have not been able to add one which the painter has, on the contrary, covered with a veil of melancholy, the *Departure of Fishing Boats in the Adriatic*, in which Léopold Robert seems to foretell a departure without a return, and which he completed at Venice just before he ended his own life.

Whilst Léopold Robert was restoring historical landscape, FRANÇOIS MARIUS GRANET (1775-1849), another mason's son, was restoring another *genre*,

that of *interiors*. It may be seen in the Louvre, in the *Cloister of the Church of Assisi*, in the *Fathers of Mercy* redeeming captives, that Granet, differing in this from Peter Neefs and Emanuel de Witt, animated his portraits of buildings by scenes from human life, and that, like Peter de Hooghe in this, he raised his less familiar subjects to the rank of historical pictures. But, notwithstanding many eminent qualities, he is far from attaining, in his rendering of light, to the power of the old Dutchman, and especially to his durability; for the painting of Granet, like that of Girodet, Robert, Horace Vernet, and many others, is so fragile, so soon tarnished and cracked, that the picture will be invisible even before it falls into dust. Where and when will this disease of modern pictures be arrested?

Heard and accepted by all, the signal of emancipation given by Géricault awoke the whole school. All the works bearing the date of the last forty years show sufficiently that liberty was reigning without shackles or constraint over every department of art. Those who wished might adhere to the classic style, like M. Ingres and his pupils, or those who considered it preferable might display a taste for the grotesque, and set up the worship of the ugly, like some other modern painters. In a word, in the unlimited field opened to art by liberty, schools of all *genres*, of all styles, of all tastes and caprices, have been formed, which are named collectively the *modern school*.

I ought to stop here. Artists cannot be impar-

STRATONICE—BY INGRES.

tially judged by their contemporaries. This right belongs only to posterity, who will know better than we what names and what works will escape oblivion, and what place is due to them in French art. To complete our history we must now leave the Louvre to pass to the museum of the Luxembourg. This is, in fact, a continuation of the Louvre; the latter finishes with Léopold Robert, the former commences with M. Ingres. It is almost like a nursery garden, since ten years after the French masters of the Luxembourg have ceased to live their works are transplanted to the Louvre, and take their rank in the great national collection. We must look in the Luxembourg, then, for the French artists who have only recently died. Of these works I shall merely mention what qualities are to be found in them, and what are wanting, but without adding a single word of praise or blame. *In medio tutissimus ibis.*

We will begin with the works of the venerable JEAN AUGUSTE INGRES (1780-1867). The scene taken from Ariosto, *Roger delivering Angelica*, and also that from St. Matthew, *Christ giving the Keys to St. Peter*, are dated 1819 and 1820. They are hardly enough to make the artist known. We regret that the choice of the officials charged with the purchase did not rather fall on the *Œdipus and the Sphinx*, the *Odalisque*, the *Fountain*, the subject from Virgil, "*Tu Marcellus eris quoque*," or the *Stratonice*. Happily, however, the *Apotheosis of Homer* has lately been altered from a ceiling decoration to a picture, and can be looked at without inconvenience, and admired as it deserves.

ARY SCHEFFER (1795-1858) might complain with equal justice of having nothing in the Louvre but works painted during his youth, the *Femmes souliotes*, and the *Larmoyeur;* however distinguished these works may be, they cannot come up to the works of a riper age. They are far from equalling the *Francesca di Rimini*, or the four subjects taken from Goethe's *Faust;* and certainly they give no indications of what might be expected in the *Christ aux Affligés*, the *Saint Monica*, and the *Temptation of Christ*, in all of which, leaving dogma for morality, and restoring sacred history with the ideas of his own country, Ary Scheffer endeavored to found a fresh school of religious philosophy.

EUGÈNE DELACROIX (1799-1863) is better represented by the four works which bear his name: *Dante and Virgil*, the *Massacre of Scio*, the *Algerian Women*, the *Jewish Marriage in Morocco*, in which we are able to follow the several phases of his talent. The passionate admirers of color, however, regret the *Médée furieuse*, the *Bishop of Liége*, the *Barque of the Shipwrecked Mariners*, the *Entrance of Baldwin into Constantinople*, etc. They will regret, perhaps, that the orders he received for the decoration of public buildings should have too often prevented him from following his own taste in his subjects.

Notwithstanding the diversity of the subjects treated by HORACE VERNET (1789-1863), the *Massacre of the Mamelukes*, *Judith, and Holoferness*, the *Defence of the Clichy Barrier*, etc., it is not in the Luxembourg that this fruitful master can be fully understood. There were, I believe, better pictures by

him in the Palais-Royal, and there are much larger ones at Versailles, but these, notwithstanding their immense size, are merely easel-pictures, whose only title to greatness is their size.

. The *Death of Queen Elizabeth of England*, and the *Murder of the Young Princes in the Tower*, which represent PAUL DELAROCHE (1797-1856), show his talent in dramatic, or, at all events, in theatrical scenes, for he has never, perhaps, surpassed in grandeur the figure of the virgin queen, or in interest, the tragedy of the children of Edward IV. But besides these immense works, we should have wished for some easel pictures, such as the *Death of the Duke of Guise*, or *Richelieu leading Cinq-Mars as a Prisoner*, for Delaroche, in my opinion, in smaller pictures, without becoming less grand, shows himself more perfect.

There is an inexplicable absence in this museum of contemporary painters, of the works of ALEXANDER GABRIEL DECAMPS (1803-1860). The artist who brought back from the East a knowledge of light and chiaroscuro, as the Dutch had brought theirs from the Indies, the painter of the *Monkeys and Learned Dogs*, of the *History of Sampson*, the *Defeat of the Cimbri*, and the *Turkish School*, etc., has henceforth a definite place in the history of French art, acquired by his talent and fame.

To complete our rapid survey we must draw attention to the fact that at the great International Exhibition, France maintained a high rank. Four of the eight large medals of honor adjudged to paint-

ing being obtained by MM. Meissonnier, Gérôme, Cabanel, and Théodore Rousseau.

Having now completed this very rapid history of French art, I shall endeavor to demonstrate with the same brevity how in its different phases and transformations art has faithfully followed those of ideas and manners, and how it has always reflected faithfully the state of French society.

Art, in its infancy during the Middle Ages, remained long wrapped in the swaddling clothes of dogma; it grew, developed, and became real *art* after the Renaissance, in imitation of its masters—the Italians. At first it was Italian, but, by degrees, became imbued with the character of the genius of France. Whilst the Protestants claimed freedom for their faith, the Jansenists opposed their inflexible austerity to the relaxed morality of the Jesuits, and Descartes established the rights of reason and the law of reasoning; art, under Poussin and Lesueur, became serious, austere, and logical, like philosophy itself. In the splendor of the second half of the seventeenth century, when Louis XIV. was victorious abroad through his generals, a skillful administrator at home, through his ministers, and great, through the greatness of a number of illustrious men, who shed their brilliancy on him, art under Lebrun and Jouvenet was constrained into an artificial and theatrical greatness; and when faults, reverses, and cruelties darkened the old age of the king, art, wearied of this *régime*, descended from its

stilts, and consoled itself in the frivolities of Watteau and his imitators. With the regency it became bold and libertine; then, when the reign of *Cotillons* came on, it was divided into two hostile camps, both in the pastoral style: one, that of Boucher, in accordance with the manners of the time, more frivolous and libertine even than under the regency; the other, that of Greuse, returning, with literature, to the love of nature and decency. But already, under the inspirations of philosophy and the boldness of the freethinkers, the breath of aroused public opinion, announcing the tempest of revolution, was felt to be passing through the land. Art immediately left her sheepfolds to ascend the heights of history with Louis David. It laid aside the effeminate dances to adopt proud and noble attitudes; instead of being epicurean in its tastes, it became a stoic; and in order to express the new republican ideas which had succeeded religious belief, it passed by at once all the religious school of painting, and returned to the republics of Greece and Rome. Then, when the modern republic was crushed by one of its own children, a fortunate soldier, dragging France continually to battle, art imitated the nation—

"Qui prit l'autel de la victoire
Pour l'autel de la liberté."

Formerly it had become a monk, and had shut itself up in the cloister, adoring the God of peace; now it became a conscript, taking up its abode in barracks, and worshipping the God of armies. But

the colossus fell, liberty revived, and art with it. Proud of its freedom, it rushed impetuously forward in all the careers opening before it, tried every *genre*, adopted every style, and, sometimes exceeding the necessary limits, even to denying the salutary lessons of experience, and the protecting rules of good taste, it represents well in our times of doubt and fervor, of grandeur and baseness, of great passions and vile cupidity, of claiming of rights and forgetfulness of duties, that absence of common faith, that anarchy of mind, which cause the agitation, the troubles, and dangers of society.

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